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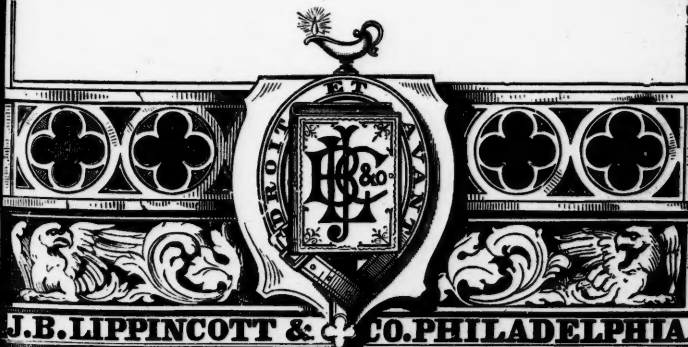
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1875.

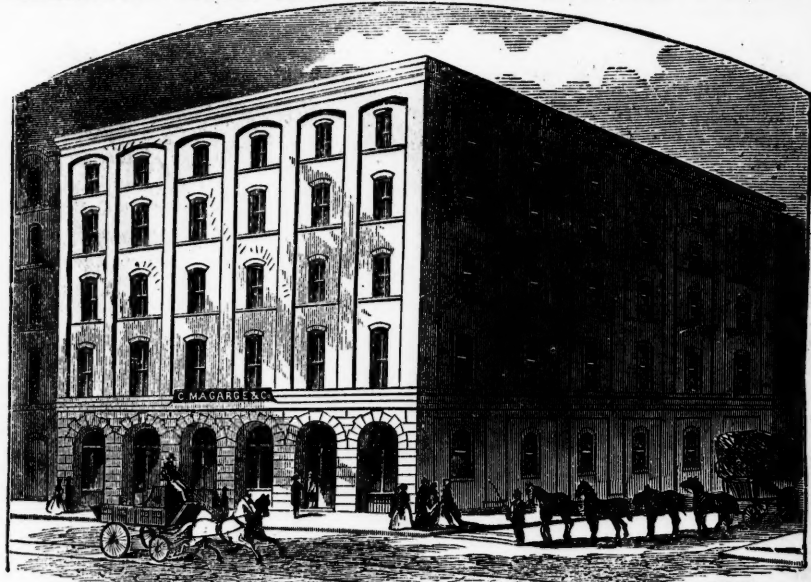
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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

SEPTEMBER, 1875.

MOSE UNDERWOOD.



IN the spring of 1866 I left San Francisco for the Columbia River, intending to pass the summer in sketching the picturesque scenery along its banks. After ascending the river as far as Portland, I was induced, by the information there obtained, to return to a point below the Cascades, in search of a saw-mill and village belonging to the Oregon Lumber Company, situated in the most beauti-

ful part of the valley. I was advised by Captain Blunt, the master of the boat on which I had taken passage, to inquire at the village for the whereabouts of Mose Underwood, a renowned hunter of those parts, who might be induced, for a consideration, to guide me to such places as I wished to visit, and whose cabin, at some distance in the wilderness, would, if I did not mind roughing it, furnish a

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convenient stopping-place. In answer to my inquiries as to the character of the man, the captain described him as thoroughly reliable and truthful, hard-working and sober. "He has," he said, "been saving up money for many years, which I have regularly deposited for him in the

Portland bank, and he has amassed quite a respectable sum. I don't know what particular object he has in view, but he hints that he has a special use for all he can make. Mose hasn't much talk," continued the captain, "and never opens his mouth to speak when he can express



his meaning by signs or motions; but he is as true as steel and as bold as a grizzly."

I reached the saw-mills late at night, bundled my traps ashore, and was received by a crowd of about the roughest men I had ever encountered. They proved, however, more hospitable than

they looked, and made room for me by a huge fire under a sort of shed, where I fell asleep as soon as the torrent of profanity which formed the burden of their conversation had begun to subside. On the following morning I learned that by a lucky chance Underwood was expected at the mills with skins and veni-

son that very day, and accordingly while I was at dinner with the officers of the company, who had made me heartily welcome as soon as my arrival became known to them, he stepped quietly into the room. His appearance was striking. Straight as a pine, he towered in height above all the company, though there were tall men amongst us. He had deep-set eyes, dark-brown hair and beard, close clipped and curly, and a countenance and bearing expressive of conscious strength and independence. He was dressed partly in homespun stuff and partly in deerskin, and carried his long heavy rifle with an ease and grace which showed that it was his inseparable companion.

I made my application to him, mentioning, incidentally, Captain Blunt's name. He looked at me for some time in silence, and then put me through a course of questioning as to my purposes and pursuits. My occupation of "making pictures" he seemed to think rather a contemptible one for a grown man, but my possession of a good rifle, and assurances of being accustomed to life in the woods, seemed to weigh in my favor.

"Well, durn ye!" he said at last, "come along, then. It'll be fun for Jack: he hain't seen no white man for ever so long."

The arrangement was speedily concluded. Mose packed my traps and such odds and ends as he had bought at the store on his mare, and we left the station about two o'clock in the afternoon. The tramp was a long and most fatiguing one, through bushes and swamps, over rugged stony hills, and along precipices, where in the evening, had it not been for the advantage of a full moon, I should have found the footing very insecure and perilous.

As for Mose, he stalked along in front of me with his gigantic stride, unconscious alike of danger and fatigue, and never opened his lips till we arrived, about midnight, in the neighborhood of the cabin. Then, as a light became visible through the chinks, he muttered, "The little cub! he's got supper ready. He's a hoss, he is, durn him!"

A mob of dogs received us with deaf-

ening howls. The door of the cabin was pushed open, and a boy some nine years of age stepped out into the moonlight. He gave a shrill whoop, which was answered by a roar from Mose: no other greeting was exchanged between them.

"And this is 'Jack!'" I thought. "What a singular companion for such a giant as Mose!"

I bade him good-evening, and shook him by the hand. He looked pleased, but without making any reply to my greeting led me into the house, pointed to a rough bench by the fire, and busied himself in placing venison and coffee before me. Having brought a basin of brown sugar covered with myriads of ants, he left the cabin, and presently returned with a pitcher of milk. Then sitting down opposite to me he stared at me with his large eyes in evident wonderment, but made no response to my occasional observations.

When Mose had disposed of his horse and brought my baggage into the house, he found me half through with my supper. He helped himself to venison and coffee, and then nudging Jack pointed to the pan on the fire. "Done eatin'," Jack answered; and this was the first and last word I heard from him that night.

I was shown into a room back of the cabin, which on a hasty examination by the light of a wax match I found to contain a homemade bedstead, two stools and a small table. The bed consisted of a hay mattress and a pile of bear skins, neatly dressed and trimmed with red blanketing, as though a woman's neat hand had had its share in the furnishing of the chamber. This impression was strengthened when, on waking in the morning, I found many evidences of its having once been the habitation of a woman. Some garments were hanging on the wall, dusty like everything else in the room, but of good material, and of better make than it would have been possible for a woman brought up in this wilderness to possess. On the little table, on which was spread a neatly-worked deer-skin cover, lay a needle-

case and scissors of fine English manufacture, and a prayer-book of the Episcopal service, somewhat torn and stained, but an elegant edition. Instinctively, I looked for the fly-leaf to see if there was any name on it, but the first leaves of the book had been torn out. Deer-skin moc-casins of small size and neat make were at the foot of the bed, and there was a skirt and woman's leggings of the same

He could not read, and knew nothing about the book I had found. He had now become sufficiently familiar to look at the drawings in my sketch-book, and even ventured to ask some questions about them. But his vocabulary was very limited indeed, and of things not immediately connected with his life and surroundings he knew absolutely nothing. He was a very handsome little fel-

low, a refined second edition of his father, except that his eyes and hair were black. The latter was silky and curling, quite unlike the coarse hair of the Indian or half-breed.

The cabin was romantically situated, within a few yards of a mountain-stream, over which a rough bridge of logs had been thrown. Some acres in front were cleared and partly fenced. In every direction were fine subjects for pictures—rock and wood scenery of the grandest effect. There was a view of Mount Hood through an opening in the pines



material among the clothing hanging on the wall—a singular mixture of savage and civilized life.

Jack was ready with breakfast when I came from my bath in the brook. Mose had already left for the woods. While eating I plied the boy with questions, and by the time I had finished my meal I had found out that Mose was Jack's "dad," and that Jack had never been away from the cabin except on short independent expeditions after squirrels or fish. He told me he had never had any mother, and he did not know whose "them duds were in the back room: the old man didn't like his going in thar."

behind the cabin, and the atmosphere was so clear that the giant mountain, though nearly a hundred miles distant, seemed to be within an easy walk. After a short survey of the surroundings I made up my mind to stay here for some time; and returning to the cabin I took formal possession of the back room by unpacking my bags and setting up my easel. When all was in order I was delighted with the picturesque and odd appearance of my studio.

Mose was an industrious hunter, and was rarely at home. He left all the work about the house to Jack, who was naturally handy and neat, and kept things

in a far better state than could have been expected, considering his age and his want of a mother's training. It was some days before he manifested much interest in my doings or addressed me without being spoken to; but the mind of a bright child is naturally hungry for knowledge, and once having made a start he plied questions to such an extent that I was often at my wits' end how to answer them suitably for his comprehension. Gradually, even Mose

began to thaw, and I succeeded in coaxing out of him the relation of many thrilling adventures of his hunter's life, while ever and anon he made remarks which disclosed a startling abyss of ignorance.

One evening, as we were sitting under a big cedar near the cabin smoking our pipes, I asked him whether he could read. "Read!" said he, "read! I don't hardly know whether I can read. I know I hain't read none since I was as little as Jack here, durn him!" patting Jack's



curly pate with his big brown hand. "I used to could read onct, I know, but dad, he died when I were ten year old, and I runned away from the man as owned me after that. That was in North Carolina, I think; and then I got in with a chap that took me to Texas, and there I tended cattle until I was a man grown and could fight Injuns and kill b'ars; and then I took to hunting and got in with Ike—Ike Parson, as you may have hearn on. Me and Ike were partners. And

arter a while we joined White Bull's band of Utes, and lived with them, I don't hardly know how long, until the time when the Sioux massacred the train where Mary— But never mind that now," he said, looking at Jack. "And then," he continued, "I quarreled with Ike, and I worked my way up here, for it warn't safe for me staying with the Utes after Ike wor rubbed out, he being one of their tribe by adoption. And so, you see, I never got no time to see whether

I could read since I were a boy; not but that she wanted to teach me, too."

There was a long silence after this, then he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and retired to bed.

They were an undemonstrative pair, he and Jack, and I was for some time in doubt whether any real affection existed between them; but when I understood them better I saw that they were very fond of each other. It was a fine sight to see Mose sitting on the moss-grown hill-ock under the cedar stitching away with a coarse needle and thread on some garment for Jack, and carefully cutting the fringes on the deer-skin strips wherewith to ornament the boy's shirt and leggings. When the suit was finished, and Jack stood before us dressed like a miniature hunter and grinning with delight, Mose gazed at him with evident pride, and turning away actually winked at me, while giving a satisfied grunt that sounded very much like "Durn him!" It was not a caress exactly, but it was as near the thing as Mose seemed capable of.

One Sunday, while taking a walk with Jack, I asked him if he knew who made these woods.

"Them woods?" he answered with an air of surprise—"them woods? Why, nobody didn't make them: they grewed."

I was almost afraid to put the next question. At last I said, "Jack, do you know who God is?"

"Never hearn of he: where he hailed from?" This was literally his answer.

My thoughts wandered back to my home in the far East, and the image of my children rose to my mind. My heart swelled with sympathy for this little waif, and, unfit as I felt myself to be a teacher of religious matters, I could not, for very shame, abstain from making an effort to awaken his mind to some comprehension of God and His attributes. I began that very evening to tell him stories from the Bible, starting with the creation of the world. Jack was all attention. He sat quite still, with eyes and mouth wide open. Evidently, he felt no doubt of the truth of all that I told him. It is probable, indeed, that he was entirely ignorant of such a thing as falsehood,

having lived alone with Mose, who had neither motive nor disposition to lie. I spoke to him also of my children at home, and told him that they never dared to retire to rest until they had asked for God's protection. This seemed to make a strong impression on him, and a day or two afterward, when we had had more talks of the same kind, he told me he "was kind of skeered about God," and "wouldn't I tell him what to say for to keep Him from a-hurting him of a night?" I bade him kneel down at my side and repeat after me, which he did in a low voice, the child's good old prayer:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
And if I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

I had to repeat it several times before he had it by heart, but when he found that he could say it perfectly without help, his delight was very great.

After this I often read him simple hymns from the prayer-book, and his memory once roused it was astonishing to see how quickly he learned them by heart. When, however, I related to him the death of Christ, and attempted to explain the atonement, he was more puzzled than edified. "Why," he said, "dad wouldn't let no one hurt me. Why didn't God keep them Jews from killing His Son?"

Mose had all these things at second hand, for I heard long conversations between him and Jack at night after we had all retired, Jack telling his father the stories I had related to him, and Mose grunting a running accompaniment expressive of his wonder, not unmixed with an occasional oath. His astonishment the first time he saw Jack kneeling to say his prayers was so ludicrous that I had to repress an inclination to laugh. Yet he seemed impressed, and was more than usually silent afterward: perhaps the sight had touched some long-silent chord in his memory.

One evening, Jack having retired much fatigued after a long and successful foray after trout, I asked Mose, point-blank, whose the things were which I had found in the back room.

I was afraid I had given offence by this question, it was so long before I got an answer: at length he spoke, somewhat as follows: "She wor Jack's mother: Mary wor her name." I never couldn't find out whar she hailed from: she never wouldn't tell. She wor allers kind of above me, and I never dared ask her much questions about her kin. When me and Ike were with the Utes, we were out with them after buffalo down on the Platte one day—that's now more'n ten year ago—and we heard firing one morning, and we scouted up toward whar the sound came from. We found that the Sioux had attacked a wagon-train and killed all hands. We pitched into them, of course, and we whipped them, too. While the others were following their trail, me and Ike, we looked around to see ef we could pick up any things that would be of use to us, for there was lots of things laying about. I seed a queer trail leading to some bushes, and I followed it, and found a gal laying on the sage. I thought she wor dead, but she opened her black eyes after a while, and I carried her to my horse and took her to the camp. She wouldn't do anything but cry, and she told us as the savages had killed her father, and she wor all alone in the world. I felt awful sorry for her, and took her to our village, and after a while I claimed her, and I told her as she was to be my wife.

"But Ike, he wanted her too, and that's why me and him quarreled; and seeing as he was backed by the Injuns, though he had one squaw already, I put Mary on a horse one night, and we traveled as fast as we could to get into the California trail. But we had to rest next day, for Mary, she couldn't stand nothing. I hid her in some bushes and watched my trail, for I was dead sure they would follow us. Sure enough, about noon there comes Ike with two Injuns, and seeing there were no more of them, and they would find us anyhow, I stepped out of the bush and holloed to them to stop; but they shoots at me—yes, and hits me too, though nothing to speak of—and I down with the old gun and takes Ike between the

eyes as clean as a squirrel, and he never knowed what hurt him.

"The Injuns they turned and run, and I never seed them no more. But I was sorry for poor Ike, and I buried him on the spot, and then me and Mary, we pushed on, and got to California at last. But when we come amongst white people, she somehow seemed very sad and ashamed-like, and she begged me to take her away into the wilderness again. Then we went to Oregon, and in a little village on the Willamette River little Jack was borned.

"When Mary got strong again she begged me harder than ever to take her away—'Anywhere,' she said, 'anywhere, where nobody can't see me;' and we traveled on till we come to this spot, and as she wasn't able to get no farther I built this cabin, and I have been here ever since.

"Mary, she couldn't be happy nohow, and I couldn't never make her out. One evening, when little Jack was about a year old, she called me to her bedside, for she warn't able to be about then, and she prayed a long prayer about me, and asked God for to bless me and her little child, and says she, 'Mose,' says she, 'I know as you don't know how you have harmed me, but I forgive you. Only promise to make a good man of Jack. Save,' says she, 'till you have enough to take him to a good school to have him properly edicated.' And I promised so, and then she died all of a sudden." Mose passed his big hand over his eyes and sat still for some minutes. "And I am almost ready," he continued, "to take Jack to school, for I have been a-working and a-saving ever since, and I must have nigh on to five hundred dollars in the bank."

This simple story, told by the rude man in his own rude way, affected me greatly. Poor, poor girl! Who was she? where did she come from? These are questions never to be solved until the last day. From what I could gather afterward, I judged that she must have been a woman of education and refinement, whose heart broke with the shame and grief that a hard fate had brought

upon her. It seemed that she had destroyed everything by which her parentage could be traced. Mose showed me a small fragment of her writing, which appeared to refer to some instructions about the future training of her child, as if in a weaker moment her mother's instinct had overcome her caution. But she had torn the paper, and only a fragment had been found and kept by Mose. The paper was coarse, and the ink and pen evidently homemade, but the writing was in a free, ladylike hand, the spelling correct, and the words such as people of good breeding would choose.

However, what I had heard made me feel easier about Jack's future, and quieted many qualms I had felt about my own inability to direct the vigorous young mind I had stirred to consciousness, not without many doubts as to what would become of it all after my departure. Jack was now helping his father in the garden and corn-patch, the hunting-season being over, and I observed that the two had much to say to each other in the pauses of the work—a thing which of itself proved the great revolution that was going on in their minds.

One evening about the middle of July, while at work at a picture about half a mile from the clearing, I was startled by the loud baying of the dogs at the cabin. The noise continued for some time, and was so peculiar that after listening for a few minutes I picked up my rifle, and leaving my sketching things where they were, ran toward the house. Jack had been with me during the day, and had left me a short time before to prepare supper for his father, who had gone to the mills the day before, and was expected home this evening.

When I came nearer the cabin I became aware, from the yells of pain intermingled with the fierce barking, that a fight was going on between the dogs and some other animal; but when I arrived at the clearing a sight met me which made the blood curdle in my veins.

Close to me lay the carcasses of a pig and a bear's cub, two dogs lay nearer the house, and right in front of the door was a large she-bear, hung to by the remain-

ing two hounds, while right between her paws lay our Jack, quite still, his pale face streaked with blood. It seems to me now as if I had taken in the whole situation in a moment of time. I tried to take aim at the beast, but for some time could not hold my rifle steadily. I finally rested it on the fence-rail and fired at her head, but, though I was within a few feet of her, my excitement and the restlessness of the bear diverted my aim. She fell as if dead right over Jack, but gathered herself up again in a moment and limped to the bushes, dragging the dogs with her, and leaving a bloody trail behind her. I ran to where Jack lay. The poor little fellow smiled when he saw me, and I hoped he was not badly hurt, but when I wiped off some of the blood and dirt with which he was covered, I found that the bear had completely ripped him open, breaking nearly all his ribs with a blow of her powerful paw. He seemed paralyzed in his lower limbs, and barely able to move his arms.

I lifted him carefully and laid him on my bed, washed his ghastly wounds, and covered them with linen torn from my shirts. It was all I could do for him, for I saw at a glance that his hours were numbered. He asked for water, and drank eagerly, and then he told me that he had come upon the bear in the clearing, where she was fighting the dogs, who had killed her cub. She had been after pork, as the carcass of the pig testified. As he had already been seen by the bear, and there was no tree near that he could climb, he had run for the house, but the bear had shaken off the dogs and had caught him just in front of the door. This was all he could remember.

Mose, who had read the whole story in the signs outside, came to the bed with a step so light that I was not aware of his presence until I heard his convulsive groan behind me. He pushed me gently but firmly aside, as if to assert his right to the position I was occupying at his child's bedside, and kneeling down laid his head on the pillow by the side of Jack's. Jack bent a loving look on him, and languidly lifting his head laid it on

the rough face that touched his, perhaps, for the first time in his life.

What seemed to me an hour passed thus, without a word being spoken. At last Jack made an effort to speak. Standing at the head of the bed, I bent down to catch his words. "I want to kneel down," he said in a tremulous voice, hardly able to articulate—"it's getting awful dark—I want to say my prayers." I told him to lie quiet and let me hold his hand, as I had been in the habit of doing, and it would be quite as well. I took his hand in both mine and felt a gentle pressure, and then he said in a weak, faltering voice, but with a sweet smile on his face—

"Now I lay me—down to—
sleep,
I pray—the Lord—my—soul
—to—"

"Keep," I said, the tears streaming from my eyes. But there was no response. Little Jack's soul was already in the keeping of his Maker.

It was some time before Mose was able to realize that his child was gone from him forever; but when he did, his grief was dreadful. Throwing up his great arms, he staggered about the room like one in a frenzy. He seemed unable to give utterance to his anguish, and his eyes were as dry as ever. At last he picked up Jack's little body, and sat holding it in his arms the livelong night, nor could I perceive the slightest motion in him during that long dreary watch. When morning came I spoke to him. He answered me gently, and let me take the body from his arms and lay it back again on the bed. I sat down by him, and said that however hard this was on us, it was best for our Jack; that, he being such a good little fellow, God had taken him away to shield him from the cares and troubles he would have

had to encounter in this world; and that there could be no doubt of his being much happier now than he had ever been. By such talk I succeeded at last in rousing him from his stupor.

I made him come with me to point out the place where he wished to have the child buried. He seemed hard to please about the spot, but finally selected the hillock under the cedar which had been our favorite seat of evenings, and



where, I now heard for the first time, Jack's mother had been buried. There I dug Jack's grave, while Mose walked about restlessly, often going into the cabin to look at the corpse, and anon looking for the tracks of the bear. I made the best coffin I could of some old boards I found about the premises.

At evening everything was ready to lay the child in his last resting-place. We washed him and laid him in his coffin. I arranged such wild-flowers and green twigs about him as I could find in the neighborhood, and Mose brought his bow and arrows in order that they might be buried with him. We kissed the pale face and closed the coffin. Mose carried it to the grave and deposited it there:

then he knelt down, his head bent to the ground, and asked me to read some of "them rhymes" Jack had so loved to hear. Having brought Mary's prayer-book with me, I read such parts of the burial service as I thought best adapted to his comprehension. When the grave was filled up Mose lay down upon it, and finding I could not persuade him to leave, I went to the cabin to take the rest I felt so much in need of.

When I woke in the morning I found Mose had gone, and as I missed his rifle and the remaining dogs, and moreover found his track on the yet visible trail of the bear, I had no difficulty in guessing on what errand he was bound. I occupied myself in putting the place in order: I dragged the carcasses far into the woods, out of the reach of our senses, smoothed and sodded Jack's grave, and cut a slab out of the cedar to inscribe his name on the tree. While at work I listened all day for the crack of Mose's rifle, but all was still. He returned late, ate ravenously of the food I had prepared for him, and when I spoke to him turned from me without a word and went to bed.

He was up before daylight, cooked some bacon and ate it, fed the dogs and started for the woods. Day after day he went on the same errand. He never brought anything home from the woods, and I knew he had never discharged his rifle at any living thing since Jack's death. After some time I came to understand that he had some idea that Jack could not rest quietly in his grave until the bear was killed. But somehow he had never been able to come up with her.

This went on for more than three weeks. My own situation was becoming very uncomfortable, and I had made up my mind to leave as soon as the picture I had in hand was finished, when one evening, as I was washing my brushes, I thought I heard a shot in the distance. Mose did not return that night, but in the morning I found one of the dogs at the door. He seemed uneasy, and having examined him I soon satisfied myself that he had been in a fight. He was bloody, and torn in several

places. Taking down my rifle, and putting in my pouch such things as I might need in case of finding Mose hurt, I called the dog, and he led the way into the woods, walking along with a steady perseverance which showed that he was aiming at a certain point. I followed him as best I could for two hours, when he leaped into a rugged ravine, and disappeared behind some boulders, from which I heard him whining.

I scrambled after him through the briars with which the place was choked up, and worked my way toward the point from which I heard the dog's whimper, and there, sure enough, lay Mose by the side of a puddle of water, to which he had crawled to slake the feverish thirst of a sorely-wounded man.

He pointed at a huge dark body some few yards off, and said with a grim smile, "I've got her, but she's done me as she done Jack." I asked him whether he felt much hurt, and he answered with just two words, "Rubbed out."

Yet he seemed so cheerful—nay, actually happy—about it that I could not realize that he was fatally injured.

"I'm goin' to join Jack," he said. "I might ha' known that us two couldn't be long apart. Won't he be took aback when he sees me a-comin'!"

I could do nothing for him where he lay, and I was puzzled how to manage, as it was impossible for me to move a man of his size. He seemed to perceive my dilemma, for he said, "You must go to the mills and get two or three men to come with you and lift me out of this hole, for you know I must lay by Jack: I couldn't never rest nowhere else."

As this was evidently the best plan, I left my flask and some food with him, and built a large fire near to scare away the wolves. Then bidding him good-bye, I hurried back to the cabin. I left on the mare about four o'clock, bound for the village. The night closed around me before I was halfway, and I had to camp in the woods to wait for daylight. I started as soon as I could see my path, and arrived at the mills about breakfast-time. When I told my sad story the excitement and grief among the men were

general, and there was not one but was most anxious to go with me to help Mose. Everybody seemed to love him.

After a short rest I left on the return trip with Colonel McGee, the head-officer of the establishment, and three stout men. They struck through the woods in a diagonal direction, avoiding the path

to the cabin, for they seemed to know from my description where the ravine lay. When we arrived there early in the afternoon we found Mose alive and cheerful, though evidently breaking up fast. We lifted him as gently as possible—though the spasmodic working of the muscles of his face gave evidence of the



pain we made him suffer—laid him on an extemporized barrow, and carried him slowly and carefully to his cabin. He was in a dead swoon when we got him there and laid him on the bed on which Jack had died. When he came to, he seemed pleased to be at home.

He lingered for two days. The colonel tried to make him understand that he ought to make some disposition of his property, but he said that of course all his "blunt" belonged to the painter-man, for it had been Jack's, and Jack loved him best after his father. This, of course,

we could not permit; and after much trouble we got him to put his mark under a document drawn up in my sketch-book—though he said he "didn't care a durn what 'come of it now"—by which he made over all his belongings, with the exception of his rifle, to the Portland free school. His rifle he insisted I should take.

Toward the evening of the second day after we had brought him from the woods

he seemed suddenly to collapse. He lay speechless for some time. All at once he raised his head from the pillow, and looking with eager eyes, as if into the far distance, he cried, "It's Jack! Durn the little cub!" and fell back dead.

We laid him by the side of the child he had loved so dearly, and carved his name under Jack's, deep in the trunk of the cedar.

A. J. VOLCK.

GLIMPSES OF POLYNESIA.

NOTHING is more surprising to the average civilized woman than the power of discovering beauty in female savages possessed by almost all masculine travelers. Even M. Garnier in his interesting book, *Voyage Autour du Monde*, though evidently an able man and one of refined taste in most matters, often lauds the beauty he discovers in the savage women of the islands he visited. Judging from the photographs of the natives which he brings us, one would say that the best female forms are those of the young men! Several of these if divested of head and feet would appear quite passably well formed. Seriously, there is considerable grace of outline in some of their forms, while those of the women are rude and clumsy. Among all the lower animals the male is more beautiful than the female, and is this not the fact with the lower species of the human race? But whatever may be the personal attractions of these "children of Nature," it must be a rare fortune to travel among them and to study their habits and ideas. Few of them can be tempted to leave their native islands. M. Garnier's party invited one of them—a man who had been to this country and lived here several years—to return with them to Europe. "No, gentlemen," replied the man: "what I have seen of your country and your ways only makes

my home dearer to me. In your country the sun is cold and capricious. By turns it freezes and burns you. The sea is almost always rough and the skies full of clouds. Plants and trees are dead for many moons in the year, and then there is nothing pleasant for the eyes to look upon. Your people have to struggle constantly with cold and heat and hunger, or they would die. Here it is always warm and beautiful, and there is plenty to eat. No, gentlemen, I will not go to your country." Garnier remarks, "We were rather disgusted to hear this curmudgeon, whose only garment was the fragment of an old red woolen shirt, discourse thus disparagingly of our proud civilization." Another savage of Nénéma, one of the small islands north of New Caledonia, said: "This land is the finest in the world. There are countless fishes in the sea, and the coral-reefs around us are covered with succulent turtles. Look at the land! The cocoa-nut trees cover all the island. Do you think a Nénéma can be hungry? Is there any need of his working?"

One of the most fertile of these islands is Bualabio, near Nénéma, covered with forests of huge cocoa palms, but so infested with mosquitoes that the natives will not live upon it. Even when a hundred rods from the land clouds of these pests attacked the gold-hunting party of

Garnier, and while on the island a native armed with leafy branches had to be stationed beside each explorer. This island, as well as New Caledonia, abounds

in mollusks of a certain species called *trepangs* by the Chinese, who are exceedingly fond of them. The trepang-fishery is the most important industry of



NATIVES OF THE LOYALTY ISLANDS.

these islands. The trepang is cylindrical in form, from three to six inches in length, and when cooked in the Chinese fashion has a taste like the tender rind of pork.

After quitting these islands, M. Garnier

revisited the French colony at Honagap, on the eastern coast of New Caledonia, where he found the population augmented by a whole frigate-load of poor young orphan girls. These had been brought

from France to this colony of bachelors by the government, which made "strenuous efforts," we are told, "to regulate the relations formed between them and the colonists, though this was not an easy task." Such a provision for the fate of poor orphan girls is, at least suggestive to the moralist. It is important, certainly, that colonial populations should increase; and doubtless the French are as sagacious as Mark Twain, who discovered that woman has no equal as a wet-nurse. The natives are fast dying out in New Caledonia, and in some tribes all the children born are males. Native women, then, however beautiful and desirable as wives, are "unavailable."

Everywhere in these islands, despite the efforts of the missionaries, the indigenous population is decaying. Meanwhile, the European colonists increase and flourish. A colony of Germans and Irish on the west coast of New Caledonia is described as specially prosperous. Their fields and gardens are protected from their herds of cattle by fine hedges; their orchards yield an abundance and a great variety of fruits; their barnyards are alive with all kinds of domestic fowls, and troops of strong, rosy children welcome the stranger in French, English, German and Kanaka. It would seem as if Nature refused longer to sustain the intellectually inferior races—as if the conditions of vegetation and climate to-day are not adapted to produce the savage, as later ages were not to produce the giant ferns of the Carboniferous period. It was in this colony that M. Garnier assisted at a "muster"—that is, a corralling of the herds of cattle. This takes place three or four times a year for marking the cattle and for other purposes. All the cattle-owners take part in this work. Trained dogs and horses assist, and the stock-whip plays an important part. The lash of this whip is about six yards long, large in the middle and tapering at both ends, and is attached to a handle about a foot long. Marvelously expert are the stockmen with this whip. It is their pride to flip off the neck of a bottle placed on

the ground some six yards distant. Hospitality is never lacking among these colonists. After the evening meal, consisting principally of corned beef, fresh pork and tea, come the regulation "grog" and pipes, the accordion, songs and stories of colonial adventure.

On one occasion M. Garnier landed on a little island in quest of food, and found young gulls and gulls' eggs innumerable. Shortly after this glut in the commissariat of the explorers a violent storm held them captive in the ruins of a native hut, where they suffered greatly from hunger. One of the natives of the party made an excursion to a sugar-plantation and returned with a quantity of young canes—very satisfactory food to the natives, but most discouraging to a European, on account of the chewing necessary to extract the sugar. Garnier refused them at first, but on the third day he says he "ground up" two of these canes three feet long and two inches thick, and then, feeling himself starving for every kind of food except sugar-cane, he took his gun and sallied forth, followed by a native and his dog Soulouque, a faithful old friend who fully sympathized with his master in his opinion of sugar-cane as a diet. Garnier asked the native if he had not had enough sugar-canes for the present.

"Yes, captain; but game is very scarce here. We can go over to Mont d'Or, where there are *nannies*."

"Goats!" cried Garnier. "How came they there?"

The native replied that Captain Berard (a French settler lately massacred by the savages) had large herds of *nannies* and *boulmakaos*, meaning beeves—that the latter had all been caught, but that the goats escaped into the mountains. The excursion to Mont d'Or was successful. A large goat was captured, and plenty succeeded famine till the storm ended.

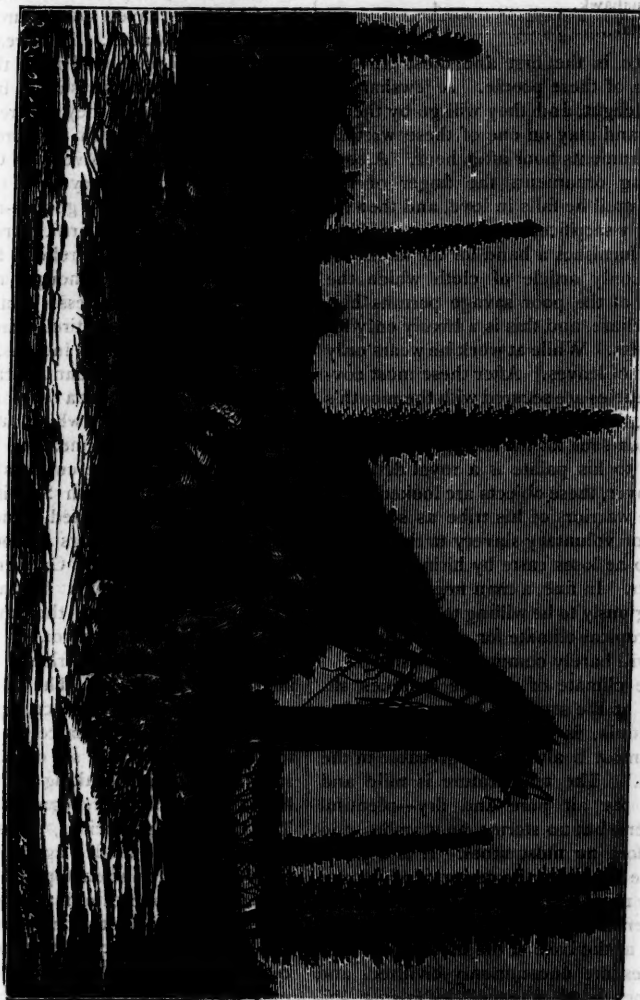
The natives of these South Sea Islands are accused by European settlers of being too lazy to work. Granted that they submit to continued, monotonous labor less willingly than the whites; but let us see what inducements are offered them by the Europeans of New Caledonia.

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They are employed as *tréfang* and other fishers—as sailors, couriers, cocoanut-oil makers, poultry-tenders, wood-choppers, and general laborers. Their food when working for the whites is largely com-

posed of rice and hard biscuits—food which to them is like pastry to us; and though very fond of it, they cannot long subsist upon it, and soon long for the cooler diet, the fruits, vegetables and

PLACE OF SHELTER DURING A STORM.



fish, to which they are accustomed. The wages of native laborers vary from twelve to twenty-five francs a month (\$2.50 to \$5). But the amount in francs or dollars is nothing. It is the "purchasing pow-

er" of the money which should be considered. Here is a table showing how much three dollars, an average month's wages, will purchase of the things most dear to the heart of the native:

	Francs.	Centimes.
Three clay pipes.....	1	50
One pound of tobacco.....	4	
One jewsharp.....	0	50
One copper ring.....	1	
Two yards blue cotton cloth...	4	
One tomahawk.....	4	
Total.....	15	

Tobacco is the first and most craving passion of these people. A jewsharp is their delight, and they will go by themselves and play on one of these wretched instruments hour after hour. A copper ring ornaments the finger of the native until he falls in love, and then he gallantly sacrifices it. The piece of blue cotton furnishes a band for the loins. It is the only article of cloth which the means of the poor savage permits him to purchase, and this is a luxury only for full dress. While at work he wears only a band of leaves. After these most coveted articles are secured with the month's wages, the laborer does not often retain even ten sous for the slice of white bread which to his palate is a royal delicacy. Moreover, these objects are looked upon by the warriors of his tribe as so many signs of voluntary slavery to the whites, and so he loses caste by hiring out as a laborer. In fine, a man must love labor prodigiously to be willing to work all day in a tropical climate for a sum of money that will barely compass a jewsharp.

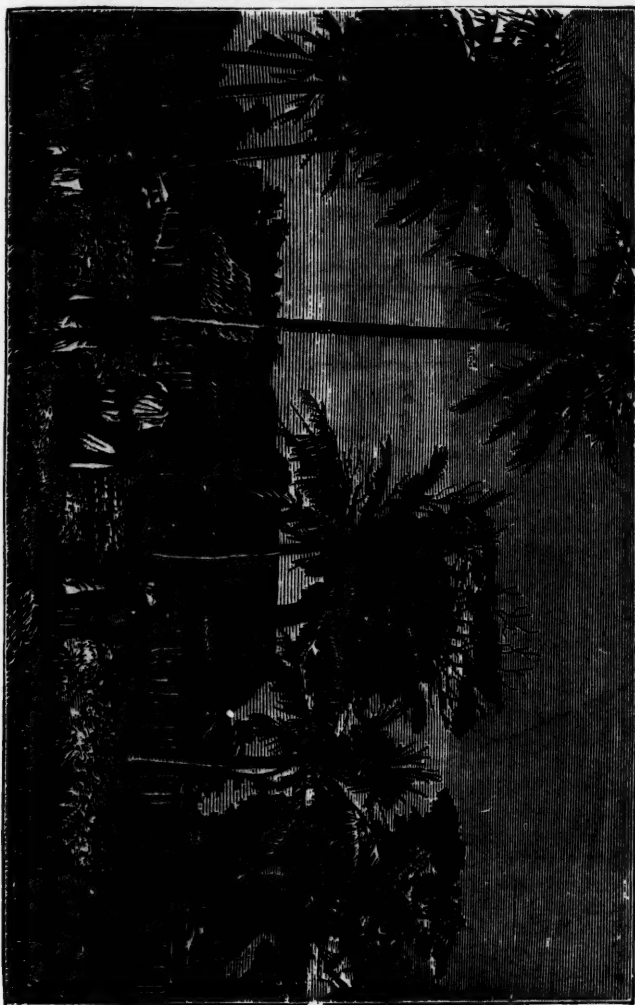
The climate of the Isle of Pines, situated at the southern extremity of New Caledonia, is pronounced by Garnier "the most healthy and agreeable in the world." The temperature is mild and even, the air pure and dry—plentiful showers, but no storms, no marshes, and therefore no mosquitoes. It is a picturesque island, in the centre of which rise rocky mountain-peaks resembling spires. Immense pines grow on the level plateaus at the base of the mountain. The natives are uncommonly civilized, and are nearly all engaged in raising European vegetables, which find ready sale in Noumea, the chef-lieu of New Caledonia. This island has some eight hundred inhabitants, and is governed by a young queen, the daughter of the last chief. She lives in the small village of

Ischaa in a long, low thatched cottage surrounded by cocoa palms and a rude fence. Koumie is another island near the Isle of Pines, half depopulated by the terrible diseases brought thither by sandal-wood coasters. The natives are now Christians, have a stone church and a school taught by nuns. They wear clothing, and are far removed from their ancient anthropophagous state. It would seem, however, as if they still recall the "good old times" with pleasure. One of them said very naively to Garnier, when he asked how they could eat their kind, "Why, it is very good—as good as pig or cow." M. Garnier writes: "I tried to make him comprehend how our nature revolts at the thought of such food. It was quite useless." This chord, like many others, is entirely wanting in the moral nature of these Indians. They cannot be induced to abandon cannibalism except by making it a religious sentiment, analogous to that which causes the Catholic to refrain from meat on Fridays."

The accounts of the customs and superstitions of the South Sea islanders would make a good-sized library, and yet every traveler brings us something fresh or long forgotten. Garnier tells us that in New Caledonia husband and wife never sleep under the same roof, and that the wife on becoming *enceinte* retires with her women-friends to a hut interdicted to all men. The infant does not come into the world crying as ours do, and submits with scarcely a grimace to being washed in the sea or the nearest stream. The father taking the infant in his arms by this act recognizes it as his. The child is precocious, plays in the surf at a most tender age, and picks itself up quietly when toppled over by a wave, no one thinking of going to its rescue. It is not weaned until quite late, and at seven or eight years the boy dons the common costume, composed of a leaf fastened on with a string, and begins to use the sling and the javelin, and to follow the men in their fishing excursions. At sixteen the boy's body is well developed, his beard appears, and usually after he has distinguished himself in some exploit he asks his chief

for the girl that pleases him. The marriage ceremony is very simple: a feast more copious than usual, an exchange of presents, and the rite is concluded. The heaven of these savages is a place

above the earth where food is superabundant, fishing always successful, and women always young and fair. The priests accept all offerings, and in return promise the favor of some god. If the pre-



THE QUEEN'S HOUSE IN THE ISLE OF PINES.

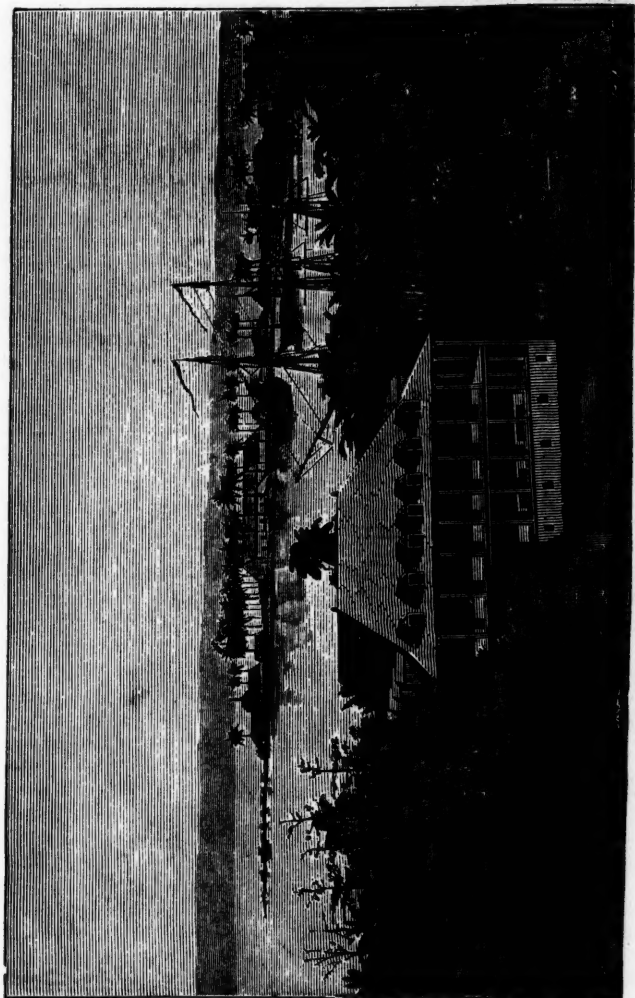
diction fails, the cause is easily explained: some priest of a rival tribe has at the same time asked just the reverse, and gained his point by a more valuable offering. When they become Christians

they abandon their sorceries or practice them in secret, and the first change apparent is the affectation of European dress. One chief is described in a *light* European costume consisting of a short

calico jacket, an old stovepipe hat, an umbrella and a double-barreled gun. An umbrella is the pride of the natives, especially of the women; and upon obtaining this prize and a bonnet of any

sort they sally forth to the missionary station, challenging by their proud mien the admiration of the community.

The last island visited by M. Garnier was Tahiti (Otaheite), and his enthusi-



HARBOR OF PAPEETE, AND QUEEN POMARE'S PALACE.

asm about this "pearl of the Pacific" is like that of all other visitors. Before the land was signaled, delicious, odorous breezes swept over the ship from that enchanted land, where the sea is always

tranquil, where summer reigns perennially, and where cold and drought and tempest are unknown. A *pirogue* laden with oranges came out to welcome the ship. The aspect of this island is sub-

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lime. Its mountains, crowned with fantastic towers of rock, are the first thing seen, and then the glistening white falls of Tahiti several hundred feet high. As the ship approaches, beautiful valleys, covered with tropical forests and gardens and fields, come into full view. These valleys are very remarkable in form, being a succession of plateaus, one above the other, opening toward the sea, each having its river, which at the end of each plateau falls over a steep semicircular cliff. Tahiti is the most isolated land on the earth, being over a thousand miles from any mainland.

The Tahitians have a newspaper in the native language, which, somewhat modified in form, is spoken also by the whites. They can all read and write, are all converted to Christianity, and, alas! they are fearful drunkards. The stronger the liquor the more precious to the Tahitian. Give him a bottle of brandy, or even absinthe, and he will drink the whole at once, and, falling an inert

mass upon the ground, sleep six or seven hours in the sun, and on waking be ready to repeat the experiment.

Half-breeds are very common in Tahiti, for "every white man on landing seeks a native companion." These women are very fond of their white children, and take superior care of them. M. Garnier says nothing about the decline of the natives of Tahiti. It ought to be easy to preserve the health in a climate where the temperature the year round is between 60° and 77° Fahrenheit. The present ruler of Tahiti is Queen Pomare IV., renowned for her beauty in former days. She succeeded her brother in 1828, when she was fourteen years old. In 1870 she is represented as well preserved for her age, her eyes full of fire, her long black hair falling in two braids, and still showing traces of the famous beauty of the princess Aimata—a beauty, according to M. Garnier, "worthy to be immortalized by the muse of Lord Byron."

MOODS.

WHEN clear May sunshine falls on white and green,
And earth takes on the garland of a bride—
When midst the lilac-leaves thick buds are seen,
And glad bird-voices call on every side—
When in our veins the spirit of spring-tide
Leaps up to see and hear joy everywhere—
A still small voice comes sighing through the air,
"Ah, the poor dead who own in all this feast no share!"

When at the welcome end of the long day
The spirit wearies of her weight of care,
Vain seems the pleasant Past, and far away,
And coming griefs seem more than she can bear.
Thick darkness settles in the gloomy air,
Black mysteries and shadows haunt the heart,
While the voice whispers as the quick tears start,
"Ah, happy dead who in this trouble own no part!"

EMMA LAZARUS.

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THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS.

BY MRS. E. LYNN LINTON, AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL."

CHAPTER I.
NORTH ASTON.

TO those who admired the kind of thing it was, North Aston was one of the loveliest places to be found in England. It was indeed an ideal bit of English scenery, best described in its summer aspect, when the golden meadows were rich with flowers and the odorous woods were kingdoms of unknown treasures full of the mystery of life and loveliness. In winter it was barren and desolate enough, but in summer it was an Eden—a place to make the dwellers in towns and stony places traveling on the high-road that overlooked, but did not enter the valley, sorrowful for the one part and envious for the other—a place where it seemed only logical to expect a human nature void of passion, and a society in fitting harmony therewith.

It had everything to perfect a landscape. There was the clear trout-stream winding through the fields and woods, giving the sentiment of travel and a beyond as it flowed through the home from some secret sources, then passed away to lands unknown. Two miles down, the valley suddenly straitened to a narrow gorge, where the road had been made side by side with the river by cutting into the rocks that rose on either side, now cleft into rifts where the sun never shone and the white threads of falling water never ceased, now thrown forward in overhanging masses like great gray bones projecting from among the trees and ferns.

Up the valley the high lands broadened into a breezy moor, purple with heath and heather, peopled with bird and beast, whence could be seen—as things in a dream, perceived but not belonging—the spires of cities and the smoke of distant railroads, the mansions of the great and the tall chimneys of factories; to the left the line of blue hills like a veil of vapor; to the right the shimmer of

the sea like a belt of silver against the sky. Down below were the green pastures where herds of kine, sedate and ruminant, stood knee-deep in quiet pools or stood by the meadow gates lowing for the milking-pails. Fields of yellowing grain were starred with blood-red poppies and ox-eye daisies, purple cranesbill and the shining disks of marigold—beautiful to sight if unprofitable for husbandry; the hedges were sweet with roses and woodbine in the summer, bright with berries in the autumn; stately forest trees, like lords of the land, overshadowed field and fence at intervals; and more rare flowers grew about North Aston than elsewhere in England. In like manner more rare birds and insects were to be found here than elsewhere, and the quiet little village only wanted its local Gilbert White to be rendered as famous as was ever Selborne. But the chief pride of the place was the old ruined castle of Dunaston on the heights commanding the gorge. Originally one of the strongholds of the county, it was now a mere ruin abandoned to tradition and decay. "The duke" to whom it belonged cared for nothing that did not bring him absolute profit or its equivalent in pleasure. He kept his modern shooting-box on the moor weather-tight and well provided, but he let the grand old castle crumble year by year and stone by stone till little beyond fragments of the outer walls was now left standing; and soon there would not be enough even of these to shelter the ghost that still lived there.

For of course the castle was haunted: how should it not be? The young bride of low degree, whom the cruel lady-mother had done to death three hundred years ago in the good old way of walling up alive in one of the upper dungeons, was to be seen at times flitting through the ruined arches and across the grass-grown court, wringing her hands in the moonlight, wailing shrilly in the storm—

an evil omen enough to whomsoever it befell, for how many had not seen it and suffered in consequence? It would have been safer for a man to deny the story of Lot's wife, or that the sun stood still in the Valley of Ajalon, than to cast doubt on the ghost of Dunaston. He who should so deny it might never hope to hold up his head again in the place, nor to shake off to his dying day the name of atheist, and consequent reputation of an evil-doer. The Dunaston ghost was the fetish of the place; and fetishes are sacred.

The village set in the midst of this lovely, sleepy scenery was little better than a hamlet, and had no more commercial conveniences. But as all the land was owned by one or two large proprietors who would not sell for building purposes, and who would have considered the place defiled had a mill or a manufactory risen within cannon-range of their preserves, the villagers were bound to accept what was given to them, and to make no complaints of what they could not alter. The market-town of Sherrington was full nine miles away; the roads were bad, and North Aston was on the way to nowhere; trade there was none; movement there was none; but it was a lovely place to look at—and the æsthetics have their uses.

All the same, if it was such a place as poets love to write of and artists to delineate, it was one also where the poor, stagnating in mind and fortune, live, toil and die, very little removed from the beasts they pasture, and where the wives and daughters of the resident gentry, beating themselves like birds against the wires of their cages, spend half their lives in bewailing the dullness of the other half.

There was the village smithy, where they discussed the local news and hammered out clumsy shoes that lamed the horses; the village mill, where the best local business was done, bad enough when at the best; and the one general shop which sold everything in a way, and that a poor one, but which was considered sufficiently good for the villagers by the gentry, who got their grocery from

Piccadilly and their millinery from Bond street; and there was the one beershop, the supervision over which was strict and the hour of closing early, with repeated threats from the rector, as senior magistrate, of the loss of license should there be too much noise or any drunkenness. Indeed, the need of the "Wellington" was scarcely seen at all by the gentry, who laid down their pipes of wine discreetly, and let their barrels of beer mellow in their ample cellars till they became fit drink for the gods. There were the stately mansions of the few families constituting the local aristocracy standing on the slopes in favored places, turned to the sun and sheltered from the wind; and in the bottom, among the swamps and drainage, a clustered handful of ill-ventilated, ill-constructed cottages, mostly picturesque and all unserviceable—the thatched roofs, brown and mossy, letting in the rain; the rustic porches, which had been given by the landlords to look pretty and make a picture, with ivy and creepers running up the trellis, harboring insects and mildew; the small lozenge-paned windows that did not open, keeping the rooms close and foul,—all artistic and unhealthy, lovely to look at and bad to live in.

But it made a pleasant picture for the great people to admire from the windows of their spacious rooms, and the girls liked to sketch the "bits." When the miller, one Jonathan Dobson, got leave to slate his roof in place of the rotten old thatch, and so by degrees transformed his picturesque, rustic fever-trap into a square, ugly, comfortable little dwelling, there was quite a commotion at the Hall where the Harrowbys lived. The thatched, ivy-grown cottage had "composed" in the most perfect manner from their windows, and they regarded the slated, ugly, comfortable little dwelling as in a manner an infringement on their rights, and a piece of impertinence from the miller to his superiors.

North Aston was a village which might stand as the model of superior control. It had neither village rowdiness nor village immorality, and knew as lit-

tle of religious dissent as of political independence. Even the blacksmith was a decent fellow who went to church with the rest, and the very tailor was a good conservative, and in no wise tainted with free thought. No mute inglorious Milton had ever questioned of fate, free-will or the sanctity of marriage at the smithy forum, and no village Hampden had been known to hold treasonable discourses concerning the rights of man or the wrongs of the poor at the alehouse on the green. No one thereabouts had inconvenient aspirations or nourished subversive discontents; and since the year 1817, when a godless ruffian, who had returned from the wars a worse man than he went into them, had murdered his sweetheart for jealousy in Steel's Wood, not a crime beyond the pettiest form of petty larceny or a scolding match between two shrews had sullied the simple annals of the place. It was as much the perfection of rustic order as of rustic beauty—a little community of ignorant, unambitious men and women strangled in the grasp of superiority. They had not energy enough to be even vicious, certainly not energy enough to be discontented, but accepted their pinched and deadened lives as of the unalterable ordination of Providence, thinking it hard sometimes when work was slack and food scarce, but comforting themselves with texts bearing on patience and the Lord's will. They were proud, too, of their local aristocracy, and accepted them as superior beings whom it was only right and righteous should be endowed better than themselves, holding it part of their religion to pay them worshipful obedience, and to keep the tenth commandment when they contrasted circumstances and conditions.

Of this small community the rector was naturally the immediate lord and head. To be sure, the real lord of the manor was the duke, to whom the whole of the land belonged with few exceptions; but the duke was like the czar to the Russian peasant, too far off for human needs, and for all practical purposes the rector held them in leash. Domination was part of his prerogative, and he was a man who

did not disdain prerogatives. The living was worth about a thousand a year, and the population of the parish was not more than three hundred souls, all told. They were precious plants in the ecclesiastical vineyard as times go, when many a man is paid perhaps not one-third that sum for cultivating twenty times as many. It would have argued bad husbandry if they had not been kept well pruned, if not fruitful, at such a cost to the clerical treasury.

The rector, however, was neither very solicitous nor very sanguine about his vineyard. He took his income as his right, and he gave his services as a grace subject only to the control of his diocesan; but he thought the souls in his charge would be neither better nor worse for the cessation of his ministrations, holding them as too wooden on the one side and too brutish on the other to be much improved by anything man could say. He had the gentleman's contempt for his inferiors, and the comparatively educated man's scorn of crass ignorance. Christian as he was, he clung to his own interpretation of the "many mansions," which he held to be the allotment of celestial lodgings, first floor or basement, according to present conditions, haughtily disclaiming the doctrine of equality even in Paradise, and often saying, "Do you think such a man as Jonathan Dobson and I can be equals?"

Good as his pay was, he was not inclined to think his lot as the sleepy pruner of these sapless straggling plants too enviable, and could never be brought to confess that his lines had fallen in pleasant places. And indeed it was one of the dearest, dullest livings to be found within the four seas—one of those placid, stagnant pools which the great waves of progress and commerce have left undisturbed, and where the hand of time stands where it stood fifty years ago. True, there were such modern innovations as a foot-post who did his eighteen miles a day from and to Sherrington, the market-town, and whose business was almost wholly with the gentry; and a railway station at Aston Bar, eight miles off. But the echoes of the world without

that came to North Aston by these means were very few and faint, and the life that drifted there down into eternity was life of the least eventful kind known to man.

The place contained but five families of position, without any of those intermediate quantities, that intermediary fringe connecting the high and low together, found in large communities. There had once been a person of this kind, a certain Miss Snelling, a retired milliner, always called "poor Miss Snelling" by the ladies when they spoke of her. Poor Miss Snelling had of course never been admitted into anything like equality by the great people, but each house had made it a point of Christian charity to send her a bunch of grapes in the season, and the ladies asked her up once in the year to afternoon tea when no one else was there, and they thought they might as well do their duty and get it over. As she had been a humble and grateful kind of person, who never forgot her shop manners of deferential obsequiousness, she had been the more readily recognized as a kind of inferior sister in the Lord; and because she made no efforts to assert her claims to a common humanity, but was willing to be treated as a worm if they were so minded, she slipped into a position resembling that of a petted lady's-maid, sometimes patronized, sometimes snubbed, but not suffered to decline the one or to resent the other method of recognition made according to the mood of her social superiors.

But Miss Snelling was dead now, poor soul! and her pretty little cottage, marked "Lion Hut" by the ordnance surveyors, but called "Lionnet" by the people thereabouts, was empty, and likely to remain so. It was the property of Mr. Dundas of Andalusia Cottage, but, pretty and enticing as it was, no candidate for its tenancy had yet come forward, and Lionnet was the one sole vacant habitation, and the one sole habitation of the second class, to be found in the district.

So that the place contained in reality but five families of position, as has been said, not counting the duke when he

came to the moor in the shooting season, nor the various magnates to be found at the distance of twelve or thirteen miles.

These five families were—the rector and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Birkett, with their only daughter, Adelaide; the Harrowbys of the Hill—Mrs. Harrowby quite recently a widow, with three daughters and two sons, of whom Edgar, the elder, was at present with his regiment in India, and Francis, the younger, practicing at the bar in London; Dr. and Mrs. Corfield, and their son Alick, at Steel's Corner; Mr. and Mrs. Dundas, with their little daughter Leam, at Andalusia Cottage; and the Fairbairns of the Limes—a large family of boys and girls, six of a sort, ranging from a young man, Cyril, at college, to a baby in the cradle. These made up the gentry of North Aston—at the best a small society of major gods in their leafy Olympus, and one that promised but few elements for dramatic story.

CHAPTER II.

WHO LIVED THERE.

THERE was nothing very remarkable about these people. The rector, a handsome, irresponsible kind of gentleman, with a fine figure, a high nose and a small head—who looked fitter to have been the colonel of a crack regiment than the priest of a church founded by a handful of Jewish communists—had taken orders because North Aston was a family living, and it would have been flying in the face of Providence to refuse the bread already buttered for him. His life had been, in consequence, the life of a man who, having failed his natural vocation, has never reconciled himself to that which he has undertaken per force. He had done his duty in a perfunctory and spiritless way, satisfied with peace and never seeking after improvement. He had a profound contempt for the poor, and considered them hopelessly degraded; but at the same time he held that they, the many, must be kept degraded for the good of us, the

refined few. "Society wants these ignorant wretches groping in dirt and darkness," he used to say with his martial air. "The world has never yet got on without its helots, and never will; and they are only fools or knaves who seek to abolish them."

Yet he was not unpopular in the place where he drew his ten hundred a year, and left his three hundred souls to struggle to the light as they best could. On the days when he was free from gout he spoke to his ragged sheep with the good-natured familiarity of a high-handed gentleman condescending to his inferiors; but when his 'twenty-seven port played tricks with his blood, then there was a general uncorking of the vials of wrath which made his presence a service of danger rather than of joy. He had uncorked a good many in his day, and had the reputation of being a "tight hand," whom nine times out of ten it was better to avoid than to meet. The truth was, he had fretted greatly in his time at his uncongenial lot in being bound for life to the *corvée* of North Aston, for even nepotism could not promote to ecclesiastical honors a man with a head so narrow and a temper of mind so martial as his; but he was quieter now at sixty years of age, having gradually subsided into that kind of lazy acquiescence which is born of habit and diminished energies—the optimism of indolence and an enlarged waist.

His wife, who was his second venture in the matrimonial lottery, was a placid woman of good family—sweet-tempered, inactive, ruled by her servants, and invariably five minutes too late. The people, however, liked her, for though she seldom visited or spoké to them, she was pleasant when the chance came; and the servants at the rectory did not stint the broken meat. Their daughter Adelaide was a pretty, well-bred girl of about twenty, with straw-colored hair, light-blue eyes, and a skin of the traditional strawberries and cream—a girl of soft manners and determined purpose, whose gloves of velvet, triple pile, covered hands of steel tougher than Bessemer's.

Mrs. Harrowby of the Hill was the

British matron as found in country places, narrow, strict, innocent of the real world in which she lived. Her standing sorrow was the still unmarried condition of her three daughters, whose non-success in going off she attributed, not unreasonably, to the departed Mr. Harrowby. He had been one of those men with large patriarchal proclivities and an aversion to change, who like to keep their children still children to the end, and who hold themselves personally aggrieved when the young people begin to cast about for stray straws fit for nest-building on their own account. He used to look at his three girls with a kind of Turkish spirit of domination mixed up with his English pride of paternity, saying half blusteringly, half affectionately, "I would knock any man down who dared to ask me for one of them!" his coat-tails over his arms, his back to the fire, and his bull-dog face flushed with the warmth of his place and his feelings combined. Thus, by keeping them at home and shutting the house-door against probable aspirants, he had so effectually prevented all chances of marriage while there was time that now it seemed scarcely likely the young ladies would be sought for at all, seeing that they had but small portions, were lean and faded, and held the restricted views of life belonging to virtuous country maidens over thirty, to whom tobacco is a vice, and whist for five-shilling points and a guinea on the rubber a sin almost as heinous as the advocacy of cremation; to whom races are synonyms with iniquity, and billiards at a public table the ultimate to which low-bred immorality can go; elder sisters who call their brothers of five-and-twenty "boys," and believe that they live in London and India the lives of little girls at school. The youngest of the three, however, Miss Josephine Harrowby, was by no means so rigid as her sisters. She was plumper in body as well as softer in disposition, and often laid herself open to the rebukes of the elder two by the habit she had of sighing and her absurd love of babies.

Then there was Dr. Corfield of Steel's

Corner—"old Dr. Corfield," as he was always called, though he was but fifty at the present time. He had long given up his professional practice, and now passed his days in making chemical experiments, devoting himself especially to the study of poisons, of which he had an extraordinary collection—a man bound up in facts which he cared only to collect, never to group; to analyze, not to synthesize. Nevertheless, he was kind-hearted though unsocial, and trustworthy, because so taciturn as almost to justify the theory of the Mute Man; always ready to do his best in cases of emergency and before the doctor from Sherrington could be brought. Else, as has been said, he never now practiced the profession he had studied more as a science than a profession, and which his wife's fortune had rendered unnecessary.

This wife of his, "Sarah Corfield" to her friends, was a shrewd, bustling, energetic little person of spontaneous activities, with bright brown eyes and a sharp nose, fond of managing her neighbors' affairs and great at giving gratuitous advice. She had skimmed the surface of many pursuits in her day, from homœopathy to cooking, and from spiritualism to millinery, with excursions into art and literature by the way not quite so successful as the rest. Therefore she took it on herself to advise her more ignorant sisters on all things under heaven and on earth, with an accent of certainty not without its value. She was at once the torment and the salvation of the North Aston poor, being the only person who looked after them practically, who sent runaway little ones to school, insisted on household cleanliness, and fought against open ditches and typhoid fever. The women dreaded her worse than the plague when they saw her come down the hill in her little basket carriage, with a supply of tracts and flannel at her feet, but they had it to do; and as she administered her medicine in syrup, and donated while she scolded, they were fain to accept the one for the sake of the other, and to conceal their wry faces under a mask of gratitude.

But shrewd as she was in the ordinary affairs of life, in one thing she was as foolish as others; and her maternal instinct overpowered her good sense quite as much as it overpowers the good sense of women whose foreheads are narrower and whose noses are blunter than hers. Her son was the apple of her eyes, the crown of her treasures, the living shrine before which she poured out her heart in unbounded devotion. To keep him what she called pure—that is, ignorant of the world, and therefore unable to avoid its dangers or to use its opportunities when the time came for him to do both—she had kept him closely tied to her apron-string all through his boyhood, and now in his young manhood of twenty years he was tied there still. She held the absolute equality of the sexes in all things, save granting greater strength of muscle to the inferior, and claiming higher moral perceptions for the superior; and she carried out her principles, not by enlarging the boundaries of woman's place, but by dwarfing that of man's. She saw no reason, she said, why a boy should not be reared on exactly the same moral lines as a girl, and could not be brought to confess a sex in virtue. What was good for the one was absolutely good for the other, and she would concede no liberties to the one which the other might not share.

As her husband never knew how time or history went so long as he might be left in peace in the laboratory with his experiments, she had it all her own way with Alick; and Dr. Corfield congratulated himself on the possession of a wife so clever that she could live his life as well as her own, and fulfill their joint duties creditably.

The result was a tall, large, raw-boned, awkward young man who knew all manner of useless things, and none that could be turned to practical account—a young man whose painful shyness, innocent ingenuousness, homely features and ungainly manners made him the butt of the young people whenever he appeared among them. But his mother loved him with a blindness of affection that saw no demerit anywhere; and he loved her

with a simplicity of reverence that was, however, sometimes sorely tried when she drew those apron-strings of hers tighter than the young fellow liked, and insisted on treating him as a child when he felt the strength of his boyhood stirring powerfully within, and on holding him close as a girl when the freer instincts of the fledgling man would naturally have driven him farther afield. She never saw that she galled him. He carried the sacrifice of himself and his instincts of freedom as his offering of gratitude and love, and bore his chagrins, which were not light, with the dignity of patience and the cheerfulness of courage. In some things the most transparent, Alick Corfield was in others the most obscure of all now living at North Aston. Every one thought him weighed and measured and fathomed to the bottom, but there was one whole side of his nature entirely misunderstood, and even his mother did not suspect the fund of poetry and passionate chivalry that lay like fruit in blossom in his heart.

The Fairbairns at the Limes were just a healthy, open-air, breezy set of folks, taking life as a perpetual holiday, where the sun was ever at noon and the tide at its height, holding the faith that whatever is, is right, and that people who complain of their portions are either weak or wicked, or may be both; that this is the best of all possible worlds to those who know how to live in it; and that we have but to keep out of debt, take plenty of exercise, and tub vigorously to make all things come square at the end. What else, indeed, should be the philosophy of folks married happily, with abundance of money, faultless digestions, and a large family of boys and girls, bright, brave and handsome?—folks whose velvet coats had no seamy sides, whose family cupboards held no concealed skeletons, and whose silken ropes were free from frays and knots. What life was to the Fairbairns they assumed it ought to be to every one else, and, because they were exceptionally favorites of Fortune in their own persons, maintained that it is in the power of every one who chooses to grasp the

slippery wheel and turn the golden spoke uppermost. If any one failed, then had he not deserved to succeed, for success follows merit as surely as light follows the sun, and the doctrine of ill-luck or undeserved mischance was all moonshine. Thus, as virtue is always rewarded, and it is vice alone that gets put in the pillory, the poor, pitiful theorist on elemental rights and the justice of apportionment only wastes his time when he questions the inevitable. It was a comfortable doctrine, looked at from their breezy heights, but it was not always satisfactory to those lying maimed and crippled in the lower levels.

All these were, as we can see, the ordinary constituents of ordinary English society, neither better nor worse than what may be found in hundreds of places. But at Andalusia Cottage, where Mr. and Mrs. Dundas lived, things went a little out of the common groove. For it is not often that an English gentleman, living at such a place as North Aston, brings home for his wife a superbly beautiful Spanish woman with the face of a sibyl, the temper of a fiend, the habits of a savage, and ignorance to correspond. This, however, was Mrs. Dundas summarized, and as the small world of North Aston had known her for fifteen years. She was the one misfitting fragment in this well-ordered social mosaic, and it was evident that nothing now could trim her into the shape she ought to take. It was in vain that Mrs. Corfield tried to indoctrinate her into the art and mystery of English middle-class housekeeping. To the end she never knew the parts of speech pertaining to the butcher or the grocer, and would eat nothing that was not redolent of garlic and slab with oil.

Mrs. Harrowby, the social chieftainess with whom all the North Astonians tried to stand well, wished to teach her the rudiments—not to go farther—of English good-breeding. Pepita listened in silence, her big black eyes fixed with a kind of stony tragedy on the speaker, but none the more did she obey instructions. She still went about in the morning in unpleasant garments, her long

black hair touzled and uncombed, and her superb sibylline face innocent of soap and water if loaded with yesterday's powder and paint; nor would she rub the one with the white of egg which did service with her for the ordinary method of ablution, smooth the other into braids and stiff-gummed curls finished off by the high comb, square knot of crimson ribbon and black lace mantilla of her country, nor exchange her rags for a decent gown, till far into the afternoon. She still neither paid visits nor received them if not in the humor, and she seldom was in the humor, and in spite of all that Mrs. Harrowby could say, when ladies went to call on her and she was cross or lazy—and she was always cross or lazy, and sometimes both—would still shout out in her broken English and strident voice, "I will not see them, send them away!" though she was lying like a beautiful chrysalis in her hammock slung to a cut-leaved hornbeam in the garden, smoking cigarettes and making a hideous noise with her "zambomba," that queer bastard kind of drum which she had constructed for herself, after the manner of her country, out of a bit of bladder and an inverted flowerpot. No power on earth could prevent her from breaking her engagements if so minded, nor induce her to offer regret or excuse after; and on those rare occasions when they had guests at the Cottage she had no more scruple in leaving them immediately after dinner if she was sleepy and wanted to go to bed than she had in saying, "You do lie" or "You are stupid as a pig" when she desired to express a difference of opinion. For she had but one virtue, she used to say with her insolent laugh, and that was truth. It was not truth, however, for the love of truth; only truth for the scorn of others and indifference to what they felt.

Mrs. Fairbairn preached fresh air and Cash's rough towels as remedial agents when she complained of headache and dullness. Save on a few of the hottest hours of the hottest summer days, Pepita shut herself up in the drawing-room, doors and windows carefully closed,

buried in an easy-chair before a huge fire, passing half the day in sleep: the other half she played at dolls with her little daughter Leam. She would not walk, and she was a coward and afraid of driving. She declared the English women were mad with all their soapings and brushings and furious exertions, and declined to follow bad example and destroy her peach-like skin before its time; so she stayed at home, rubbed her face with white of egg before whitening it with pearl-powder and reddening it with rouge; eat sugar and onion, "gazpache" and sweetmeats; grew enormously stout, but still kept her beauty of feature; slept sixteen hours out of the twenty-four; and on the remaining eight, when not eating, rubbed a stick on her "zambomba" or played at dolls with her little daughter, for whose special benefit she had dressed one like the devil, and taught her to call it *El señor papa*. In short, she was the savage of North Aston, and people never knew from one day to another of what mad atrocity she might not have been guilty over night. So far she had her uses, in that she kept the place alive and afforded ceaseless occasion for talk and speculation.

As for Mrs. Birkett, true to her central principle of non-intervention, she left the savage alone and did not lend a hand in the attempted work of salvation. She thought her a most unpleasant person, and said so—one whom she greatly feared and as greatly disliked. But she also thought that Mr. Dundas was very much to blame in marrying such a creature. It was a slight to the ladies of the place, and she was not quite sure that it ought to have been condoned from the beginning. Nevertheless, her private feeling did not influence her public manner; and although she said some hard things in confidence to her friends, she was always amiable to Mrs. Dundas in person—keeping out of her way as much as possible, and when in it smiling much and saying little; by which means she escaped the fate of those more energetic gentlewomen whom, because they wished to reform her, Pepita abused in Span-

ish safely, and called by names the equivalents of which would have been considered strong even at Billingsgate.

But if Mr. Dundas was to be blamed, he was also to be pitied. He had married this woman, picked up in a small wayside "venta" in the wilds of Andalusia, for that mad kind of love which possesses men like a malady—that love which makes them throw off the restraints of self-respect and common sense for the sake of tying a millstone round their necks which will one day drown them in the deep waters. He never gave an on-look to the years when passion should mean nothing and mental harmony all; when the beautiful mistress, fresh and young, should have become the wife of daily habit whose black eyes would have ceased to fascinate, and whose sole power of attraction would be in her mind and temper. He was in love, and saw the "ventero's" handsome daughter with the veiled eyes of romance and the belief in the all-sufficiency of beauty characteristic of that fatal artistic temperament by which men are ruined. When he was couched of his blindness it was too late. Nevertheless, he had still a kind of angry love for her, and resented that she was not all he had believed her to be, as much for the loss of his ideal as for the discomfort in which he lived through her heathenish modes of life. But the fact of his love still existing as an undercurrent did not make his peevishness more endurable to her, nor help to soften the savage hatred she felt for England and the English; for she, on her side, had had eyes veiled by romance and couched by knowledge. To her the tall fair handsome Englishman, whose color went and came in his face like a girl's when she looked at him—who, Sebastian too himself by name, was so strangely like that picture of Saint Sebastian in the little chapel on the rock where she used to go and tell her beads she sometimes half dreamed it was the Blessed One himself incarnate, and who loved her with such strength and tenderness combined—was a plaything too novel to lose. When she came to recognize his non-sainthood, and to acknow-

ledge his very natural humanity, she took up the other golden thread of his being. He was a grand hidalgo when at home, far superior to the brigands and muleteers who were his rivals, whom yet she regretted too. But though she liked her swarthy compatriots better in a way than she liked her fair-haired English caballero, yet he bid highest for her, and dangled before her eyes the most tempting lures. He would take her to El Corte, and show her the marvels of the great world. She was too ignorant to include Paris and London: it was only El Corte of which she dreamed as the heaven which this Englishman's gold could open for her.

When she married her fair-faced hidalgo, and came down to a dull, damp English village, where the sun never shone for more than two days in the year; where the fruit was sour and scanty; where there were no country fairs, no fiestas, no bull-fights; where they knew nothing of village dancing, never heard of the merry snapping "pallillos" even as castanets—the wretched heathens!—and where they never went for the family washing to the stream; where there were no bells to the horses, no flowers, no color, no priests and no saints,—then she saw the mistake she had made, and revenged herself on the man who had occasioned it. She had never loved her husband as men count love. She had been overcome by his insistence, and dazzled by the dreams she had woven for herself. When the dreams faded and the reality came, her true nature showed itself, and she let the poor fellow understand clearly enough how things were with her. It nearly broke his heart. But she was a Spaniard who loved bull-fights; and if Dundas, as she called him, looked like Saint Sebastian, she thought he might as well complete the character and be well fitted with arrows.

Hence the life these ill-matched dreamers made together was of the least edifying kind. Her only solace was in Leam, whom she loved as a tigress loves her cub—his, in ceaseless lamentation and the universal demand for sympathy

natural to an affectionate and weak-willed man. As a rule, the women at North Aston gave him the sympathy he sought, but the men, after the manner of men, thought him but a poor creature at the best, and said among themselves that Pepita certainly was superb. And every man believed in his heart that *he* could have managed her if she had been his wife, but with such a fusionless creature as Dundas it was no wonder things went badly.

If the women generally took his part, especially did the Misses Harrowby, who had known Sebastian Dundas in his bachelor days, when they had all been girls and boys together, and he had been suspected of casting friendly glances that way. Things might have been different if he had never gone on his travels through Europe, they used to think, never taken a craze to visit the Alhambra, old Seville and Andalusia; and it would have been better for him had they been different. It would be hard to say which of the three—Maria, Fanny or Josephine—most lamented the untoward course of fate, most sympathized with his misfortunes, or regarded his wife with the greatest bitterness as the ruin of a dear good fellow who would have been such a charming man had he found the right kind of woman.

Perhaps, as time went on, the elder two dropped a little behind. They began to take life as they found it made for them—to be content with small things and to leave off looking for large ones. But Josephine was softer and younger. She had a habit of sighing; she and Sebastian often played at chess; and she did not find the Hill, fine old place as it was, so perfect as not to like sometimes to leave it for a castle of her own building and a seneschal of her own imagining—tall, fair-haired, fond of sympathy and as generous to submission as he was pliant to caresses. Had any one told her she was in love with Mr. Dundas, a married man, she would have denied it indignantly, and she would have been broken-hearted for shame and remorse had she proved the truth for herself. But men and women have the trick

of self-deception undesigned; and things plain as an Egyptian pyramid to the world outside are hidden away, like jewels in a mine, from the soul harboring them in unconsciousness, but with tenacity—as in this matter of Josephine's blameless, unconfessed, but indisputable affection for Pepita's husband.

CHAPTER III.

MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MONTFORT.

THE rector and Mrs. Birkett were just finishing dinner. The month was April, time of day seven. Adelaide was spending the evening at the Hill; for though she was only twenty, and Josephine, the youngest Miss Harrowby, was, as we know, thirty at the least, the rector's daughter had chosen the three sisters as her chief friends, and had especially selected Josephine as her confidante and quasi-sister.

She admired the old Hall; the estate was large and well managed; Edgar, though in India at this moment, must come home some day; and Edgar was a handsome, love-making kind of gallant, who two or three years ago had been fond of rowing Adelaide on the Broad, as they called a widened reach of river that did duty for the North Aston sailing-ground; and Adelaide had not only a determined will, but a clear perception of those things whereon it was wisest to fix it, and the means whereby it was the likeliest to be attained.

Presently, while the rector was draining his last drop of generous port, and Mrs. Birkett was choosing for him the best-looking nuts and the fattest raisins, the servant came quickly into the room. "If you please, sir, will you step down to Aaron's?" he said, speaking very fast. "There's come a lady and a child, and the child's badly and can't go no farther; and Aaron he don't know what to do with them; so he has sent up Jane to say what's comed upon them, and to ask, sir, as if you'll please step down and be kind enough to see as what can be done?"

"A lady and child ill?" answered the

rector dubiously and with an accent of annoyance. "I am not the person to send for, John. Why does not Aaron go for Dr. Corfield?"

"If you please, sir, Aaron says he would rather you stepped down, as the child's so bad it's like to die, and maybe wants naming."

"Did he tell you anything about this lady?—for it is a most extraordinary proceeding on Aaron's part," said the rector crossly.

Consecrated to the care of lambs in the abstract, it did not please him to derange himself for an unknown sheep wandering from strange folds, and perchance one of a shabby flock fed on poor pastures.

"Aaron says she is quite the lady, and as handsome as ever you see, with a mort of luggage, and the child fit to die," repeated the man.

"Poor little thing!" said Mrs. Birkett sympathetically. The good soul gave a backward look to the time when her own cradle was full of sweet anxieties, and felt for the mother in her extremity. "I think, papa, you ought to go perhaps," she added with a certain hesitancy, being of that wise order of wives which lets the husband alone and does not seek to herd him like a dumb beast, sure to go wrong if not directed right. "There is no hurry. Finish your wine, dear; but the poor thing may want you, and then you would be sorry not to have gone."

"Well, I think I will go," said the rector a little briskly. The mention of the unknown lady's beauty and the mort of luggage had enlightened his mind as to the direction of his duties. "As you say, mamma, the unhappy creature may be in want of help; and if she is really a lady she must indeed want help without mistake. To have a sick child to nurse at Aaron's does not sound very promising."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Birkett, her kind face full of pity.

"Very well, John, tell them I will be down directly," said Mr. Birkett with his military manner; and John, giving back the regulation "Yes, sir," disappeared.

Then said Mr. Birkett, speaking from the door, being one of those all-or-nothing men who if they are asked for a hair give the whole head, "I say, mamma, if I find that the child is really too ill to go on, and there is nothing infectious, don't you think I had better bring her up here to sleep? That is, you know, if she is really a lady?"

"I am sure I don't know," answered Mrs. Birkett with a curious mixture of timidity and earnestness. "As far as I am concerned, yes, most certainly; but there is Adelaide. However, use your own discretion, and ask Pace."

"I wish you were a little more the mistress of your own establishment, my dear," said the rector in an aggrieved tone as he went into the hall and summoned Pace; which was just what he did not like to do.

Though he always had been and always would be master in his own estimate of things, he never cared to try conclusions with Pace, who ruled the whole house—himself and Adelaide, who ruled all else, included—and that with a rod by no means wrapped in cotton wool, and considerably heavier than if made of flowers. She was one of those grim females who tyrannize in tears and suppress by pretending to renounce. If anything went wrong, and she was appealed to as the one who ought to know why, she would break out into angry weeping and protestations of how she slaved night and day for the family; and how she hoped they might find some one who would do better by them than she had done; and how she found it hard, after living with them so long and doing all for them that she had, to be told at the last that they did not trust her and were not satisfied; with more to the same purpose. By which it came about that, as she was really the most useful member of the household, if also the most unpleasant, Mrs. Birkett had to ask her to stay as a personal kindness; and each fracas ended by the chains being riveted more closely than before, and the mistresshood of Pace more solidly confirmed.

By good luck this important personage

happened to be in an amiable frame of mind this evening. Her mistress had presented her in the morning with an apricot-colored silk gown, much stained if little worn, and quite unsuitable to a woman of her age and condition. But it would dye, thought thrifty Pace, who, having already saved much, was intent on adding to her store, therefore always received her perquisites intelligently, and never allowed herself to be baffled by stains or unsuitability.

Hence, when Mr. Birkett asked meekly as to spirit if masterful in form, "Pace, if the lady at the Wellington is obliged to remain over the night on account of her child, and the child has no infectious disorder, can you put her up?" Pace answered with a shade less surliness than usual, "If you wish it, sir, I must, though I don't see how it can be done at this time of night, and nothing ready."

And the man who ruled the parish with no uncertain hand was grateful for so much concession from his house-keeper. Even Achilles had his vulnerable spot, and Mr. Birkett was afraid of his wife's old nurse and general factotum.

It was just as well that he should be afraid of something—just as well that he was only a pumpkin after all, very fine and showy on the outside, masterful and dictatorial to his inferiors, but with a core no stronger than pith. Had he been as solid as he was magnificent, as real as he was arbitrary, he would have been a frightful infliction to his little world. As it was, he was malleable under well-planted blows, and Pace, for one, knew where to plant them. Nothing of this, however, appeared on the surface, and as he walked quickly down the hill to the help of the stranger sojourning at the Wellington, he looked every inch the local king and masculine dominator of all about.

A hired carriage stood before the beer-shop door. The rector's quick eye at once discovered that the luggage piled on the top and slung behind was of superior quality and sufficient quantity. So far, things looked satisfactory, and he lowered his well-brushed head as he

passed into the dingy passage with a comfortable conviction that the person he had gone to visit would prove in truth a lady, and that he was on the verge of a pleasant yet safe adventure. Asking in a loud voice for "the strange lady I have been desired to see," he was taken into the sanded parlor smelling of stale tobacco and permanent spillings of beer, and stood face to face with the new-comer.

She was a handsome woman of about thirty, to judge by the generous lines of her fine figure, but she might have been only twenty, taking her features, skin and coloring at the first glance—her brilliantly fair complexion, her lustrous golden hair, her small white teeth, the brightness of her well-shaped hazel eyes, and the rounded contour of her soft smooth cheek. She was dressed in deep mourning, with a widow's cap under her bonnet, and looked subdued and quiet, but noticeably self-possessed. The child on her lap was about six months old. Here was a woman evidently used to good society, thought the rector, as she bowed when he entered, raising her bright eyes steadily to his, and apologizing in a low, sweet, level voice for not rising, on the plea of not disturbing her child.

"Pray do not disturb yourself," said Mr. Birkett with his best air, fatherly for the priestly part of him, gallant for the soldierly. "I am afraid the little child is very ill," he continued, drawing a chair near to her and examining the infant lying in a death-like torpor in her arms.

"Yes, she is," said the lady sadly. "This dreadful sleep came on about an hour ago, just as I was passing the head of your valley on my way to Sherrington. Had my nurse been with me, I should have thought she had given her opium, and I should not have been so much alarmed then, knowing the cause. But I have had the child to myself all the day, and know that it is not that; and I cannot tell what to think." She raised the little hand to her lips. "My sweet one!" she said tenderly, bending over it gracefully.

"I think you had better send for Dr.

Corfield," said the rector, more and more interested. "It is a long way to Sherrington, and the diseases of children are rapid. At all events, you cannot be wrong in sending for him."

"Yes," the lady answered. "Is Dr. Corfield skillful?"

"He is all we have in this remote place," said Mr. Birkett; "and though he does not practice much now, he is ready enough in resource, and knows his profession."

"Thank you!" then said the lady, lifting up her winsome face, to which gratitude gave a flush infinitely becoming. "I thought you would advise me to something. Clergymen are always so wise and helpful. Will you, then, be kind enough to tell them to send for the doctor? I did not know that one was to be found in so small a place."

Her voice and manner, though perfectly feminine and even grateful, had just that fine air and accent of a woman who is accustomed to command—a "mistress" woman, used to homage and accepting it as her right—which so much pleases some men. It pleased the rector, and confirmed his faith in the newcomer's quality; and when he told "Aaron's Jane," as Mrs. Walsh was called by the neighbors, "to send off at once to Dr. Corfield, and beg him with his compliments to come over to the Wellington without delay," he spoke with the peremptory insistence he would have used had the unknown been one of the royal princesses and the comatose child the future hope of England. Then he ordered candles to be brought, and himself arranged them to the greatest convenience of his companion; and he thought she looked more beautiful under their pale shine than even under the parting glory of the golden sunset.

In a short time Dr. Corfield came, abstracted, dreamy, full of his latest experiments in toxicology; but he knew what he was about, though he scarcely looked like it, and caught certain indications of hair-tint and complexion in the stranger which had escaped even the lynx eyes of the rector. After making his examination of the child in silence,

during which time the lady had in her turn watched him narrowly, he peered mildly over his spectacles and said simply, "Opium."

"So I too would have thought had I not had the child with me all the day," said the lady, as she had said before. "No, it is not opium; and it is that which has alarmed me so much."

Dr. Corfield looked puzzled. "Not likely to be teething coma," he muttered as if to himself, rubbing his chin.

"Never mind the name: what can I do for her? What ought I to do?" asked the lady, going straight to the point, as the rector remarked with approbation.

"A fine business-like woman," he said to himself. "So truly feminine and lady-like, but with no nonsense about her." He was in the mood to find all she said and did in good taste. She had fascinated him.

Dr. Corfield smiled. "But the name regulates the treatment," he said in his quiet, dreamy way.

"Meanwhile, my child dies," returned the lady with natural pathos, and just a touch of indignation.

Dr. Corfield considered—the rector, saying, "Come, Corfield, come!" as if he was speaking to a slow boy in his class.

"A warm bath, cold applications to the head, and I'll send you some medicine to be given at once," he then said.

"Thank you," said the lady, with less gratitude than she had shown to Mr. Birkett.

"How far are you going to-night?" asked the doctor.

Lifting her eyes and looking at him quietly, the lady answered, "Surely, I am not going on at all. I shall halt here, of course. How could I travel with the child in this state?"

"But you cannot sleep here," interposed Mr. Birkett.

She looked round the squalid little room with a patient smile.

"I did not see what kind of place I was in," she said. "No, truly, I cannot sleep here, but I can sit up and watch."

"You must come to the rectory," said

Mr. Birkett warmly. "We are homely people"—there was not a luxury missing in the establishment, not a square inch of the whole house that was not perfect in its upholstery—"but you will find comforts there for your little one you cannot find here. This is a mere village beershop, in no wise fitted for you."

She bent over her baby. Then raising a face calm as to feature, but as pale as the child's in her arms, she answered quietly, "Thank you very much. I cannot refuse your kindness for my child's sake. I am ashamed of giving you so much trouble, an entire stranger as I am, but the mother's need must plead for me."

She spoke sweetly, calmly and with dignity, but her low voice a little faltered, and she was evidently much moved. Truly, a most gracious lady, one who knew how to mingle the nobleness of self-respect with the tenderness of womanhood, and to accept a favor as if conferring a grace.

"You need no pleader," said the rector. "We are delighted, Mrs. Birkett and I, to be of this service to you."

"Shall I send the medicine to the rectory?" asked Dr. Corfield, singularly for him the most practical at this moment of the three.

"Yes," answered the rector; and the lady, bending her head, murmured again, "Thanks."

"As I am to be your guest, you will probably wish to know my name," then said the lady rising and looking at the rector. "I am Madame de Montfort. I may say," she added with a slight smile, as one passing by a silly toy—and her renunciation only made her more beautiful—"I am Madame la Marquise de Montfort, as my dear husband was Monsieur le Marquis. But I do not care to take my rank in England, where I am not known, more especially now that he has gone." She sighed, and her red lips quivered. "But that is my real name," smiling sadly again, and conquering her emotion with a visible effort.

"It is a good name," said the rector, who felt that he ought to say something, and scarcely knew what.

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"A fine old name," put in Dr. Corfield. "Simon de Montfort was a great man."

"We belong to the same family," said madame with decision.

"Ay?" said the doctor: "your pedigree would be interesting to trace."

"My dear baby's recovery is the most interesting subject to me at this moment," replied madame, as, shifting the child with a certain dainty air of inexperience in her manner, she looked at the rector as if waiting his permission to leave.

"True, true," said Mr. Birkett hurriedly. "I beg you a thousand pardons for this delay."

She bent her head again with her sweet and royal kind of smile, then passed from the room like a queen, and in a few moments the horses stopped before the porch of the pretty house where Mr. and Mrs. Birkett and their daughter Adelaide found their home.

"Now," said the rector gallantly, "I trust you have come to the end of your troubles."

"Can it be otherwise under the sanctuary of the Church?" answered the lady. "The instant I saw you, dear sir, I felt comforted and safe."

"What a charming woman!" thought the rector. "What an exceedingly lucky thing that I thought of bringing her here! Quite refreshing to meet with such a creature in this dull hole!"

And as he thought these last words he ushered the widow of Monsieur le Marquis de Montfort into the drawing-room where sat his kindly, placid, tender-hearted wife.

CHAPTER IV.

WORTH DOING.

A BABY was the only thing that could rouse Mrs. Birkett from her normal condition of even-tempered indolence. She was intensely maternal for infants, if not a satisfactory educator of older children, and could have passed her whole life in a nursery with a succession of embryonic heroes and heroines to kiss and dandle.

For any baby in long clothes she was a true spiritual Althæa, and found nothing a trouble if transacted within the nursery; but for a sick baby she was as the mother of the gods to be had by the day for love, with an almost extra-natural prescience of its wants and needs so soon as she had it in her comfortable arms and in her broad maternal lap.

She had a kind of magnetic power, too, that was very striking. She could soothe a crying child when no one else was able to quiet it, and her medical skill about the cradle was like another sense. The one sorrow of her married life was that she had not had a large family, and the woman she most envied was Mrs. Fairbairn of the Limes. A child every eighteen months—a baby always on hand. Could there be a greater joy on earth? a happier lot for woman? When she thought this she inclined to find her quiver with its one solitary shaft but very meagrely furnished; and Adelaide, instead of gaining interest by concentration, seemed to lose for want of sharers.

This arrival, then, of a lady with a sick child was as much a godsend to the rector's wife as to the rector himself, and she received Madame de Montfort with all her faculties aroused and all her sympathies alert, prepared to accept anything the mother might be for the sake of the child.

But when she saw the beautiful face and form of the stranger, heard her singularly sweet voice, noted her ease of manner and well-bred self-possession, and looked into her fine eyes, she was as much captivated with her personality as her husband had been, and showed her belief with the simplest good faith. She received her as her friend, and took her sorrows as her own. Madame was almost bewildered by the warmth of her new hostess, and wished she had been slightly less demonstrative. She embarrassed her and made it difficult, as she said to herself.

Mrs. Birkett took the baby into her own arms, and looked at it as Dr. Corfield had done, with more tenderness if less technical perspicacity, but narrowly

enough to make the mother still more uncomfortable, and to render that vague "difficulty" yet more embarrassing.

"I know exactly what should be done with it, madame," then said Mrs. Birkett after a pause. "My own child had just such an attack as this when she was a little thing, and I thought I should have lost her, but I knew what to do, and so saved her; and she never had another."

At which madame, looking straight into her face, answered with a grateful air of retrospective sympathy: "How distressing! and how strange! I am indeed fortunate in finding such a clever adviser."

"Oh, I hope we shall soon get the poor little darling right," said kindly Mrs. Birkett, her maternal breast aglow.

And madame, with a graceful slight inclination of her head, echoed "I hope so" in a manner that gave her hostess the credit of the cure should it be effected.

Then Mrs. Birkett, still carrying the baby, herself took the stranger to her room, herself saw the bath prepared and carefully tested with a thermometer, arranged the chairs, stirred the fire, and caused to be brought in three times as many things as were wanted, much to the annoyance of Pace, who disliked the rooms to be what she called "upset," and who resented as a personal injury any departure from the fixed rules of life and ordering she had established in the house.

It was a marvelous outburst of energy in one who was content generally to take life in an easy-chair and "on casters," neither fretting her mind nor disturbing her body for any event that might or might not happen. But the rector thought it not unnatural on the whole, seeing what kind of person Madame la Marquise de Montfort was, and how far superior to the ordinary run of women. The child did not count for much in his calculations.

In due time the medicine arrived, the little creature was put into the bath, and madame, at her own request, was left for the night. She preferred the lonely vigils of her anxious love, she said prettily, to being enlivened by companionship or relieved by substitutes; and Mrs

Birkett, though reluctant, was forced to respect her wishes. Had she had her own way she would have sat up with the baby herself. There would have been no fear of her falling asleep, unless it had got better and was asleep too—naturally, not in this death-like state. Then indeed she might; and what a blessed sleep, once more with a little one pressed to her bosom and encircled in her arms!

But she could not force herself on her guest, and was fain to withdraw tearfully. And when the stranger was perfectly sure that the hospitable instincts of her host and hostess were all fulfilled, she locked the door, gave the baby something that made it open its eyes and moan feebly, but that seemed to do it good; and as she leaned over it said with unaffected compassion, but no extra sentiment, speaking indeed more as a kind-hearted spectator might have spoken than as a mother, "Poor little thing! I am sorry for you; but it was worth doing, baby."

On which she placed it comfortably on the pillow, and then sat down to reflect, a smile on her comely face and a look of success in her sparkling eyes.

"The stars in their courses are fighting for me," she said, her face flooded with triumphant joy as she turned it toward the firelight. Drawing a deep breath, she added, "Things are almost too easy. I must be careful not to rely too much on my good luck, and not to relax."

At this time she had not seen Adelaide.

If Madame la Marquise de Montfort was charming over night, when subdued and depressed because of her baby, she was doubly so this morning, when, her little daughter being better, she had her mind more to herself and could talk with less preoccupation. And she talked well, in spite of one or two odd slips in grammar that made her hearers stare at their incongruity with her manner and appearance, not to speak of her station. But as she had lived a great part of her life abroad, so she said, these slips might charitably pass as the natural consequence of her foreign education, and not provoke unfriendly comment.

She knew, too, many people of note—in itself a recommendation—and she mentioned them in an incidental way, carelessly and by chance, without effort or apparent boast. They came too much as a matter of course for boasting, but she evidently, said the rector, knew a great many celebrities, and her acquaintance with titles was as extensive. And how beautiful she was! Sitting there in the morning light, her deep crape weeds made in such perfection of fit and taste, and the most becoming little trifle of a widow's cap set on the top of her golden tresses, the rector thought he had never seen a lovelier creature of the kind; and even Mrs. Birkett felt yet more tenderly to the child for the admiration she was by no means backward in bestowing on the mother. But Adelaide watched and weighed, and doubted if she was even pretty. She had to know her better, she said to herself, before she could allow her to be good-looking: at present she only watched.

Talking still in the level, smooth manner that was habitual to her, madame touched on her personal history. Her husband was only just dead, she said, her fine hazel eyes becoming moist, but no tears actually overflowing. She was of a nature too self-restrained to weep like a school-girl before strangers, and show her bleeding wounds without reticence or delicacy. And in a kind of sick despair—for what had life now to offer her?—she went on to say, speaking very calmly, but therefore only the more pathetically, she had determined to leave the world and all its hollow joys, and find some place in the country where she might devote herself to her child, and try to be, if not happy—she should never be *that* again—at the least useful to others, and for herself resigned. She had heard of Sherrington, she said, as a pretty, quiet village—it was a bleak, upland market-town, without picturesque beauty or local advantage of any kind—and she thought that she might be able to live there economically; for, with a grand and gracious frankness that sat so well on her, she confessed that she was not too rich since her dear husband's death.

His property, which was very extensive, had gone to his brother as the next heir, her child, being a girl, not inheriting.

At which the rector stared, but supposed she knew what she was talking about, and that the French law of inheritance might be one thing for commoners and another for the nobility. Or perhaps he had been misinformed as to that family division of lands he had been taught to consider universal; at any rate, he was not disposed to doubt the truth of the whole for the sake of this one enigma as yet unexplained, but sure to be easily solved if only he had the key. This slip, however, was not lost on Adelaide; and Adelaide had less than her father's faith.

Therefore, madame continued, finding the country the best place for herself and her child, she had sold off everything, and left London, where she and her dear husband had been residing for the last year, parting with her carriages and horses, her men-servants and her women-servants, of course. She could not ask them to share a fortune so changed as hers. But with a sweet motherliness of soul shining through her discourse that charmed Mrs. Birkett she somewhat wondered that her nurse refused to accompany her. And yet, sighing, what right had she to expect any one to sacrifice her life to her, a stranger? Only, turning to the rector's wife listening so sympathetically, she thought that if she had had a child from the birth, as nurse had had her darling, she could not have left her.

To which Mrs. Birkett responded by a warm negative, and, kind-hearted as she was, a vehement ejaculation of "Wretch!" flung like a red-hot missile after the faithless and self-seeking *bonne*.

Journeying from Bar Aston Station to Sherrington, she went on to say, just as she passed the head of the North Aston valley her child sank back in her arms in the alarming kind of fit they had seen. In terror and despair she told the driver to turn from the main road and follow the way to the village. She could do nothing else, such a complete stranger as she was, knowing neither the place

nor its surroundings. Thus it was that she had come to North Aston; and the result they knew as well as she did.

"Surely," she concluded, looking at Mr. and Mrs. Birkett effusively, "some spirit led me by the hand."

"If so, then it was our good genius," said Mr. Birkett gallantly.

"I am sure it was mine," responded Madame de Montfort.

"By which it would appear that we have the same," said the rector; and madame smiled and bent her head, saying, "How fortunate for me!"

"Then," said Mrs. Birkett, who seemed to have been revolving something in her mind, and to whom the servant at her own desire had just delivered the baby, "if there was a house here fit for you, how far better it would be to remain among us, instead of going to that hideous Sherrington! It is the dullest and most uninteresting place you can imagine. Why go there?"

Madame de Montfort looked calm and tractable. "I have no special ties there," she answered. "I remember a friend of my dear husband's telling him one day about it, and praising it. It was by the merest chance I remembered this in my day of need; but I do not care where I go."

"You might as well live in a pretty place as in an ugly one," said Mrs. Birkett, who was herself much influenced by scenery.

"Surely," answered madame: "that is only common sense. But," she slightly sighed, "it makes no real difference to me where I am if the air agrees with my darling, and I can live in peace and do good."

"I wish we had a place for you here," said Mrs. Birkett again, and looked at her husband.

Madame, her face quiet and statuesque as usual, her eyes bright too as usual, bent toward her child and tenderly tapped its little face.

"But you have not?" she asked, her breath slightly incommoded by her attitude. "Then it must be Sherrington."

Mr. Birkett reflected. "There is no place anywhere," he answered, "except

Lionnet. "Would that do, mamma, for Madame de Montfort?"

"It is very small, certainly," mused Mrs. Birkett, while madame looked from each to each with the air of foregone acquiescence in their judgment—an acquiescence that was not weakness—there was nothing weak about her—but that conveyed in the most subtle and delightful way the sense of her own ignorance, her moral weariness for the loss of her husband, and her gratitude to them for taking so much care of her and giving themselves so much trouble for her.

"Oh, mamma, Lionnet for a lady!" cried Adelaide, with condemnatory emphasis.

This was the first time she had spoken. Hitherto she had contented herself with looking and listening, forming her own opinion of the stranger's loosely-hung if smoothly-narrated story. Now she spoke, hoping to demolish the theory of the Lion Hut as a suitable residence for this newcomer with the fine air and the grand name. Adelaide Birkett, with her pale flaxen tresses and cold blue eyes, was not so much fascinated by this splendid creature with the warm gold, close-waved hair, and hazel eyes so full of life and fire, as were her father and mother. She kept her twenty-years'-old intellect more in hand than they, and criticised more keenly because she doubted more coldly.

The rector, who had seen as much of the odd side of life as a respectable clergyman well can, and more perhaps than he ought, might have picked a few holes in the thin places of his guest's history had he been so minded, but he was resolute to turn only the best side outermost, and he left the thin places untouched, by design. Adelaide, on the contrary, searched for them with vicious diligence, and when she found them she held by them and made them larger.

Had she been asked, she could have given no intelligible reason why she had taken this strong antipathy to madame. She was not given to strong emotions of any kind as a rule, and she prided herself on her indifference to most people. But all she knew was that, in spite of the sweet smile and that perfect tranquillity

of good breeding which so charmed her parents, she disliked and distrusted this handsome immigrant from Heaven knows where, this sorrowful widow of M. le Marquis de Montfort, this anxious mother of an ailing infant, this plausible artist in the mosaic-work of well-fitting story, wherein, all the same, well fitting as it was, were gaps; and that she disliked and distrusted her as she had never disliked or distrusted any one before—not even Pepita, the wife of Sebastian Dundas, with whom she had waged for years an unceasing war.

"It is small, as Adelaide says," returned the rector in a tone of apology, "but it is available, and a little taste and judicious expenditure can do wonders with it."

"At all events, you can look at it," Mrs. Birkett suggested. "It is only a few minutes' drive from here—not a quarter of an hour's walk even for me, and I am not a good walker."

"That would be very nice for me," said madame smiling: "I could see so much of you then, and not under fatigue. And I have always been a dutiful daughter of the Church."

"Ah?" returned the rector, with that curious pride of the ecclesiastic who takes to himself all the compliments paid to the faith or the Establishment.

"Yes, my father was a clergyman," said madame.

"Indeed! Where?" asked the rector briskly, suggestive of looking up the name in the *Clergy List*.

"In America," answered madame demurely.

"Have you been in America?" said Mrs. Birkett with surprise. "You have no accent."

"I was born there," answered madame, "and I lived there till I came to Europe to be educated."

And as she said the word "Europe" she gave it the American intonation, which settled the matter.

Only Adelaide said, a little spitefully, "The daughter of an American clergyman married to a French nobleman living in London! What an extraordinary mixture!"

"Yes: is it not?" returned madame with equanimity.

But she caught the accent all the same, and scored it in her mental notebook.

After some pleasant feminine play between Mrs. Birkett and madame respecting the care of the infant in the mother's absence—the one desiring to keep it, the other afraid of giving trouble—it was at last agreed that madame should go off now at once with Mr. Birkett to see Lionnet, poor Miss Snelling's little house, which the rector and his wife so much desired she should find suitable for her home. Truly the stars were fighting for her in their courses, as she said. Things were indeed almost too easy.

With a strange superstitious feeling, and vaguely remembering the way of witches whereof she had heard—how the Lady Geraldine bore herself when she came to the castle of Sir Leoline, as had once been read to her by one she then loved—madame sprained her ankle just as they reached the threshold, and the rector lifted her over in his arms.

"I consider this equivalent to your giving me possession," she said prettily, looking into his face as she made a few halting steps through the little hall and shook off her sprain at the drawing-room door.

The upshot of the survey was that Madame de Montfort agreed to take the cottage if Mr. Dundas, whose property it was, would accept her as a tenant; to which Mr. Birkett set his shoulders square and said, "Accept you as a tenant! I should like to see him refuse."

She did not agree to take the place precipitately, only by degrees yielding her objections to confined space, low ceilings, want of spare bedrooms for friends, and the like; but ultimately yielding in favor of the advantages accruing from a low rent, light taxes, lovely view, healthy situation, the glimpse of Dunaston Castle to the east, the fine outline of the rocks bounding the gorge, and vague "availability"—whatever that might mean. She did not give the rector the idea of a person seizing eagerly at a thing, and therefore a person without a background or an anchorage—a bit of

social driftweed as poor in friends as in circumstances; which has a bad appearance, and gives room for suspicion and disrespect; but she consented to apply for Lionnet only after due reflection and with a certain dignity and self-sacrifice very remarkable—her child always her first consideration, and her own wishes set to the side and subordinated to this. In the end, however, she consented, and returned to the rectory the future tenant of Lionnet should Mr. Dundas, to whom the rector wrote, agree to accept her on her own representations and Mr. Birkett's security, offered without hesitation.

Mr. Dundas was not slow in responding. The rector's note took him by surprise, for he had not yet heard of the arrival which had set tongues in North Aston wagging as nothing had moved them in this generation since Mrs. Dundas had first shown herself in a high comb and mantilla. Not quite understanding what it all meant, he rode off to the rectory with speed, and was introduced as madame was discussing her plans with Mr. and Mrs. Birkett, hearing where she could get servants, who would best suit her for a gardener, how she could set herself up in this and that—flowers, vegetables, poultry, a cow, a carriage, a cart, pigs and horses being among the items named.

"Madame de Montfort, let me introduce to you your future landlord," said the rector, presenting Mr. Dundas.

Madame looked up, smiled sweetly, bowed gracefully. "I hope we shall come to terms, sir," she said in a charming, half-foreign way.

"We have already," answered Mr. Dundas, to whose wildest dreams such a heavenly tenant as this had never presented itself.

More talk followed on this relating to rent, lease, conditions and the like; in all of which Mr. Dundas was utterly unbusiness-like and entirely satisfactory. She might take the whole thing on her own terms: it really was a matter of so little importance to him he did not care what she did or paid, provided she made herself happy and comfortable in the place. He would give her an agreement

wherein he would bind himself not to disturb her, but give her the power of quitting at any moment she might like. In fact, he was a perfect Jupiter of a landlord, and she would honor him if she would but consent to be his residential Danaë, and accept the golden shower he was only too willing to outpour.

To all of which she gave a graceful and yet very dignified adhesion, dwelling much on his rights, but finally accepting his proposals, and ending the discussion as the tenant of Lionnet, holding possession by her own will only, and bound to pay the most moderate amount of rent Mr. Dundas could ask without showing her too plainly that he wished to make it easy for her. "As I am a stranger, and can give you no local references of any kind," then said madame with a heightened color, "perhaps it will be more satisfactory to both sides if I pay a quarter's rent in advance."

She put her hand into her pocket and pulled out her purse.

"By no means—certainly not," said Mr. Dundas, pressing back her hand. "I shall consider myself affronted if you attempt such a thing."

She smiled. "As you like," she answered. "If you like to trust me, I have nothing to say against it. I only thought you might wish to be on the safe side."

"I am that as it is," said Mr. Dundas.

To which she answered simply, "Yes, I know that you are, but you do not."

The sound of wheels came up to the door: voices were heard in the hall. Adelaide, starting up, went forward with a certain exaggerated tumultuousness of affection and familiarity, to show that she was bored here and had no part in what was going on; and the rector, looking at his wife, said, "The Harrowby girls, my dear."

The door opened and two ladies entered. At this moment Madame de Montfort slightly started and shivered, but her placid face showed no signs of emotion, though it was even paler than usual when she lifted it at the introduction.

"Madame de Montfort, allow me to

present to you Miss Harrowby and Miss Josephine Harrowby," said the rector as if on parade.

And madame, half rising, smiled and bowed as gracefully as usual, her eyes, with the pupils dilated, glancing at the girls sharply, and her skin still congealed from that shivering start she had experienced. But people often shiver, especially after a journey, so there was nothing very wonderful in that. Even Adelaide, on the lookout for unfavorable indications of all kinds, was forced to acknowledge the entire unreasonableness of attempting to find any meaning in such an automatic action. Besides, what kind of relation could this stranger have with her friends the Harrowbys?

For all that, she did give a slight start and shiver when they were announced, and she was paler than her wont, and her eyes were keener and larger and darker when she looked at them. How white she was, and how bright the flash of her eyes when Josephine Harrowby, sitting near her, admired the baby and crooned over it!

"Are you fond of babies?" asked madame, quietly as to manner, but still pale and intense in face.

"Passionately," said Josephine with a yearning look.

Madame rose and laid the child in her arms: "You look like a mourning Madonna in your gray mantle and with your brown hair," she said. "Quite a picture."

Josephine blushed.

"There, Josephine! There's a compliment for you," said the rector, laughing.

Josephine laughed too, the better to hide her embarrassment, for madame and the rector together had drawn all eyes on her, and Mr. Dundas looked with the rest.

For want of a safer retreat she bent her flushed face over the child and kissed it; then asked, "What is its name?" earnestly, as if the answer was really of importance.

"Fina," said madame; "or rather"—correcting herself—"Josephine."

"How odd!" cried Josephine, blush-

ing yet more deeply, "Why, that is my name!"

"Is it?" said madame, arching her eyebrows. "What an extraordinary coincidence! My dear husband would

have called the whole thing a dedication—the picture, the name, the likeness. His name," she added with a slight compression of her lips, "was Joseph."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAMP-FIRE LYRICS.

V.—PADDLE-SONG.

THE mist is thick, the waters quick,
And fast we flit along;
The foam-bells flash, the paddles splash:
Sing us a merry song.

What's this I see come swift to me
Across the rapids dark?
A princess fair, with yellow hair,
A red canoe of bark.

Her golden hair floats thick and fair
Far, far behind her lee,
And pike and trout come quickly out
Her merry locks to see.

With a silver gun, a silver gun,
The tall white swan she slew:
He moaned a hymn, his sight grew dim.
It might have been I or you.

The feathers, white as the still moonlight,
Toss red on the waters free,
And gay trout break the silent lake
The small white boats to see.

The round white ball has found his heart:
It might have hit you or me.
The round white ball has found his heart:
Ah sad! ah sad to see!

Quick is the flash of her paddle's dash,
And far and free behind,
In the roar and splash of the rapids' crash,
Her hair floats on the wind.

Turn not to view her swift canoe.
Ave Maria! beware! beware!
Look not behind, where wave and wind
Roll out her rippled hair.

EDWARD KEARSLEY.

OUR ARCHITECTURAL FUTURE.

OURS is the great building country of the day. The progress in this respect of the rapidly-growing cities of many portions of Europe—Berlin, Vienna, London and Glasgow, for instance—is nothing to that enforced upon us by the necessity of providing shelter for two or three hundred thousand families each year, to say nothing of the improved accommodations, in our public and private structures, demanded by the old population, and the replacing of hasty erections by others more consonant with the enhanced wealth, consequence and—shall we say?—taste of the nation.

More solid than ours, as having been the product more of the quarry than of the forest, the edifices of the Old World, from cottage to church, require less renewing and afford less opportunity and temptation for change of style. The skirmish-bivouac of log huts, followed by the more regular line of tents of plank and paint, and that by the cantonment of thin red brick, represent but so many degrees of the ephemeral. Real architecture comes behind them all. In determining the shape of this they will of course all have something to say. It will show, more or less, the chip of the axe, the scratch of the circular saw and the "handy" rectangularity of the brick-mould. It is not even impossible but the flour-barrel chimneys of our hibernating soldiers may reappear in a petrified state. Some of the Egyptian columns suggest such an origin. The staves provide the fluting and the hoops the fillet, while the whole carries to perfection the combination of lightness and strength so proverbially belonging to the hollow cylinder.

But the originality of a purely Cisatlantic style is not to be looked for. We cannot lay that flattering unction to our souls. For designing houses, as for building railroads, we must be content mainly to depend on borrowing. The substitution of corn-blades and tobacco-leaves for the acanthus in some of the

interior pillars of the new Capitol, the limit apparently of our efforts at æsthetic independence in this direction so far, had no originality. The mediæval stone-workers produced hundreds of such variations, all of them mere foils to the grace of the original. This little architectural extravaganza—like Mr. Marcy's famous sartorial one—is thus anything but distinctively American. He proposed to uniform our diplomats in the costume of a European butler, while our architects undertook to improve the Corinthian column by a conceit worn threadbare in the old Gothic churches.

In architecture, as in sculpture and painting, there exists a standard based upon the fixed principles of beauty. Like them, it must obey the harmonies of form and color that are as old as the Creation. But it differs from the sister arts in being controlled more than they, in its pursuit of these rules, by the counterforce—or, more properly, the divergent force—of utility. A picture or a statue is a thing to admire, and in some sort to be instructed by. A house is a thing to live in, or to work, worship or study in. That it should please the eye is, in most cases, a secondary part of its office. The Parthenon, built, one would say, if ever edifice was built, purely for the gratification of the cultivated eye, is utilitarian all over in two senses. First, it is as perfect as a temple as it is as a work of art. Second, it is developed from the country-house of Asia Minor. The rafters, beam-ends, ridge-pole, props and rubble underpinning of that simple model are the skeleton gleaming clearly through its marble skin. In fact, the framework protrudes—"reinforms its tenement."

In this meeting of extremes the settler's cabin of the New World also has a place. It brings Greece to the backwoods. It is the Parthenon in logs, a good deal out of drawing, defiant of the schools, and fearfully negligent of the due observance of the modules in the

selection of the saplings that prop its projecting gable at the porch-end. But the form is there, and it is the form that convenience and utility dictate. In the grasshopper region, where the pioneer has nothing but sods for material, and where the thermometer varies between summer and winter a hundred and fifty degrees, he burrows in a bank-side, as the dweller beyond the Arctic circle, who has nothing but snow, has for untold centuries used the arch, which some writers assure us was unknown for centuries after Pericles, the Cloaca Maxima to the contrary notwithstanding. But this is exceptional. The sod-style will go to grass. The prairie-dog will cease to furnish the model lodging to the bipeds who propose to drive him from the great Plains.

How, then, shall we all build? Is the idea of unification, so predominant now in politics, to be carried into architecture? Is fashion to enforce one and the same style on twenty-five degrees of latitude? A glance at the latest buildings in Portland and Chicago, in Atlanta and Memphis, would dictate an affirmative reply. That aspiring Frenchman, M. Mansard, looks down upon us from every side. His soaring slopes aid the eye in its heavenward climb with coigns, projections, finials, parapets, dormers and other traps for dust, leakage, decay and fire. All here dates from the days of the Grand Monarque. Versailles is our model, and two centuries the limit of our antiquarian hunt for taste. Only within the past dozen or so of years have our eyes been opened to the perfections of that period, and we have not yet grasped them all, since, though our dwellings are sprouting vertically into lumber-yards, our heads are not yet thatched, in due harmony, with the periwig. Another decade, assisted by a reproduction or two—on a very limited scale, let us hope—of the Chicago and Boston calamities, may sweep off this fashion of a day, and our language will escape accepting, as that of France has done, Mansard as an alias for roof. The firemen and the insurance companies have come to the rescue. Moving solidly upon the works

of the Gaul, they demand their summary razing—if not to the foundation, to the eaves. They unite in throwing cold water upon them in the metaphorical, because they cannot do it in the actual, sense. This appeal is already responded to by another powerful and worthy set of functionaries, equally unnoted hitherto in the schools of fine art criticism—the mayors and councilmen. "Down, wantons, down!" cry our cockneys.

And yet for the narrow streets of a city, hemmed in by lofty buildings, where the angle of vision would otherwise make a nullity of the crowning feature, these steep subsidiary slopes, obtrusive with ornamentation, are not without a certain artistic value. Similarly may the excess of detail on the perpendicular wall below be excused by the necessity of being in keeping, and by that of satisfying a close view with small objects. But, as the point of observation recedes, these heavy and ungraceful masses lose the alleviation of detail, and make clearer at each remove their want of grand lines, of proportion and of effect. Even in cities the occasional recurrence of the pediment, with interposed curtains of deep cornice, sufficiently suggests the roof. In such situations there is no need of the roof's being made a prominent feature. Its office of protection is fulfilled by the multitude of adjacent buildings, which seem to shelter and enfold each other. For the great majority of country or suburban sites we need not waste words on the absurdity of a house all roof and all window, apparently denied other than vertical extension, and at war with most of the lines and forms that Nature has spread around it. There is an incongruity in thus carrying into the broad fields and woods the tumultuous, ambitious and cumulative spirit of the busy town. A tower shooting up from a wooded hill has a fine effect from a distance. It is known not to be itself the whole of a dwelling. A Mansard structure is, and in that capacity it offends the eye. It less satisfies, in fact, the sense of fitness than does its next of kin, a race-stand or a Saratoga trunk. And fitness, if not by any means the whole of beauty, is

an essential part of it. A village spire sprouting from a grove comes in well, but if we were to be told that there was no church attached to it, it would sink instant into an absurdity and an affront. Change it a little in form, clip off the top, and stick thereon a statue. It acquires then a motive and a *raison d'être*, and is again pleasing; and this although its lines may not contrast as finely with the billowy curves of the trees as they did before. The gain in fitness makes up for the loss in pictorial effect.

So numerous are the conditions which go to determine the prevalent style of architecture, as to make our notions of its future in this country quite conjectural. Looking at the world generally, climate, race, habits, tradition, political institutions, forms of industry, isolation or commercial intercourse, wealth or poverty, exposure to or security from invasion, are but a part of them. The first is among the most controlling—probably the most so where the others are so comparatively homogeneous as in the United States. The climate of our vast territory, including the isothermal lines of Cairo and St. Petersburg, of Glasgow and Canton; the extreme variations of an eastern continental coast and the limited ones of a western, modified the one by the current of the Gulf Stream impinging upon irregular and widely separated projections, and the other by the corresponding currents of the Pacific; the interior broken into infinite complications by the influence of several parallel mountain-ranges which follow longitude, and not, as in the Old World, lines of latitude; of open prairie and primeval forest, lofty and arid plateaus, and the mellowing moisture of the great lakes,—epitomizes all possible permutations of temperature and atmosphere. Nor is it fixed in any particular locality. It changes as we write. Forests are springing up on the long glacis of the Rocky Mountains, and disappearing in the Atlantic States. The rainfall increases on the vertebral ridge of the continent, and Great Salt Lake is steadily rising from year to year. A soil incapable formerly of subsisting thousands will give food to

millions. A vast population will literally drop from the clouds. Adobe houses, being soluble, will follow the salt and soda to the sea. Flat roofs, not being shower-proof, will go with them, as we see in the similar hygrometric revolution now progressing in Egypt.

Yet with all this diversity there exists a generic, average American climate, as there is an American physique, at once discernible to the European eye. It brings into some slight conformity Texas with her sudden and trying northers, and Minnesota with her occasionally intense summer heats. If we seek for this a Transatlantic parallel, we will find our nearest climatic match in South-eastern Europe and the northern portions of the Levant. A resemblance is found in the predominance of sunshine more than in the balances of temperature. Both suggest, as natural outgrowths, the spacious and airy but shady portico; the roof regularly inclined and sufficiently pronounced, but indicative neither of the avalanche nor the tropical torrent; the façade of light-colored material, wooing every play of light and shade; the general effect stately, and on occasion *riant*, but never gloomy. These speak of a clime where man, body and soul, is on easy terms with Nature—where winter and summer face him in turn, but neither of them as a deadly foe, impressing, on the contrary, energy rather than despair. The forms which twenty centuries ago sprang up under such surroundings are not less unique in beauty than in adaptability. For their more elaborate and monumental developments our architect looks to the Acropolis, to Paestum and to Tivoli—finding in the remains there existing perpetually new rewards of study, in long curves lurking under straight lines, and in subtle symphonies of proportion. For their adjustment to the needs of common life he will turn with increasing confidence and frequency to the structures of imperial and modern Italy.

Rigid in their cold simplicity as the Greek forms seem, nothing can, in fact, be more plastic and cosmopolitan. Cut in the most unmanageable of materials,

they are yet adaptable to all. Developed into the infinite shapes of the florid Renaissance, they please the eye of every people, and make themselves at home in every clime and locality. Monumental afar, or gayly decorative close at hand, crowning the bare hilltop or lining the lake-side, they are alike at home. No amount of ignorance or bad taste can quite smother their innate beauty. Any fragment of them, any line borrowed from them and placed anywhere, in doors or out, lends more or less of charm to its surroundings. Their simplest and least conspicuous appendages, mere ornamental scrolls—such as the honeysuckle ornament, the Etruscan fret or the Ionic volute—bear with them a bit of the divine and the immortal. We recur to them constantly, baffled in the attempt at improvement, and content only to accept, adapt and expand. We place them on the lofty front of our most ambitious public building and on the mantel over our fireplace. Greek mouldings run around all our windows and doorways; and our multitudinous fashion-plates have found nothing so effective as the ancient fret for the embroidery of our wives' and children's dresses. Never has the world been less emancipated than now from the influence of that microcosmic little peninsula and its purlieus; and the probability is that it never will be. The sister peninsula serves as a medium, an interpreter, a conductor westward of the Argive electricity. As thus delivered to us, we are not apt to do much more, in our future architectural development, than bring it to bear upon a new system of conditions. Our designers will find ample scope and verge enough in selecting from and adding to its various outgrowths. In these selections and additions there will be room enough for originality. But it need not be sought. It must come of itself, as it will if called for and justified by any cause. Meanwhile, the examples already supplied by this country and Europe seem to leave little room for invention. They appear ample to "furnish forth creation."

The portico, and its humble relation or descendant the verandah, will always

be a trait of the American building, public or private. It is a meeting of our bright sky, summer and winter, half way; a sally-port against besieging storms; a place to enjoy the cooling summer showers and a promenade for the bracing winter days. It is a very different thing from the gloomy Gothic porch—a hard, contracted sentry-box that speaks of incessant warfare with the heavens. It is already a marked characteristic of American usage, as contradistinguished from that of Northern, Central and Western Europe; and will become so in a still greater degree. It is a luxury and a necessity in every part of the Union, unless possibly on Puget Sound and in Alaska. Nowhere else is it, as in England and adjacent parts of Europe, too damp. Did ferns with us, as in Britain, grow in the open field, a summer with but ten days of coal-fire stand out as a remarkably fine season, and an extensive flora sprout from cottage-roofs, it would be imperative to carefully exclude mould from any foothold on our walls by barring them everywhere to the sunlight, which is declared over there to be worth a great deal more than its weight in gold. The naked aspect in this way given to the finest streets and country-houses will always be foreign and displeasing to the Cisatlantic eye. Architecture will retain with us its proper character of an art of external design, instead of being driven in-doors, making mere interior decorations of pillar and arcade and pediment. The finest modern buildings of Paris and London, the Madeleine church and the National Gallery, stand out sharply from the blank precipices of brick and stone around them, and to the same extent affiliate with their American contemporaries. The new houses of Parliament, with their "damnable iteration" of pinnacle and utter poverty of chiaroscuro, will never be duplicated here. Whatever fantastic variations we may play on that fantastic mediæval fugue, the Gothic style, they will never be in that direction. The tendency is opposite. Instead of imitating the flat garden-wall with spikes atop, sprouting sheer from the soil, our

builders clap on cornice above and verandah below.

The Gothic may, in a certain sense, be said to be indigenous on this continent, as it is wherever thickets and barbarians coexist. As the poles tied together with withes and interlaced in wattled twigs—the booths of the Teutonic and Scandinavian zone, illustrated on this side by the Leifsbuthir the Northmen are said to have erected somewhere on the coast of New England—gave birth to the long chain of abbeys and cathedrals from Melrose to Milan, so we might deduce the pointed arch and finial from the steep-sided wigwam and its “ragged edge” of pole-ends sticking out from the apex. But the wigwam swam into our ken too late. It came into direct conflict with civilization, and civilization cannot live in tents or go into chronic bivouac. It was already in possession, so far as edifices for public worship were concerned, of a more perfected development of the booth or tabernacle, which it had inherited from a different climate and a different cult. It had accepted for the church of the New World, with a bravery worthy of a better cause, or at least better judgment, a type of sanctuary that exacted utterly unwarmable ceilings of from thirty to a hundred feet high, with other drawbacks that for half the year at least make devotion and discomfort inseparable. This error it did not extend to dwellings; and it is, for both dwellings and churches, step by step rectifying it. Modification in this case produces some incongruities; and an endless medley of combinations, all calling themselves Gothic, is the result. This, if we call it eclecticism run mad, is still madness with a method. At the root of it generally we find the idea of fitness, convenience and adaptedness to practical purpose. That, working freely—as it is apt to do in such a country—will chisel away more and more of what is dubbed pure Gothic, and lead us toward the Romanesque. The commodious rectangle will prevail over the “unhandy” triangle.

The architect, indeed, will find Greek lines and forms permeating the vast

majority of what he considers his most determinedly Gothic designs. Lurking among buttress, mullion and clustered pillar, he detects in fillet, moulding, cornice and proportion abundant souvenirs of Vitruvius. It would be strange were it not so, if for two reasons only—first, that the builders of the mediæval churches themselves borrowed from the Romans, and would have borrowed more had they known more of them; and, second, because under our sun and in our better-informed day the struggle from the gratuitous gloom of a Gothic edifice toward the light of the rival mode is an instinctive one, which will, in spite of himself, guide the pencil of the most ardent lover of the art of the Dark Ages.

Even Ruskin, when he imagines himself wrapped in admiration of some of the wildest fantasies of Venice, is chiefly enjoying what there is in them, overclouded by the conceits of the Lower Empire, of the inextinguishable glory of the Greek. What else he praises, when he deals with more Northern structures, is but technical knack and *esprit* in the workman, like that of the perforated embroidery in stone of the Turks and Moors—a mere system of ornamentation devised and executed according to individual taste, by delicate hands but rude intellects. Mechanical dexterity and thorough finish are always pleasing, whether in the tracery of an oriel or the carving of a Fejee war-club. A labor of love gratifies, even though the love be blind and the labor misdirected.

This obvious overslaughting of the artistic by mere handicraft in Gothic architecture excludes it, in the eyes of some of its warmest modern devotees, altogether from the field of art in its high sense. They maintain, with much ingenuity and display of facts of record, that its mediæval triumphs sprang from the hand of the “master workman,” and not from the “office” architect. The turning loose of a clever mason or batch of masons on a pile of sandstone and lime resulted, *per se*, in soaring spire, long-drawn aisle and fretted vault. The names of these inspired stonecutters have,

with scarce an exception, disappeared. Had they been educated artists, like their great contemporaries of Italy, their names would have lived as well. We might have preserved even some of their designs, as we still possess scores from the hands of Lionardo, Bramante, Brunelleschi, etc. They must have passed into the limbo of the forgotten, therefore, simply because they sketched, as they finished, in stone, and did not write or draw at all.

If it be true that the chisel was the only intermediate between the brain and the building, the artisans of that day and country were certainly in advance of its poets and prose-writers. The hammer was far ahead of the pen. The race did better without culture than with it. Those "slender shafts of shapely stone" shoot up from a dank and dreary desert of literary barrenness. The Church sheltered them, as they sheltered the Church in a material sense. Under the feudal system of organized civil war the great lived in castles behind ditch, drawbridge and portcullis, while the masses occupied huts easily burnt and as easily rebuilt. What æsthetic feeling there was took form under the hands of the monks and their mechanics, and bloomed into structures available as sanctuaries and cloisters, and unfitted to other purposes, still less to the general purposes of an age like ours.

For their limited range of uses and associations there is a great deal to admire in these beautiful barbarisms. In the aspiring lines, the intricate and ever-alluring *alliteration* of chiaroscuro, and the teeming ornamentation of a fine Gothic edifice, many elements exist not only of the picturesque, but of the truly beautiful. It is like the Mosaic chaos—the primal darkness lifting and floating away, and the confused outlines of earth's new loveliness struggling through the void. The cavern and the forest, the stalactite and the fir, may well have supplied its traits. Nor does it want, superimposed on these, the richness of the short Northern summer, with its simple foliage, fruits and blossoms. The abrupt way in which it sprouts from the ground, devoid of the pedestal which,

natural or artificial, is usually present with the Southern temple, as in the Acropolis or the cliff of Terni, contributes to increase its analogy with the forest. This assimilates it also, in a less degree, to the erect rocks of the early formations, most predominant at the North. But the rocks could hardly have governed the model. The style belongs rather to the lowlands, the finest specimens being those which stud champaign England and the deltas of the Rhine, the Seine, the Elbe and the Tweed. There they stand, projecting high above the mass, Gothic churches amid non-Gothic dwellings, like great fossils from which the softer strata have been washed away. Always isolated, by their adaptedness to a single object only they become more and more so day by day. The homes of the worshipers in them, always very unlike them in design, become constantly more alien. Nineteen-twentieths of the new houses in European towns are Romanesque; even that desperate essay at reaction, the new palace of the British legislature, being described by a late *Quarterly Reviewer* as a "vast Italian palace with Gothic ornamentation"—another recognition of the fact that pure Gothic cannot be reconciled, by its most devoted friends, on its native heath, in a climate the most favorable to it, and as applied to a public purpose, to modern requirements, and that the Italian mode must be called to its relief.

Dropping the church, some of our improvers have taken to the castle. Divers of the foot-hills of the Hudson, and other localities still less suitable, are capped by Norman castles, with battlements frowning over steamboat, canal-barge and wheat-field. They are very effective, too, in the landscape if we can shut our eyes to the anachronism, and let distance enchant the portly gentleman we descry emerging from the portal into helmet and visor, and out of his stovepipe hat. Moreover, they are quite adaptable as residences; as is natural, the art of combining convenience and safety having been the main study of their originators. The rectangular form prevails. Where it is departed from, the

circular towers accommodate the staircase, and the turrets come in admirably for boudoir and dressing-room, besides enabling the eye to sweep three-fourths of the horizon in search of what pictorial effect can be commanded without the accessory of an approaching host of mail-clad warriors. The absurdity of the battlements and embrasures may be planed down by various devices. All the "coigns of vantage" may be more or less utilized, and the amount of sham reduced to a minimum. Still, it will remain something of a sham; less, however, than a Swiss chalet on the flats of Long Island or the Jerseys, with a hibernaculum for cows suggested in the basement, and a supposititious avalanche looking down the chimney. We have, and shall continue to have, Alhambra-like kiosks in white pine—neat things for summer. But all these fancies are exceptional. The great mass of builders will not let architectural whims make daily life a burden to them. Ours is a practical race, and little prone to burying itself under ponderous castles or climbing twenty times a day an outside staircase fifteen feet high, like Robinson Crusoe to his arboreal nest. We want a house that with air, light, ventilation, convenience, space, compactness, economy of costly material, coolness in summer and warmth in winter, will combine elegance of line, internal and external, and stateliness enough to comport with the general dignity and breadth of American landscape. The roof—just steep enough to shed snow at the North and rain at the South, with a generous cornice to shade the walls, and as few "valleys" as possible to leak under our heavy driving showers or our contracting heats—should yet not be so overshadowing a feature as to make protection the most salient idea, as though our friendly heavens, our "never-rejecting roof of blue," were perpetually on the point of crushing us. Ample windows, balconies, colonnades, etc. must give us command of the sun and breeze; constitute, if the expression be allowable, so many links between heaven and home; and place us *en rapport* with the "quick spirit of the uni-

verse." At the North, of course, these features will not be so prominent as at the South, where the tendency of the dwelling is to become, in proportion as it approaches the tropic, almost all verandah. To the southward, the soaring and culminant stacks of chimneys will sink into a modest shaft, more obviously decorative than useful, the Fire Fiend only tolerated as a kitchen slave at one extreme of the Union, at the other rising into a household god.

In color, material and aspect the Romanesque style admits of every range. These are determined by the attributes of locality principally. As to the first point, so long as we depend so exclusively on paint and linseed oil we shall be pretty much at sea, if only because that mixture in the open air begins perceptibly to change from the moment of its application, and we can have no assurance of what will be the tint of a building six months after the donning of its new coat. There are, however, certain tones which may be aimed at as pleasing to nearly all eyes. They lie between the light olives of early summer, the more positive buffs and yellows of the ripper season, and the warm grays of winter, with the rich browns of autumn for shadow. Those which Nature makes a point of concealing with drought or moisture, sod or trailing vine—like red clay, for example—we must, with her, eschew. This excludes red brick, a material which she begins to mellow directly we set it up, and renews her efforts as often as we fly in the face of her and taste by resting with vermilion. Nowhere has she left this raw color exposed save in such spots as constitute wounds on the earth's face that the elements are constantly tearing open. It is a rule, frequently enunciated, to take up a tuft of grass from the site and adopt the color of the adhering soil. This is usually a safe guide, for the color supplied will very rarely be harsh or glaring. But there is no local fitness in this mode of selection. The color of the soil or subsoil often changes in a few hundred feet, and frequently in a few steps. The house, therefore, could not be sure of

matching the soil—the soil, moreover, being presumably concealed, as it certainly ought to be, by vegetation. To carry out the idea in what seems to be its meaning, the edifice ought to be green—the last tint admissible for a façade or a picture. But nearly all our pigments are furnished by the soil. Nature in it spreads for us a very varied palette in a very small area. The rock, the gravel, the humus, the clay and the hard-pan will, among them, supply us, after a very limited search, with all the hints we want. In twenty steps of a railway cutting we may often see as many distinct colors, some of them much more vivid, and others more sombre, than suitable. Choosing our tint or tints from such a chromatic scale, first keeping in view the distance of the prevailing point of sight, the amount of direct light and the degree to which trees, hills or water will subdue or brighten by contrast, we shall not go far wrong. And our selection will be made under the restraining influences needed by a race which cannot be said to have an inborn eye for color.

White it is the fashion to decry as staring and out of harmony with any natural object. A broadside of fresh white lead set up in a grove or against a hillside is not in itself beautiful; but it is soon made to be social, despite itself, and to interchange *reflections* with its neighbors. Twice a day the master artist, the sun, "glazes" it and them into one glowing mass. During all the intermediate hours he pours over it, through them or direct, an infinite and ever-changing succession of half tones of shade and color. The touch of his pencil appears to be evanescent, but, repeated day after day, it adheres. The flat, garish blank gets color and surface, and takes its place with other bits in the great open-air gallery of pictures. Without original color of its own, white shows borrowed color and light and shade to perfection. For all monumental objects in sculpture and architecture it is without a rival. Nothing else will adequately display form, the soul of art.

The wealth of our forests is making it common, in interiors, for the material to

carry its own color. The resources of our quarries and the accession of skilled labor will tend to introduce this usage on exteriors as well. We are deficient in the fine-grained light freestones of England and Normandy, but we have abundant marble near the seaboard, with equally fine granite. The West has some limestones and sandstones that take the chisel well. The flanks of the Alleghenies are studded with beds of colored marble that will some day be widely employed.

The cream-colored brick of Milwaukee and some other cities is perhaps the best phase of a material which, humble as may be its æsthetic rank, will, as uniting the attributes of economy, strength, durability and capacity to repel the assaults of its parent, fire, always maintain its place for a wide range of purposes. It will furnish the outer walls generally of dwelling, shop and factory, and the inner walls of the marble-encrusted public edifice. Brick is the material of the million. An increasing proportion of the American people are born, live and die under its protection. Our hearthstone, by a bull our poets have to accept, is usually of brick, and the talk and dreams of the evening fireside play around the realistic angles of those little blocks, all nine inches by four. Such constant and intimate associates should be made as presentable as circumstances will admit. In point of shape their case is artistically hopeless, but something may be done for them in the matter of complexion. That should not be "loud." The modern cousin of these very old friends of ours, that every now and then noisily threatens to oust them from their time-honored place—artificial stone—is never given a positive color, to the credit of popular taste be it said. It affects the neutral tints, in deference to the demands of the market; and were its qualities in other respects as unexceptionable as its command of tint, its eloquent advertisements would be less wasted, and ashlar walls that never felt the chisel would become more common in a land that cannot wait for the stonemason. In the essential requisites, however—for instance,

those of cheapness and endurance—it seems so far to fail. Some day it may pass beyond its present office of ornamenting sheltered points and boldly face all the powers of the air.

Iron, that we heard so much of half a generation ago as the substance of the coming wall, has fallen out of the contest. Its employment could never be more than exceptional, either for purpose or locality. In bridge architecture, if such filigree-work deserves the name, it retains a place. The castings employed for columns, window-hoods, etc. are simply imitations of stone. Like wood, it is at the mercy of the paint-pot, which protects it less completely than wood from contraction and expansion under changes of temperature.

Rubble-work, so common among the old dwellings of the Middle States—Pennsylvania especially—is capable of finer effects than its rudeness of material would lead one to suppose. Some facings of cut stone or artificial stone give it shape and finish. It has a homelike air not attainable by wood. It speaks of the dwelling-place of generations, instead of the pert new nest of youth. Time deals lovingly with it, adding rather than abstracting charm. Minute lichens clothe it with the hues of the rooted rocks, and seem to gather it into coeternity with them. These ancient homesteads of boulders may represent the Stone Age of architecture, but they are capable of development into something worthy of our day. Wooden houses must represent a lower stage still. In erecting them the architect writes in water. "Repaint

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or die!" is the command legibly inscribed upon their fronts. To them a triennial bath of oil is the fountain of perpetual youth.

Of one thing we may be assured—that the coming American house will at least be the most comfortable den mankind has ever known. On its æsthetic side it will in the main follow the classic canons. What may be called the accretory schools, as the Gothic, Burmese, Chinese and their varieties and combinations, rising as it were by the mere superposition of repeated parts, like corals, polyyps, snow-forts and mud-pies, will not advance in favor. Neither will that evanescent anomaly, the Tudor, one of those grotesque outbreaks of mistaken taste characteristic of the English. Our people have at bottom a juster and sounder sense of the beautiful than the northern races of Europe. They show it in the superior elegance of their public parks, vehicles and vessels, and will increasingly evince it on the broader and finer field of architecture.

When Buonarotti, M. A., the Master of all the Arts, was called upon, at seventy-two, to redeem and rebuild St. Peter's, Vasari tells us, "He would often publicly declare that San Gallo had left the building without lights, and had heaped too many ranges of columns, one above the other, on the outside; adding that, with its innumerable projections, pinnacles and divisions of members it was more like a work of the Teutons than of the good antique manner or of the cheerful and beautiful modern style." EDWARD C. BRUCE.

THE COMRADES.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

MR. CHRISTOPHER FOLDS had died, leaving an estate of fourteen thousand dollars to be divided between his three sons. It called for some two thousand of this to close up the estate; so the brothers inherited about four thousand each. Two of these heirs were twins—Homer and Horace. They were twenty-four years of age. They had received such education as a good public school can afford, had served as clerks in their father's hardware store, and had evinced a business capacity considerably above the average. These two brothers determined, according to the advice of the father, to continue the hardware business which he had established. They decided, also, that their brother Chester should remain at school. Chester was the youngest, and at his father's death was thirteen years old. His brothers were his guardians.

It had long been a settled conclusion that Chester would never accomplish anything in trade. Whenever he had been put on trial in his father's store he had shown neither interest nor tact in the business. The moment a customer's back was turned the lad would hurry off to a sheltered nook behind a big stove or a safe for the perusal of some book about flowers or animals. He seemed always anxious to escape from people: in the woods he was tireless. He had filled the attic with forest-products, geodes and fossils and insects and flora. Yes, Chester might make a scholar: he would never do for business, his guardians decided, so he was to be sent to college.

To college in due time he went. Here he showed himself scarcely above the average in mathematics, fair in the languages, pre-eminent in the natural sciences. "He is a born naturalist," said one of his professors. There should have been in these facts some hint to his guardians. But Homer and Horace Folds did

not see how being a born naturalist was to help their brother to a living. They urged when he had taken his degree that he should decide at once upon some profession and enter upon its study.

"We've sunk so much money in trying to make a scholar of Chester," said Homer, "that we've got to push ahead in this line. We're in the drink, and we must wade through."

Chester was yet a minor, being but little past nineteen. If he entertained a judgment or consciousness concerning his own powers, he was not entitled to a choice except in a limited way.

But being urged to an expression, he pronounced against the law. It was opposed to his instincts and tastes. He was of a shy, quiet spirit, too innately fair for the crookedness, the hair-splitting, the waylaying, the Thuggism of the legal profession. Medicine also he declined.

"I can't have men looking to me for their lives and the lives of their friends," he said.

"Then go into the ministry," urged Horace.

"Then men will look to me for their souls instead of their bodies. The ministry is no escape from responsibilities."

"No avocation is that," Homer said in an emphatic and slightly petulant tone, "and the sooner you make up your mind to this the wiser you'll show yourself. I hold there's as much responsibility in my business as in a doctor's or preacher's. The peace of a family depends more upon good stoves than upon sermons, yet we pay a cook a hundred or two dollars a year, and a minister five or ten thousand."

"If the cook could furnish a loaf or a roast that would feed a hundred bodies, as a word of counsel does a multitude of souls, he would command a greater salary than any preacher," Horace suggested.

"What do you say, Chester?" inquired

Homer, returning to the original subject of discussion.

"If I didn't owe anything to humanity, I could see my way," Chester replied with an impatience unusual to him. "I can adjust myself to the rest of creation."

Homer gave an expressive *ahem*. It meant rebuke, impatience, contempt almost, for what to his strong, pushing, tenacious heart seemed a lack of spirit in his young brother.

Chester had seized upon some salient points of objection to the three professions, but he was utterly unable to shape into words the vague, undefined, but pervading consciousness of unfitness which made him shrink from entering either. He did not know what the matter was. He drew back from any work that was to bring him in conflict with men. He felt that he did not get along with people—that he lacked adaptability. I say this for him. He could not have said it: he merely felt it with a keenness which was agony.

But importunately his brothers urged his decision. With fear and trembling he pronounced for the ministry. Its responsibilities were less tangible than those of medicine—its failures less evident, he thought. Besides, he might in the endeavor to lead others into a higher life, himself rise toward the heights.

So the remainder of Chester Folds' patrimony was spent in the pursuit of his theological course. This was at length completed.

"Now," said his brother Homer, "you have your profession. It is your stock in trade. It is worth to you twenty-five thousand dollars. You are prepared now to enter upon your life-work."

And how was Chester Folds to enter upon this? When his brothers had wares to offer to the public, they were permitted to publish the fact in the most energetic and persistent and vociferous terms which ingenuity could devise. Indeed, failure to advertise their wares would have been set down to lack of enterprise and of business-push. Chester Folds had some wares for sale, but for him to hint this to the public by look or word was to in-

volve him in scandal and ensure his defeat. True, his wares could scarcely be set down among the staples. Simplicity of heart, honesty of purpose, abiding conscientiousness, purity of record, are not always in demand. When Folds Brothers needed anything in the prosecution of their business, they had but to send a line to print. Chester Folds needed a pulpit and an audience before he could prosecute his calling; but think how odd it would seem to read these in the "Want Column"! No, he must wait in the dark till somebody should stumble upon him, draw him into the light and look him over.

But while he waited he drew some enjoyment from life. His wants were few and simple, almost as a wild hart's. He searched the woods for their treasures of birds and insects and plants, he climbed the bluffs and threaded the ravines for their life-forms, and he was happy. He would have been unfeignedly surprised had he been told that his thriving, driving, enterprising brothers were having sleepless hours on his account.

Ten years had now elapsed since the father's death. The small retail trade which the "Folds Brothers" had inherited had grown as by magic into a wholesale business by which two million dollars yearly changed hands. Horace Folds had taken a wife: children had been born to him, and he was enjoying the comforts of an elegant home. Chester was staying with his brother while waiting for somebody to find him out, never, in his childlike simplicity, questioning his welcome.

One summer evening he had taken his tea at his brother's dainty board, and was off in the yard cleaning and cutting out some crinoids, fairly gloating over his beautiful stone-lilies. His two brothers and Mrs. Horace Folds sat on the verandah in elegant ease.

"Chester's an odd stick," said Horace, adroitly knocking off with his little finger the ashes from his cigar, holding it over the balusters.

"You'd think so in truth if you should go into his room," assented Mrs. Horace.

"You haven't any conception of the work and trouble it is to keep his room in order. The chambermaid comes down mad every morning about it. He's got the greatest amount of odds and ends and traps there that ever was collected. His room is a perfect curiosity-shop. Why doesn't he get a call?"

The lady put this question exactly as she would have asked her husband why he didn't get a new hat.

"He doesn't try to get a call," said Horace. The gentleman did not give any suggestions concerning the ways and means by which a young minister was to secure a call. "Why doesn't he push himself?" continued Horace.

"A minister's circumstances are peculiar," answered Homer, who had a certain yearning tenderness toward his shy, sensitive young brother.

"I'd like to see the circumstances so peculiar that I couldn't find some way of pushing myself," said Horace. "Any man with any tact can push himself."

"Why don't you tell Chester how to do it?" asked Mrs. Horace.

Both brothers laughed. Any effort to make Chester comprehend how he was to push himself would be like trying to teach music to the deaf.

"Well, Horace," said his brother, "come now. Suppose you were like Chester, a young graduate in theology, how would you push yourself?"

"I'd go on the Church 'Change—that is, to prayer-meetings, Sunday-school festivals and all that kind of thing, and I'd make prayers and talks. I'd visit, accidentally of course, all the vacant pulpits around; I'd make love to the elders' daughters; I'd write for the church-papers; I'd—I'll tell you what, Homer, there ought to be a church-bureau, just as there are educational bureaus—a theological intelligence-office for the benefit of such dumb ministers as Chester. He hasn't got an atom of tact at demonstrating himself. I question if that boy ever gets a call. Here he's been five months out of the seminary, and I don't believe he has let five people know that he ever saw the inside of a theological college. How he's ever

to get a living I can't conceive. Here he is without a penny, with nothing in the world but the clothes on his back."

"And," added Mrs. Horace, "he's just as indifferent and unconcerned about it as a child. It never seems to enter his head that he is getting his living out of other people. He seems perfectly contented here, and as happy as a prince. Why, if I were in his place I should be crazy."

Homer Folds winced at these words from his brother's wife. He knew Chester's failings and spoke of them without reserve, but Chester was his own flesh and blood. Homer's family-feeling was strong: he resented somewhat the severe words Mrs. Folds had spoken. "I'm sure," he said, "we ought not to find fault with Chester that he is not fretting over his discouragements. Contentment has usually been reckoned a virtue." Still, Homer felt no approval of Chester's do-nothing life, for such the enterprising merchant considered the devotion to the natural sciences. He went down the piazza steps and crossed the lawn to Chester under the elms.

"See, Homer," Chester said in innocent unconsciousness of the talk and concern about him, "what a beautiful crinoid! I dug this out of the sidewalk in the upper part of the city. It's strange to me that people could have walked over this magnificent fossil all these years and left it for me. When it caught my eye my heart leaped as a nugget of gold would start a miner's, I suppose. See: the tentaculæ are almost perfect."

"I should think it was a handsome specimen," Homer said as he returned the fossil. "But what good is ever to come of it all?"

Chester looked at his brother with wide open eyes, in simple surprise. Good! How could Homer ask such a question?

"What good is there in music and painting and flowers?" said Chester gravely. "Good!" he continued with more warmth. "It is a great joy to find the places where the Father has laid away these things for me."

"Yes," Homer admitted, "I suppose

you do enjoy looking them out: I should judge you did from the industry with which you work at them. But how is such work to help you to a living? To make a living is, after all, the important business of this life, and ought to engage every creature. That's what the whole animal world is engaged upon."

"But man is not simply animal. You surely do not mean to say that the chief concern of my life is to get bread to eat and clothes to wear?"

"Yes," said Homer incisively, "I mean just that." He felt called to set things in a strong light. "The first duty a man owes to himself and to his friends is to make sure of a living."

Chester smiled: "We theological men have a different sentiment to teach: 'Seek ye first the kingdom.'"

"That'll do for the pulpit and for Sundays," Homer put in briskly: "the watch-word changes with the coming in of Monday. We business-men preach, 'Seek ye first a good living;' and our motto keeps the world moving. I tell you, Chester, every man in this world is bound to earn his own bread. The world wants no parasitic, dependent lives. It is a shame for a man to eat another's bread."

Chester did not seem to make any personal application of these severe assertions: "You cannot mean what you say, Homer. There are multitudes of helpless men in the world—the blind and lame and halt. Then there are people who find themselves with peculiar surroundings. They get into wrong places: it seems to me the majority of people are out of place. The helping of people into their spheres would be the best missionary-work for philanthropists that I can conceive. Many people are unfit to earn their bread from some want or weakness of character, for which they are no more responsible than for deafness or a lame spine."

Homer insisted, "Where there's a will there's a way."

"True; but if the will is wanting there is as real helplessness as though eyes were wanting. Will is just as uncreatable by the man as eyes."

"There are very few men so helpless that they cannot earn their bread. Almost everybody can do something. I have seen a little armless boy earning a support by cutting and sewing jackets with his toes. Now, Chester, it is high time you were rousing to the responsibilities of life. The first idea you must fix in your mind is that you are bound to earn your bread. You have had a great deal of money spent on your education to fit you for this: you have been five months out of the seminary, and yet you have not earned one penny. In all your life you have never earned five dollars. At your age Horace and I were taking care of ourselves. The little money you inherited is all gone, and you are living here at Horace's expense." Homer paused for a moment to watch the effect of this shot.

"That is true," Chester said with the meditative air of one just apprehending some truth. Then a shadow came into his face, never too sunny: "I hope Horace has not—" Then he hesitated.

"No, Horace has not complained," said Homer. "Out of his abundance he could never feel such a trifle as a tax. He could only care about it for your own sake. Chester, you have spirit to appreciate that it is not honorable to lead a dependent life."

"That is true," said Chester, who had evidently never thought of the matter before. "Thank you, Homer, for reminding me: I shall act upon your hints."

"But what are you going to do?" asked Homer.

"I don't know yet: I shall have to think it out."

"That's the right way," said Homer, nodding with approval. "Think it out for yourself. A man must work out his own salvation in more than one sense. It strengthens a man to think and act for himself. A child can never learn to walk till it's put out of its mother's arms on its feet."

Homer forgot the mother's hand interposed between the child's helplessness and the disheartening fall. He walked

back to the verandah, where Horace and his wife sat.

"I've given Chester something to think about," he said: "I've put a flea in his ear;" and then he repeated the conversation which had passed under the elms.

Horace and Mrs. Horace warmly approved Homer's course toward the young brother.

"Of course," said Mrs. Horace, "we don't care anything for Chester's board: we'd rather give it to him than not if it were best for him. Besides, a man wants his family to himself: he doesn't want a boarder all the while. I don't mean you, Homer," she laughed: "you are one of our family."

The younger brother, who wasn't one of the family, left alone, gathered up his crinoids and came up the balcony steps. He did not turn his eyes away from his friends: he was conscious of no meanness in his young heart. He did not feel guilty of sponging. He had taken his living as innocently and as freely as the birds take theirs. He looked at the matter exactly as Homer had presented it: he had been wronging nobody by his five months' stay under Horace's roof—nobody but himself. Chester passed on up to his room, and came back with a traveling-bag. "I am going over to Patterson," he said, as he stood a moment on the balcony. "I may not be back here for some time. Good-bye."

He shook hands with Horace and Homer, and kissed his brother's wife. Homer thrust his hand in his pocket for his purse, but while he was looking for a five-dollar bill the young man had passed through the gate and was going down the street. If he had any misgivings concerning his helplessness, any feeling of isolation and loneliness as he went from the warmth of his friends' circle into the cold and storm, he did not betray it. His face was calm and his eye was looking far away.

"I really believe you have waked Chester up," Horace said to his brother.

"I don't want to be hard on Chester," Homer said, a little mist coming into his eye as he looked down the street

after the young brother committed to him by a dying father, "but the way to make a man swim is to push him off into deep waters."

Chester Folds had that thorough simplicity of nature which unfits for manoeuvring and *finesse*. He knew there was a vacant pulpit at Patterson, and he had made up his mind to go there and ask for it.

Of course he did not get the pulpit, because, in the first place, he did ask for it in a straightforward way; and because, in the second place, when questioned about salary, he had said that he would accept whatever the church could pay him.

"Be sure, he's no great catch," said the leading man in the Patterson session, "else he would not have to ask for a call. Good preachers don't go a-begging. Besides, his being willing to work for what we choose to give him shows him up: he don't amount to much."

So the session, without even a trial of his preaching or his praying powers, decided against the candidate. But they were kind enough to advise him to apply to the church-extension committee. "There are plenty of places out West where preachers can get work and do good. As for us," said the leading session-man, "we've got a poor feeble, struggling church, and we need a strong man to keep the breath in it and to build it up."

Chester said he did not understand how such a church could hope to secure a strong man.

"Souls are at par in Patterson, young man," said the leading elder—"worth as much in God's plan as any other souls. I should say they're worth more than in many another place if I didn't know that the Lord is not a respecter of persons. The Lord sent a strong man to a feeble church when he sent Saint Paul to Rome, and Rome became the head of the Christian world. All things are possible to them that believe, and all things are possible with God. For years we've been praying for a strong man to build us up, and we're bound to have him. We can't pay much, but

ministers arn't supposed to preach for money. They must consider the good they can do. The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

In process of time it came about that Chester Folds found himself west of the Mississippi, in the village of Cummins-ville, set over a church of twenty-seven members, with a salary of one hundred and eighty-five dollars. His parish was in a locality where the rocks came to the surface, and where the wooded leagues were rich with life, so the young minister found some sweet waters in his cup. His parishioners, it is true, were ignorant backwoodsmen. It was as impossible for them to appreciate the simple poetry, the delicate æsthetics of his sermons and of his life as for the clod to appreciate the violet. They nodded through his sermons, or chewed their tobacco-quids, drawing, meanwhile, disparaging comparisons between their parson's easy talks and the rousing sermons of the Methodist circuit-rider. Besides, the new minister had no faculty for society, and this was against him. He had more command of Hebrew than of "small talk." He knew more about the polity of the Beloochees than about the social ethics of Cumminsville. So, of course, he was not popular. Still, the society was poor, and had no option about keeping or declining Chester Folds. He served to get the people together on the Sabbath, to get them out of their weekly ruts, and this is not the least important among a minister's uses.

But the Rev. Chester Folds had an exceptional parishioner. This was Margaret Pierpont, the district school-teacher. How this delicate, refined girl had drifted to this rude, remote settlement is not to be readily comprehended by those unacquainted with the habits of thought and life among New England girls. At this time teaching was the only avocation available to young women of culture. So New England teachers were to be found dotting the face of society in every part of the States. Margaret Pierpont was an orphan, and without any near friends to hinder her wandering.

However it may have chanced, she was living in Cumminsville, and was a member of Chester Folds' parish. She heard his first sermon, delivered in a shy, quiet, unartificial way, and her spirit discerned with a thrill the simple melody of its undertone. It was the very first thing she had heard during her five months' sojourn in Cumminsville that had taken her out of its dull life—the first thing that sounded like anything she had ever heard before—the only words that had any flavor of New England, of the dear past life, of her girlhood and childhood. What wonder that the very first sentence found out her heart, that the quick tears flashed into her eyes in the first moment of glad surprise?

There was no ocean grandeur, certainly, in Chester Folds' first sermon, no majestic flow of the broad river, but there was the life and freshness of a mountain-brook. And it seemed as un-studied as the flow of waters is unconscious; and therein was its sweetness—such a grateful sweetness to Margaret Pierpont's hungry spirit. After the first sudden surprise—such surprise as a familiar home-song brings to the lonely heart in a foreign land—Margaret closed her eyes, shaded by her palm-leaf fan, to complete the illusion, and drifted away from that rude church back and back into a tender past.

She was recalled by a series of nudges from Mrs. Simmons, who sat beside her. "Wake up! Folks is a-starin' at you," said Mrs. Simmons, still vigorously nudging, and speaking behind her turkey-tail fan. "But it's no wonder you went to sleep: the preacher's awful tedious. 'Most everybody's, sleep. It does beat all!"

"I was not asleep," Margaret said as Mrs. Simmons continued to nudge in a very uncomfortable way.

"You hadn't ought to talk in meetin'," said Mrs. Simmons. "You was fast to sleep, though, and was a'most ready to snore when I poked you. You didn't know you was 'sleep, though, 'cause when folks is 'sleep they don't know nothin'. I do wish the preacher would stop;" and Mrs. Simmons yawned to the full capacity of her mouth—which

was a very large mouth. "But you must try to keep 'wake. I guess he'll stop pretty soon: kinder sounds like he was gittin' long toward the tail-end of his talkin', for I don't call that no sermon."

Mrs. Simmons was right: the minister was approaching the close of his sermon, which had not been lengthy. Soon Chester Folds' first pulpit service was ended. The coarse men in their patched homespun and the freckled women in their sun-bonnets walked out of the church, commenting and gossiping as they went. Only two people were left—the minister, sitting in the rude desk, and Margaret Pierpont, on the hard bench against the whitewashed wall under the window. Margaret waited because she meant to shake hands with the minister. He was to her like a message from the dear home-land—he was one of her kind of people. He rose to quit the pulpit, and came down the steps. She stood up, and then went forward to meet him. He paused at the foot of the aisle, and waited and gazed as the young girl came floating toward him like an apparition. She wore a dress of white lawn splashed with a leafy color, and a straw hat with a simple ribbon knotted about it. Yet no queen in regal purple could more have startled the minister, or fixed herself a sweeter vision in his memory, as he stood alone there in that strange church in a strange land.

"I want to shake hands with you, and to tell you that I liked your sermon," Margaret said with simple frankness, holding out her hand.

Chester took the hand: his eyes softened almost to mistiness. He wanted to get down on his knees and kiss the hem of her garment. Was it really true that anybody liked his first sermon? All the way through it he had been burdened by the feeling that it was a failure. During it all there had been a numbing sensation of remoteness from those men and women before him, as though he was speaking through a veil.

"I thank you," said Chester. Margaret knew by his face and voice that he did thank her.

She asked him where he was from,

and told him that she was a New Englander. Then they talked a little about church-matters. She remarked with a simplicity which captivated him that she did not understand how so poor a society had been so fortunate as to secure such an able preacher. She had always dreaded going to church in Cumminsville: now she should enjoy it. She asked him to call, said good-morning, and turned to leave him. But he walked beside her down the aisle, and along the wretched streets to her boarding-place, the house of the village doctor. Then he went on alone in a dazed way to his own dismal boarding-house, thinking of this fair young girl as of a flower in a desert, reminding himself almost with a sob that she was the only woman who had thought it worth while to give him an appreciative, sympathetic word since his dear mother had died.

All that week through Margaret Pierpont had a new music in her heart: there was somebody in Cumminsville now; and often between her and the sun-browned children who droned their lessons beside her there would come the new face with the sensitive mouth and dreamy eyes. She listened eagerly to all the school-gossip concerning the new minister; and there was a deal of this gossip. She discovered before the week's end that the people did not like his sermon—that they did not like his manner. "He's proud," they said; "He isn't friendly;" "He's funny," by which they meant peculiar. The more they didn't like him, the more the shame Margaret thought it, the more she did like him, and the more she meant to stand up for him.

"Why, how prinked you be!" said Mrs. Simmons to Margaret the next Sabbath morning as the teacher appeared below, dressed for church. Margaret boarded with Mrs. Simmons, the wife of the village doctor. "Now, don't you go to settin' your cap for the new minister. He ain't no great shakes: Doc says he ain't—says he ain't 'live enough for Cumminsville folks. Doc says he won't stay here long, nohow; and Doc knows: he's roun' 'mongst the folks so much he knows everything. He does beat all."

"Has Dr. Simmons really felt the people's pulse in this matter?" Margaret asked anxiously as she and Mrs. Simmons walked on together to the church.

"Sakes alive! No, he ain't felt everybody's pulse, though I must say, as oughtn't to, that he does the half of the practicin' in this community. It does beat all how the people do run after him; an' he cures everything except the fatal kinds of sickness. Nobody but the Lord can manage them; but Doc comes next to Him, seems like. He does beat all."

"But does Dr. Simmons think that the people will not like Mr. Folds?" Margaret asked, coming back to the one subject interesting to her.

"Of course he does. They ain't no git-up to Mr. Folds, you see: Doc says they ain't none. Doc says he'd jis' like to give him some 'zilaratin' gas; but, patience alive! I wouldn't like to have him, 'cause it might kill him, you know. But here we be," Mrs. Simmons continued as they arrived at the church. "Oh, you needn't bother about smoothin' your feathers," she said as Margaret gave a touch here and there to her laces and ribbons: "you look as crank as a crock."

Margaret's cheek lighted up. She was conscious of feeling a care about her ribbons and ornaments which she had not known since the blessed New England days. She was early at church, and grew impatient before the preacher arrived. She did not wish her thoughts to be diverted from the one object of interest, so she did not look about her, but set her face toward the pulpit, though she was listening back at the door to every step that entered. She knew she could distinguish his light, cultured footfall from the lumbering tread of the villager; and she did discern it, and learned it by heart as it went down the uncarpeted aisle.

When the minister rose in the pulpit Margaret saw his eyes wander over the congregation as if seeking something. They were seeking something, and they were too honest not to tell it. They at length met hers, lingered a moment, and were withdrawn.

The second sermon Margaret liked even better than the first. It was as free from all oratorical and literary trick, and was warmer, with a deeper personality.

Margaret lingered to speak with the minister when the services were ended, but her manner had lost some of its first freedom and heartiness. Then it was as the zephyr sweeps up to the pine. She did not now linger alone with him in the little church, discussing parish matters and the East. She wanted to say much more than she had said the previous Sabbath, but she said much less. Some brief words she spoke, and was hurrying away, but, as before, she was joined by the minister. When they parted at her gate she did not ask him to call, but he volunteered the remark that he purposed calling the following evening. So Margaret was happy that afternoon and the next day till he came, and then, too, she was happy. I do not say that she was happier than was justified by the circumstances. Here were two sensitive spirits brought unexpectedly in contact in a social desert. What wonder if they found each other out quickly and without the formality which attends drawing-room intercourse, and rejoiced in the mutual recognition? Community of danger or hardship or suffering will develop a friendship or interest when mutual pleasures could not. In every-day life such a friendship is not formed as that which binds two comrades who have suffered war's dangers together. Times of ease and security cannot grow such friendships as the days when abounding perils demand that a man stand ready to fight for his friend, and perchance to die for him.

Margaret Pierpont received her guest on the little front porch of the little wooden house where she boarded. There was no better reception-place, for the three lower rooms were appropriated by the kitchen, the family sitting-room and Dr. Simmons's office. There was some restraint on Margaret's part as she received her visitor, but Chester met her with a straight, open look. They held a rambling talk of an hour, very charm-

ing to both. Then Chester began to discuss the flora of the locality.

"I wish you could go with me to the woods to-morrow," he said.

"I wish I could," Margaret replied. "I love the woods."

"I was sure you did. I would do all my little preaching in the woods if I could get the people out there; or, rather, if I could get them there I'd leave the woods to do the preaching. Their sermons are better than Whitefield's, and their music finer than any organ's. I wish they oftener had an audience."

"I am more concerned about your audience than theirs," laughed Margaret.

"I have one listener," the minister answered with grave earnestness: "it's one more than I ever expected. I never thought that any one could be interested in anything I could say. I shall probably never have another listener in this congregation, and perhaps I shall never have another congregation."

"I am sure, Mr. Folds," Margaret answered with ready sympathy, "you will find appreciation some time."

"Oh, I'm appreciated," he answered quietly.

Chester Folds honestly thought that he got his dues from the world. The thoughts and feelings that went into his sermons were to him so usual, so familiar—cuttings they were from his own life, from himself—that he did not understand how they could have any freshness, and consequently any interest, for others. He forgot that these lifetime thoughts and feelings, these blossoms from a man's consciousness rather than something transplanted, are the things that make men listen. We sometimes like a new song, but the old tunes that we have known our life long, these stir the heart and start the tears.

Mrs. Simmons came out on the porch to pay her respects to the minister. She was a large, fleshy woman, and when she curtsied profoundly, as she did on this occasion, a benevolent person felt an impulse to take hold and help her recover her equilibrium.

"I thought, Mr. Folds," said Mrs.

Simmons, fanning herself with her blue-checked sun-bonnet as she sat rocking, "that you had ought to git acquainted with your flocks as fast as you could, so's you might feel to hum. I'm not one of the handsome lambs"—here she glanced knowingly at Margaret—"I'm one of the old sheep, but I'm worth counting, maybe."

"I'm much obliged to you for introducing yourself," the minister said.

"But I haven't introduced myself yet," said Mrs. Simmons, laughing heartily at having caught the minister, "but I dare say you know me. Somebody's sure to point me out to all the strangers. I guess it's on Doc's account. Everybody that comes is introduced to Doc first thing. Folkses that Doc don't know ain't worth knowing. You have the pleasure of his acquaintanceship, hain't you?" Seeing by Mr. Folds' manner that he had not the pleasure referred to, she exclaimed, "Why, don't you know Doc Simmons? I thought everybody knew Doc. Well, it does beat all!"

"I have met but few of the people except at the church," said Mr. Folds; "and not many there," he added in a half aside.

"Well, you had ought to visit more. Now, there's the Methodist preacher: he goes to see everybody—just walks right into the kitchen without knocking, and if there's any work goin' on, he pitches in and helps. He's dreadful friendly, and he's handy as a born woman. He come into my kitchen one day whilst I was washin' dishes. Well, nothin' would do but he must wipe 'em. He tied on one of my kitchen aprons that happened to be hanging behind the door, and he went to work just as handy as any woman. It did beat all! But, law! it didn't help me, after all, for he knocked over a pitcher of new milk and broke a tumbler, and I had to wipe all his dishes over again: he didn't git 'em dry, you see. But I says to Doc that sich a preacher helps a woman a sight more'n them sort that takes them into the settin'-room away from their bakin' and ironin', and prays with 'em. How in the world can a woman pray when she smells her coffee

burnin' up? Why, I couldn't keep still on my knees: I'd have to git up and slip out, and git that coffee out of the oven, if they turned me out of church for it. Goodness gracious! that makes me think I've got coffee in the oven this minute."

Of course, Margaret and Chester had their laugh together at Mrs. Simmons's expense when she had hurried off without ceremony to the rescue of her imperiled coffee. This formed a new tie between them. A few weeks later it seemed to them that they had always known each other.

"I want you to enter into a covenant with me," Chester said to her one day. "I want to give good and to get good. Shall we help each other to climb?"

"Oh, if I only could help you!" Margaret spoke so earnestly that the tears almost started.

"You can help me," said Chester, his heart in a glow. "You *have* helped me—more than all the world beside." And now Margaret's tears did start. She held out her hand. He took it in both his. "So," he said, "we are pledged comrades."

His heart thrilled, such sweetness it was to this isolated man to feel himself of value to some spirit—to feel in communion with humanity.

To Margaret, too, it was delicious to be helping, to have a comrade, for she also had known the meaning of isolation, though not as Chester Folds had known it.

That evening the minister was sent for to see a woman with a sick child. Mrs. Simmons met him at the front door: she was there to watch with the child. "Come into the settin'-room," she said, "while they tidy up the bedroom. It does beat all how some folks's work is never done. You see, Mr. Folds, the trouble is, the Lord's goin' to take that child 'cause its mother makes a idol of it. Doc, he's been tendin' it, but he's give up—says he can't practice medicine 'gin God A'mighty. You see, the woman—Mis' Johnson's her name—thinks too much of it, an' the Lord won't stand it; and I told her so, and she's cryin' and takin' on in most an awful way."

"I fear you have grieved the mother unnecessarily," Chester said. "Let's go in to her."

She was kneeling beside the rude box-cradle—a poor young thing for a mother—weeping in a despairing kind of way. "Oh, Mr. Folds," she cried, "pray for me—pray that I may stop loving my baby so much, so that God won't take my idol."

Chester had a tender nature: a fly with a broken wing gave him a pang. He drew a low seat beside the kneeling young mother. There was ineffable compassion in his soft brown eyes and in his low tones as he said, "My friend, be sure of one thing: you are not loving your child too much—no mother ever did that. There is more reason to fear that a child will not be loved enough."

The young, tearful face turned wistfully to Chester's: "Doesn't God sometimes take children away because their mothers love them too much?"

"Never, as I believe. I should sooner expect God to take away the unloved child. There would be a reason and a mercy for carrying it away from the chill and warming it at His own loving heart."

"But they told me I had made an idol of my baby; that I loved it better than I did my God; that He was going to take it to make me love Him the best."

"A great many uncharitable things are said about God," Chester replied. "No being is more slandered. You may not love God as you ought, but loving your child less is not the way to love God more. Be sure, the more you love your child the more the dear God loves you. Do you think, my friend, that the good God is jealous of the love you give this your poor little helpless baby?"

He laid his hand softly on the pale, pinched baby-face. The mother bent over and kissed the hand.

"I could never have the face to preach such a narrow God. We should all of us despise the man who could begrudge the mother her child. I once saw a mother-snake, the most despised of God's creatures, open its poor, dumb mouth that the snake-babies might run into it for safety. I let the stick fall which I had

lifted against it: I could no more have struck that poor thing than I could have struck my mother. I, a selfish, narrow man, could feel this toward the loathed snake: the great heart of the infinite Father must thrill in quick sympathy with every mother's devotion. God can never strike you because you love your baby."

"Then I may love her as long as she lives?"

"You owe it to your child to love her to the end."

"You say God ain't jealous," Mrs. Simmons began. "Now, the Bible—"

Chester apprehended the drift of her remark. She was about to upset the cup of comfort he had mingled for the troubled mother. He silenced her with a gesture, and went out of the room, leaving the mother hovering caressingly about her baby with a soft thankfulness in her tearful face.

He drew Mrs. Simmons to the door, and there persuaded her that it was best to allow Miss Pierpont to take her place as watcher with the child.

This was his first pastoral visit to the house of mourning.

The next Saturday after Chester's covenant with Margaret, she, with some of her school-children, went fishing for brook-trout. She was seated on a fallen maple that bridged the brook, waiting for the boys to bring her bait. Her white sun-bonnet was drawn over her face, and she was watching the waters as they eddied about a sprawling snag. Suddenly a human figure was mirrored in the waters. Margaret's heart beat faster. She looked up quickly, pushing back her bonnet, and saw Chester Folds smiling down into her face.

"I came out botanizing," he said, "with little thought that I was to discover such a flower."

He had his hands full of wild flowers. He sat down beside her, laid them on her lap, and talked over the beautiful things.

"Well, comrade," Chester said after a time, "have you done any climbing this week?"

"I hardly know," Margaret said. "I

remember once in New England going up a slope so gradual that I was hardly conscious of rising. But when we had reached the top my friends led me to the opposite side. There I looked down a sheer, perpendicular wall of rock to the valley shadowy and remote, where the farms looked like little gardens and the farm-houses like birdcages. Then with a thrill I realized that I had attained the heights. I think I must rise gradually, if at all, into a higher life. I don't believe there'll ever be any striking leaps. But it does seem that I am a little ahead of where I was when you came. I haven't such a repulsion for dirty school-children as I once had," she said laughing. "I feel sorrier for them, more interested in them. Indeed, I am getting to have an affection for them. Isn't this a sign of progress?"

"Yes, love's the barometer to measure the heights. As long as the loving is all right we need not trouble ourselves about the Thirty-nine Articles."

Gradually their talk drifted into other channels, suggested by tree and flower and insect. They strayed up and down the stream, and made détours into the woods, while the children fished and waded, and climbed the trees and bluffs.

"There! we have cut short that fellow's browsing," Mr. Folds said as a fine speckled frog went splashing into the water. "Happy frog!" he continued, "you have two spheres: God has made some of us with not even one. It's a great thing for a man to be amphibious."

"It seems to me," said the lady, "if one can find a single fit place one may be content. I have an oppressive feeling of being out of my orbit; and you must have: you are in the worst place possible."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Chester. "I am not a fit minister for this society, it is true, but I might make a worse fit to many another. What would become of me as pastor of a fashionable church? I should be a grotesque head to a fine body;" and he laughed at the incongruous image he had suggested. "I am happier here than ever in my life before; and I never was of any use to any

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mortal in the world till I met you. I do feel—and it is the sweetest feeling of my life—that somehow I am of value to you. Oh, friend, my comrade, is it not so?"

There was a beseechment in the look of his eyes and in the sound of his voice that told of a lonely, heart-aching life.

And from that hour Margaret Pierpont, who had been trembling on the brink of the flood, gave her heart leave, and in it

plunged to the rescue of that other heart, which for so long had drifted helpless and alone.

So it came to pass, just as you have doubtless prophesied, that Margaret loved Chester Folds with an all-engrossing love, since there was naught besides in her life to divert or entice—loved him without asking if he loved her.

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

A ROCOCO LOVE-STORY.

WHAT is it that determines the dress of civilized times? Not of the present age, when the fashion of one year is grotesque the next, and none has shown any permanence except the attire of a gentleman, which, with all its variations, has been essentially the same since trousers superseded small-clothes, and the "stovepipe" the cocked hat. In previous centuries the general style was the same for fifty or a hundred years together. A stomacher or a wimple is as sure an indication of the wearer's era as the bone or shell of an extinct species for those who are skilled to tell. The various ways in which men have clad themselves in different ages may be partially accounted for by their usual occupation. When war was everybody's business armor was everybody's wear, and the short and simple garments which could be easily exchanged for or worn with it. When the progress of statecraft brought in negotiations and treaties, with formal interviews of ambassadors and grand meetings of monarchs, and the whole ceremonial of court-life took shape, gold and jewels, velvet and brocade, furs and lace, took the place of steel. This has often been said before, but it is too general. A lady's garb was not more sensible or convenient when she plied the loom or distaff with her handmaidens or rode on horseback man-fashion than now-a-days. And it is hard to under-

stand the changes in the modes of masculine adornment after simplicity and strength ceased to be the main object, or why the dress of the eighteenth century should have differed from that of the seventeenth, and the latter from the dress of the sixteenth. It is easy to say that the love of splendor and beauty which reigned in the sixteenth century produced the sumptuous and pictorial array which gives to the portraits of that time so superb a presence: it is easy to say that licentiousness set the fashions for the beauties of the court of Charles III. But how far can this method of explanation be carried? Is it something in the costume of three-quarters of the eighteenth century which gives its personages the air of actors in a vaudeville, or was it the artificial taste of the age that called forth hoops, high-heeled shoes, powder, patches, ruffles, and the other elaborate impediments with which the toilette of Louis XV.'s reign encompassed high life? We have difficulty in fancying existence in those days as anything more serious than genteel comedy when the men and women present themselves before us like illustrations of Molière: love-making was their principal occupation, and one can hardly believe that their love was really more than flirtation à l'outrance. Although, too, swords were often drawn, the bunches of ribbon at the hilt made them look fit only for fencing or a stage-fight.

Yet there have lately come forward a couple in the paniers and furbelows, *jabot* and *tricorne*, of that frivolous world as the hero and heroine of a long and very interesting love-story—a fine lady and gentleman who have left a correspondence bearing witness to an affection as ardent and constant as any our less ornamental age is likely to produce. The hero was the Chevalier Stanislas de Boufflers, son of the charming lady who did the honors of the little court which Louis XV. set up in Lorraine for his father-in-law, Stanislas, ex-king of Poland. Lunéville was his favorite residence, where his chief concern was to pass time pleasantly. The old kicked-out king, still a handsome and engaging person, had reached the time of life when sovereigns of the old school were prone to fall under the influence of women or priests. Stanislas had succumbed to both, and the only wars which troubled his realm were those between the Marchioness de Boufflers and Père Menou, the Jesuit confessor. Voltaire, who was often a guest at Lunéville, records that the king did not treat his mistress half as well as his director—refused him nothing, while giving her barely enough to pay for her petticoats. But the war was merely a defensive one on the part of the lady: she was absolutely amiable, and lazy to the last degree. Her wit might have made her a dangerous enemy, but she was sure of her power: her attractions enabled her to hold her own without effort. So she could afford to be magnanimous to her implacable and intriguing foe, whose animosity did not spring from moral grounds, but from jealousy of her power. She is described at the age of forty as having still a lovely baby face, a soft sweetness of manner, a lively disposition and a sort of graceful, good-humored indifference which took everything easily, and put others in the mood to do the same. She was totally free from pretension and conceit, setting no value on her own bright parts: her indolence was such that she never wrote when she could help it, and read only to escape having to talk, but she read the same books over and over again, because

they cost less exertion than new ones. Yet she was sprightly and amusing, and had a pen from which epigrams and pretty verses flowed freely when once she had roused herself to take it up. She enchanted every one who knew her, and Voltaire entitled her the Lady of Pleasure—a name which she acknowledges in an epitaph she wrote for herself:

Here lies in peace profound
She known as the *Lady of Pleasure*,
Who, to make matters sure, took her measure
Of Paradise while above ground.

Notwithstanding the large share of levity in her nature, her attachments were enduring. She remained a faithful friend to Voltaire through life, and never deserted her senile lover, the ex-king, until death put an end to the vicissitudes of his long existence.

Stanislas de Boufflers was the younger son of this gracious creature, by whom he was descended from the princely house of Beauvau-Craon, while on his father's side he was allied to the oldest and best families in France. He was born in 1737, during his mother's sway at Lunéville, and spent his boyhood there, the pet of his godfather, the old ex-king, and the delight of their sparkling little circle. He was destined for the Church, and while a lad was called the *abbé*; he went to the seminary of St. Sulpice to pursue a theological course, in expectation of being made a bishop, although not yet twenty-five; but his vocation was for anything rather than holy orders, and after six months' study he renounced the design. Wishing, however, to retain the income of a bishopric in Lorraine which his indulgent godfather had bestowed upon him, he became a knight of Malta, the members of the military orders being privileged to hold ecclesiastical benefices. Thus he exchanged the title of "*abbé*" for that of "*chevalier*," by which he is always known. His versatility and volatility led him into a series of adventures as extravagant as a tale of ancient chivalry. He went into the army and fought well—he went to court and played carpet-knight to perfection. He had a vagabond humor, and his two great weaknesses were women and horses. A no-

bleman meeting him one day riding on the high-road, said, "I am delighted to find you at home, chevalier." He made a journey into Switzerland, and the letters which he wrote to his mother on his travels are reckoned among the most delightful in French literature. On this journey he gave himself out as a travelling portrait-painter, and went from town to town taking likenesses of the first citizens and prettiest women, astonishing his sitters by charging but a crown apiece. On reaching Geneva he dropped his *incognito*, and was set down as an impostor who wished to pass for a noble. He paid his respects to Rousseau and Voltaire, who have left us their impressions of him. The former, crabbed and churlish, sneered at the young fellow's shallow facility: the latter was captivated by his many talents and careless brilliancy, addressed some very complimentary verses to him, and wrote of him to his mother in unmeasured praise. Bouffler's greatest difficulty was to persevere in any pursuit, even that of the moment. When considerably past thirty he was on his way to join the confederate forces in Poland, but the temptations of Vienna stopped him, and he stayed there, carrying everything before him. He was not handsome, but had that gift more potent and lasting than good looks—charm. The Prince de Ligny, one of the greatest wits and most finished gentlemen of his epoch, describes him almost fondly—his boyish laugh, his occasional awkwardness—and says it would be impossible to be at once more amusing and better natured. "It would pay somebody well," he adds, "to pick up all the ideas he has dropped on the highway together with his time and his money." His stories and verses had extraordinary success in even that reign of clever scribblers. All his celebrated contemporaries speak of him: Madame du Deffand sniffs a little at his frivolity in one of her letters to Horace Walpole, but there is praise even in the detraction.

One might suppose that if there were a man whom the fairest woman or the vainest would despair of really fastening, this should be he, and apparently in a

list of love-affairs as long as Leperello's catalogue there had been no serious passion until he was close upon forty. Then he met with the Marchioness de Sabran, and his wandering fancy was fixed for ever. She was still a young woman—a widow of twenty-seven—and called herself "the old dowager," one of those jests which betray a woman's sensitiveness about a fatal moment still distant, but not so far off as it once was. Tradition says that she was extremely beautiful, with dark eyes and fair hair, and that she had great charm of expression. She had been left an orphan in early girlhood, and married to the Marquis de Sabran, a naval officer of distinction, fifty years older than herself, who died, leaving her with two children. Her friends were in the great world, but from choice she hardly belonged to it herself. She had the tastes and acquirements of many of the most remarkable women of her time, without their pretensions and affectations: she knew something of several languages and sciences, talked and wrote with spirit and a simple elegance. Her nature was intense and ardent, but controlled by a cultivated mind and good breeding. Her circle included some of the most reckless beauties of the court, such as the Polignac ladies; some of the most dignified and distinguished of the older set, like the Maréchale de Luxembourg; and women of grave pursuits, like Madame d'Andlau, the daughter of the encyclopédist Helvetius. The men of her society were M. de Malesherbes, Turgot, and the Abbé Delille. Her winters were spent in Paris, where she saw her friends in easy intimacy, keeping a little aloof from the dissipation of the court—her summers at the Château d'Anisy, with her aged brother-in-law, the bishop of Laon, grand almoner to the queen and a peer of the realm, where she found a home and almost a father's affection for herself and her children.

Such was the lady, such her mode of life, when she first met the Chevalier de Boufflers, then a colonel in the army, and accounted the most irresistible and inconstant man in France. Their liking commenced in a common love of music

poetry and painting, and was only a lively friendship, a source of agreeable excitement to them. By and by she takes alarm and writes, "Never love me save with the affection of a brother, and I will love you as a sister always." But this *never* and *always* were not to mete the bounds. Three years later a memorable date marks a new era for them both. Long afterwards Madame de Sabran writes: "Remember always the 2d of May: it is a holy day in my calendar. It decided the happiness and unhappiness of my life." That 2d of May was the beginning of a lifelong connection. It was not, however, one of the unblushing *liaisons* of the time, like Voltaire's with Madame du Châtelet or St. Lambert's with Madame d'Houdetot: secrecy kept alive in this attachment the tenderness and tremors of young love, while added years gave it the vital hold of a perpetual bond. A curious respect for appearances prevented Madame de Sabran from allowing her lover an acknowledged position, and the world to which she made this sacrifice often came between them—not in their hearts, but in their lives. There were summer days at Anisy when they rambled alone together in the woods, "laughing and singing, without a care or a plan, living in the present, unmindful of the future, regretting only the passing hours, longing for nothing beyond the morrow, forgetting the world by common consent," like any boy and girl in the freshness of a first passion. But these halcyon days were few. They saw each other in Paris as they saw other people of their society: if oftener, it was by stealth. Their meetings elsewhere savored of escapades; they befell on journeys; at watering-places, where she contrived that their paths should cross; or on his short leave of absence from active service, when he would spend many days on the road to snatch an hour with her. That the mystery and agitation of this furtive and fugitive intercourse may have had attraction for them at first is possible, but it is inexplicable that two people of mature age, free, with no doubts of themselves or each other, whose affection was to survive every

test, should have allowed any obstacle to stand in the way of their immediate and indissoluble union. A scruple, an inconsistency, an excess of pride and delicacy on the part of the Chevalier de Boufflers condemned the woman whom he worshiped to years of a false position and drearier ones of separation. Madame de Sabran had a large fortune: he had nothing but the revenue of certain benefices which he must lose in leaving his order, and he must leave his order to marry, for the Knights of Malta were celibates; moreover, he was deep in debt. Although of high birth, he had no rank, and although he had a brilliant reputation, he held no position. He would not marry on unequal terms. It would be superfluous for us, with our present notions, to dwell on the fallacy of objections which did not prevent a man's accepting the surrender of a woman's love and honor, but denied her the recognition, the protection, the consoling sense of certainty which her dignity demanded and for which her heart pined. If we are to excuse him, we must look at him with the eyes of his contemporaries: his best excuse is in the sequel of the story, which proves that if the sacrifice were not equal—which between man and woman it could not be in such a case—it was the utmost he could make to the fantastic point of honor. Five years after that 2d of May he obtained the position of governor of Senegal, and departed on this distant mission for an indefinite term of years. It was hard for a woman to believe that a man who really loved her would seek a separation, the more that they had not the inexhaustible hopes of youth before them: the years of which he robbed her he could not make good. It is difficult not to think that chilling doubts, bitter tears, sickening fears must have poisoned their parting, at least to her. Yet we may judge that there were no violent reproaches or remonstrances on her part by the confident tone of his first letter: he assures her that his scruples arose from love, not from pride. "If I were handsome, young, rich—if I could offer you all that makes women enviable in

their own esteem and that of others—we should long ago have borne the same name: there is nothing but a little fame, a little distinction, which can hide my age and poverty and adorn me in the eyes of others, as tenderness does in yours. Forgive me then, too dear child, and do me justice."

She was only too ready to forgive what she called his "ill-regulated ambition:" she had her own reserve of pride to fall back upon, and accepted the inevitable with a good grace. She sought for comfort in the journal she sent him in the form of letters, written daily, but forced to wait for the infrequent mails. It is most touching to see how, while her heart is absorbed in him and her children—for she was a devoted and doating mother—she gives the energies and resources of her mind to amusing him, to keeping him informed of all that went on at court or in that great gay world of which he had been the spoiled child. All the gossip of Paris and Versailles passes transmuted through her vivacious pen. She tells him the exciting story of the diamond necklace, which was to have such terrible consequences: she also tells him, day by day, where she goes and whom she sees: "I have been supping with Madame de Montesson, whom I found as I left her a year ago—that is to say, she has not lost a grain of powder, and is so all in all the same that I think she must have been kept in a wardrobe—the same 'get up,' the same face, hair dressed in the same way." Another day she writes: "The poor Marshal de Soubise was struck by apoplexy yesterday: he is now struggling with death, and it does not seem as if he would get the upper hand, for he is unaccustomed to victory, this poor marshal; but if this be not his first lost battle, it will certainly be his last." Her daughter is married, and she gives a long and lively account of the wedding festivities celebrated with real splendor by the princely bishop of Laon. A little later she tells him of an expedition she made with her daughter and son-in-law, the Count de Custine, to see the sunrise from a mountain-top in the Vosges. She delighted in the country,

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and is in genuine raptures over the beauty and majesty of this scene. They had to set out in the middle of the night on foot: although she was now thirty-seven years old, she was the most active as well as enthusiastic of the party, one of the proofs which her history constantly offers how long the youth both of her feelings and powers remained unhurt. At the end of the pilgrimage she is as light as if she had wings, and would not go back in a carriage. It was but three o'clock when they got to the top, and bitterly cold; she had never suffered so much in her life. Her young couple nestled together like a pair of pigeons, and kept each other warm with their love, "but I, poor widow! shivered all alone, and suffered to that degree that at last I could not bear it, and gathered dry branches and brushwood to try and make a fire." The sunrise rewarded them for everything. By and by they discovered that they were famishing, and made their way to a solitary little chalet, where they found a very clean cow-stable and kitchen, and the owner a rough, fanatical, but hospitable peasant, who gave them an excellent breakfast of bread, butter, cheese and fresh warm milk. Then her longing and regret break out—how she thought of him and wished for him, and knew how he would have enjoyed it, and how happy he would have made her, "laughing with those great laughs I love so much, saying a thousand pretty things, each better than the last, inspired by the air of the mountains, the liberty and simplicity of the spot." Poor woman! she knew that her hours for such pleasures were slipping away like the sands in the glass, while he, without whose presence every pleasure had a nerve of pain, was far away by his own will. Her cheerfulness breaks down sometimes, and a sharp note of passion rings through her gay and tender strain. "I don't choose you to have any griefs but those I cause you," she cries out, jealous of the very cares which may divide his thoughts with her; but again she assures him that it is only *his* sufferings which she cannot endure. Sometimes she is overcome by dejection, and

in such a mood she writes of a fête in the gardens of Montménil: "Every one wandered about on their own account: I was there on yours. I saw you, I heard you. I recalled in the bitterness of my soul so many such evenings we had spent together at Aix-la-Chapelle and elsewhere, and I was ready to die when I thought that those delicious moments are gone for ever—yes, for ever! Come what may, do what you will, you cannot stop the tread of Time. My life is over: you put an end to it on the 22d of November, 1785: your ambition has destroyed it all—*love, happiness, hope.*"

Meanwhile, the chevalier was not silent on his side: he too had his journal, and every night registered some event of the day. Often it is only the echo of a sigh which he sends back to France. The song is different, the ever-recurring burden is the same. The profane side of his love-correspondence treats of distant countries, native manners and customs, strange adventures, with a freshness which travels have lost in these later days—accounts of the duties and vexations of office, of excursions and ceremonies. He was full of zeal in discharging the duties he had undertaken, and exerted all his energy and intellect in behalf of the colony and the natives. He showed equal ability and philanthropy, and his departure from Senegal was considered a calamity both by Europeans and Africans. One night he writes: "I am a barbarian, my sweetheart: I have been shooting little birds. . . . I killed two charming turtle-doves. They were on the same branch, looking at each other, billing, cooing, thinking of nothing but love, and death came in the midst of their sweet play. They fell together, without life or motion, their heads bent with a certain sad and touching grace which almost made one believe they still loved after they were dead. I envied them while I pitied them. They did not suffer; their existence did not end in pain; their love did not end in coldness; their poor little souls are still fluttering in the air, caressing one another. They have death no more to fear, but perhaps they dread coming to

life again at different epochs from each other, and having to live apart. All that is matter for speculation, especially for you who delight to lose yourself in sentiments and systems." "I love to turn my thoughts to that dear house, and fancy you in the midst of your occupations and amusements, writing, painting, reading, sleeping, arranging, deranging, managing great matters, worrying over small ones, spoiling your children, spoiled by your friends—always different, always the same."

At length three long years had passed, and the hour of return struck: he got leave of absence. As soon as he is on his homeward way he chafes at every delay—at the winds which do not fill his sails, the waves which do not bear him along swiftly enough. For her part, no sooner does she know that he is coming than "the minutes seem hours, the hours ages." He enumerates the animals he is bringing home: "A paroquet for the queen, a horse for the Marshal de Castries, a little captive for M. de Beauvau, a Sultan hen for the bishop of Laon, and a husband for you." But even in the expectation of reunion her joy is incomplete: there is no tie which she can acknowledge, and she cannot forget the restraints and barriers which will come between them even in that moment of bliss. When she hears of his actual arrival she writes: "I was so upset this morning by hearing that you had come that I have not got over it yet, and I am really frightened to think what will happen to me when we meet. How fortunate your sister is! She can go to meet you, show her happiness, not leave you, while your unhappy wife will see you but for a moment, and before how many witnesses!"

One naturally looks for the end of the romance and the speedy union of two lovers who have been kept apart so long by such strange scruples. But new delays arose. Although love so far prevailed that the chevalier did not go back to Senegal, he was caught in the clutch of public affairs as in the teeth of some huge machine. It was not a time for marrying and giving in marriage. The

black shadow of approaching catastrophe was falling over the land. It was 1788: the States General were already in session. He was elected a member: he introduced resolutions on several occasions in the interest of a liberal policy. In 1789 he braved the fury of the mob to rescue two wretched men they were about to hang. In 1790, in common with Malouet and a few others, he founded the club called the Impartials. Through those menacing years he showed moderation, firmness and courage: he was not afraid of unpopularity with any party; he espoused the new theories so hostile to the prejudices and privileges of his class, but he raised his voice against every injustice and excess. He showed himself a man of principle and force up to the tremendous grip which destiny suddenly laid on that giddy generation. But where was Madame de Sabran, his patient and faithful love? Parted from him again, and writing plaintive letters, in which a prophetic terror of the atrocities to follow mingles with tender reproaches and a gentle jealousy of the new obstacles which he has allowed to come between them. If only an overmastering sense of duty and responsibility and the stringent needs of the hour had made her second in his thought, we could but respect the noble and earnest fibre of this man, once the type of frivolity. But he finds time to be elected member of the Academy, to take his place among the exalted forty, to make a flowery speech on his admission—another on the reception of the Abbé Barthélemy.

Madame de Sabran writes once more from the Vosges, not of sunrises and scenery, but of the blood-red dawn of that day which was more awful than night: "At last, then, you begin to see that all is not for the best in the best possible of worlds, and to suspect that there are monsters in cities as well as in the wilds. . . . All that has happened in barbarous times will not come near what we are destined to behold. The curbs which should keep the multitude in check are broken: now it will profit by the liberty they have wished it to enjoy, to massacre

us all. I shudder to think that you are in the abyss. Farewell, my poor dimmed pigeon! absence is the greatest of evils."

At length came the deluge so long predicted or invoked. Some went down in its yawning gulfs; some clung to sticks and straws, and were left by the retiring torrents bereft and broken creatures, to tell of the days before the flood; some were swept away on the wave of emigration, and landed safe but forlorn and shipwrecked on alien shores. Among the last the churchmanlike shadow of the bishop of Laon, the spirited figure of the chevalier, the gently-fading beauty of Madame de Sabran pass by with the hurrying stream. They made their way to Prussia, where Prince Henry, the gifted younger brother of Frederick the Great, who had seen and admired Madame de Sabran on a visit to Paris some years before, offered them a refuge at his little court of Rheinsberg: shortly afterward the king (Frederick William II.) bestowed upon Boufflers a little estate on the confines of Poland, "where," observes M. de Mazade in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "he might have lived had economy been one of his virtues." During this sad period of exile, grief and want, the long love-story of almost fifteen years came to its orthodox conclusion: the chevalier and Madame de Sabran were married. The passion which had budded in the summer woods of Anisy and the gardens of Versailles, which had defied every change, shock and reverse, was their solace and support in the dim twilight years through which their journey now lay together. In 1800 they returned to France: there they led a quiet existence befitting the decline of lives which had known such violent experiences. In winter their home was in Paris, in summer near St. Germain. Boufflers returned to his literary pursuits: henceforth his pen was devoted to serious subjects; he resumed his seat in the Academy;* he re-

* On this occasion he penned the following epigram, addressed to Madame de Staël:

Your presence is Academy for me:

If you accept me I desire no more.

For all the forty brains enough have we—

I stand for zero, and you stand for four.

appeared at court, now the court of Napoleon I., for he was a courtier, bred in the bone, and whatever the dynasty, that was his natural, his only sphere. In the lives of her children his wife found sufficient cause for happiness and anxiety. Her daughter's history is deeply dyed in the sombre romance of the Terror. Her young husband, the Count de Custine, distinguished by singular ability and attraction, and a partisan of liberal ideas, and her noble father-in-law, the Marquis de Custine, a convert to the new gospel of liberty and reform, and a general in the republican army, both perished by the guillotine. She reappears years after this double tragedy as the melancholy and mysterious lady of Fervaques, one of Chateaubriand's pensive adorations. The young Count de Sabran, whose sickly infancy and childhood had been one of his mother's severest early trials, had become an accomplished man of the world: his health never allowed him to take an active part in life, but he adopted the enlightened views of the great thinkers of the last century. He was a devoted friend of Madame de Staël's, and incurred the emperor's displeasure in her behalf: he was for a while prisoner at Vincennes, then in banishment, but he lived with her and her knot of zealots, a very noble company, until 1814 brought them all back to Paris in triumph. To him his tender mother writes: "I wish I could plan your happiness as I plan my garden, and perhaps it would not be much more difficult, for happiness is our own work. We are more or less unhappy according as we are more or less reasonable. We need to have acuteness (*de l'esprit*) too. There is need of it on all occasions: it is the eye which perceives, while reason passes judgment."

The Chevalier de Boufflers died at the

age of seventy-eight, after a long and painful malady, aggravated by distress at his stepson's imprisonment. Many descriptions and literary portraits have been written of him, the most terse of them being ascribed to Rivarol: "Libertine, priest, soldier, philosopher, rhyming diplomatist, patriot *émigré*, republican courtier." By his own request he was buried near his friend the poet Delille, and his tomb bears the epitaph he made for himself: "Friends, believe that I sleep." The end was worthy of a man of indomitable spirit and fine parts, who shook off the follies and foibles of early life, the prejudices of class and education, and gave his prime and later years to serious and high aims. He had broken a hundred flimsy ties with beauties whom he had sought after the bad fashion of his day, but he was constant to the one real passion of his life for a noble, true-hearted woman, and after time and trials which with most men would have weakened its hold, he consecrated it by the holiest bond.

The interesting heroine of this many-chaptered romance outlived him more than ten years, after seeing all the stars of her earlier skies drop into darkness one by one. Looking back in her tranquil old age to the brilliant, pleasure-loving world in which she had moved only as a graceful, philosophizing, smiling spectator, her youth must have seemed like a dazzling dream, to be followed by a hideous nightmare, and a sad awakening amid the realities of poverty and exile. But the better days, the quiet hours, the peaceful close had been reserved for her: she had kept her children, and the light of love shone undimmed upon her to the end. We lay a wreath upon her grave, but there is no need to drop a tear.

SARAH B. WISTER.

THE HOSPICE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

WE had passed a glorious day among the towering heights of the upper Alps. At nightfall we reached Bourg St. Pierre, the last village on the Swiss side of the hospice of the Great St. Bernard, and entered the defile of Marengo, so-called because the army of Napoleon passed that way on its march to the conquest of Italy. Imagine yourself in a narrow gorge or ravine. On either side there is a high steep wall of rock. Across your path rush the ceaseless mountain-torrents. A river roars and foams and dashes onward at your side. Over your head is a starlit sky: in your ears are the fearful whispers of the pines. Sometimes you catch glimpses of your companions, weird shadows flitting before or behind you in the darkness. Sometimes you laugh and talk and are gay with them. But oftener you linger behind, and, leaning on your mountain-staff, yield your thoughts up to the mighty shadow which lowers over the place—the shadow of Napoleon.

Almost seventy-five years! And yet it was as real to me that night as the day it happened. It was weird, awful, ghostly, that midnight walk in Napoleon's footsteps. I thought then that Napoleon's passage across the St. Bernard could only be worthily expressed by music. The hope and vigor of the start; the glad presentiment of victory; the one great master-strain, pervading, governing and showing through all the lesser tones; the weariness by the wayside; the lingering behind to die in the snow; the tramp of horses, the beat of drums; the last desperate, struggling march onward, and the great glad cry when the glory of Italy, the promised land of victory, dawns upon their weary gaze,—can only be perfectly embodied in sound. With this I would weave some mystical strains of landscape—the starlit night, the whispering pines, the roaring torrent, the moaning wind. And through all the splendid sweep of the march there should

be a faint wailing undertone of human misery.

At midnight we passed two small stone houses, standing back from the path. I knew afterward that one of them was the old Morgue, and that its floor was strewn with human bones which had lain there neglected for years.

An hour later a great shapeless mass loomed up before us in the darkness, and we greeted it as the hospice. As we approached it a double flight of white steps gleamed out a welcome. We entered a dark hall and rang the great bell of the convent. The first thing that greeted our astonished eyes was a woman-servant with a candle. A woman-servant in a monastery, and that monastery the St. Bernard! Alas for the illusions of youth! She directed us up stairs into a vestibule. Here were a black marble tablet to Napoleon, a staircase, and a door, over which, instead of the quaint, delightful word "Refectory" that we had expected and hoped for, was written "Salle à Manger." "Why, it is exactly like a hotel!" was the universal remark, with a shade of disappointment in the tone.

In a few moments a gentleman came down the stairs to receive us. For an instant we doubted. Then we felt that it must be a monk of St. Bernard, but it was not the monk whose image we had fondly cherished from our earliest years. Our monk was old and gray-bearded, barefooted, dressed in coarse brown, wore a rosary and a rope, and was not over-scrupulous on the score of cleanliness. But this monk was simply a gentleman. He was clad in a long black gown, belted at the waist, and a little square cap with a tuft at the top. A very narrow white ribbon was fastened on his breast, passed across his shoulders, and was gathered into the belt behind. He was young, handsome, and closely-shaven.

In spite of our disappointment we

could not resist the graceful courtesy with which the young monk welcomed us. He had been receiving people all night, and continued until a late hour in the morning, we afterward learned, but his smile was as cordial as though we had been his only guests for months.

"We are very full to-night," he said: "I am so sorry. There is one room vacant for the ladies, but you gentlemen will be forced to sleep on the floor of the dining-room. I will send you in some mattresses and pillows. But you must be hungry if you have come all the way from Martigny to-day."

He showed us into the dining-room, requested us to be seated, and gave some orders for our refreshment to a fat boy, who labored under the extremely romantic name of Camille. Then he sat down, inquired in his soft, well-tuned voice the particulars of our journey, and commented upon the large number of young ladies our party included, asking if we were a boarding-school.

Camille presently announced that our supper was prepared. Some of us sat down and ate a little bread and cheese or drank a little wine, but the greater number had no appetite and stood in need only of sleep. The young father asked if we were ready, took a candle from the mantelpiece, and escorted us up stairs through a broad hall to the door of our room. He gave us the candle, bade us all "Good-night," and left us to our own reflections.

We found ourselves in a long, narrow apartment which contained eight beds, four in a row. They were four-posters, curtained with chintz, and looked like embryo mountains by reason of the immense pink calico feather-beds with which they were covered, and under which we were expected to stow ourselves away. At the farther end of the room there was a window, and near it stood a table with eight bowls and pitchers, eight towels, eight glasses, two soap-dishes and a mirror.

The next morning we rose with the sun, looked out of our window, saw snow lying just below it, shivered and went down stairs in search of the dogs. At

the front door we found a man in a white jacket, whom I immediately inferred to be the cook. I asked him where the dogs were kept.

"Over there," he answered, pointing to a large building on the other side of the road. "But they are not out yet: at seven o'clock the door will be unbarred. From May to October they sleep in there at night: in the winter they are let loose."

Finding it was too early to see the dogs, we went down the steps and turned our faces toward Italy. Great was my delight to discover on the other side of the hospice a most enchanting little lake, embosomed in green turf and reflecting the flower-starred and snow-covered slopes which make up the landscape of the St. Bernard. The shore, which lay in the shadow of the hospice, and not more than five yards from it, was covered with snow. The snow never melts entirely up there. Patches of it were gleaming in the sunrise all about the buildings. Think of stepping out of your front door on to a snow-bank in the month of July!

There is no view from the hospice. It lies in a hollow formed by the heights that press about it and shut it in. On the Swiss side a great snow-capped mountain soars up in the distance, and on the Italian side sharp, jagged, bare needles shade purple and pink, orange and brown, in the varying lights. We took the path along the shore of the lake, and in a few moments were in Italy! Half of the dainty little gem of water belongs to Italy, half to Switzerland. At the other end of the lake valley after valley opens out, reaching down at last to Aosta and the pleasant Italian plains.

We promised ourselves a walk down that way after breakfast, and bent our steps hospiceward again. But what exquisite purple pansies were these raised up in our path along the lake! They nodded and smiled at us as we passed, and I am sure there was a tiny laugh among them when we had gone by. I could not bear to gather them, they were so beautiful. I left them to laugh and smile on in the fresh mountain-breeze. And the forget-me-nots! Larger and bluer and

clustered more heavily than below in the plains. Just the color of the sky they were, as though a bit of it had one day fallen and taken root in the mountains. All the hill-slopes were starred with these beautiful blossoms—these and no others. I wondered then if it meant something that just those two lovely things should grow there on the edge of the endless snows.

Just then I heard a succession of deep-mouthed bays in the direction of the hospice, and caught a glimpse of tawny coats flashing in the morning sun. I hurried toward them, and there on the open space in front of the house I saw the pious dogs of St. Bernard—eight magnificent creatures, dancing and galloping, playing and jumping, and giving vent to their joy in short, quick barks, they were so glad to be let out once more into the free Alpine air. Such wagging of tails! Such confusion of brown and white and black and yellow and tawny backs!

A great many erroneous impressions are abroad concerning the St. Bernard breed of dogs. Before I made their acquaintance face to face I had a vague idea that they were long-haired, long-nosed, and in color a kind of grizzled iron-gray. The real St. Bernard dog is, and has always been, short-haired. His head is magnificent—large, square, compact, massive, with drooping ears, the upper lip very long and hanging low, the eyes dark, deep-set and expressive. His coat is mottled, tawny, black and white. He is the most perfect combination of physical strength and power with docility, gentleness, affection and intelligence. These dogs are conscious of what their mission is. They know they were born to save lives: you can read it in their faces.

A few hours later, when we were talking with our handsome young host of the evening before, I said to him, "My father, is it true that there are only two dogs left of the real St. Bernard breed, and that the others are only hunting hounds from Würtemberg? Baedeker's guidebook says so."

"Baedeker is mistaken," he answered mildly. "Our dogs are at this moment

what they have been for hundreds of years. And if you are going down the Aosta-path to-day, you can stop at St. Oyen, where the young dogs are kept, and you will see that they are exactly like those we have here."

We parted from the dogs for the time being, and went up the steps into the hospice. As you enter the building you are struck by the massive Romanesque arches which support the walls and testify to their antiquity, for this is the original edifice which Saint Bernard's holy thought called up from the barrenness so many hundred years ago. The structure is long, high and narrow, almost ungainly, squarely built, with a sloping roof. A short corridor from the front door to the back is divided halfway by a long passage, which leads on the right to the kitchen offices and the rooms where the poorer guests are lodged. On the left it is lined with more dormitories, and at the extreme end is the entrance to the chapel. We heard music coming from this side, and we went in.

I sat there some moments before I could shape a distinct impression. Then, like the keynote of my thoughts, came into my mind Milton's line, "And bring all heaven before mine eyes." There was something not of earth in the full, beautiful tones of the organ and the rich, solemn voices of the monks. Remember, we were among the highest Alps, and the mystics of the ancient time always sought the mountain-tops. From Moses to Saint Francis of Assisi, the dreamers of dreams and the beholders of visions have always made their home, on the heights.

Sitting there among the everlasting snows, with the grand old Latin chant ringing through my soul, I knew for one moment what religious mysticism meant. The whole marvelous power of asceticism stood revealed to me. I felt that the exaltation which for one moment took possession of me was what had glorified the lives of martyrs and saints, persecuted or inspired, since Christianity began. It was as though the chasm of years which separated me from Saint Bernard and the spirit of self-abnegation he

represented were bridged over, and I were walking by his side through the snow, consoling the sick and comforting the dying.

It was when the cloister-life was in its best and most ideal phase that he lived, the blessed saint!—when it was a refuge for the poor, the sick, the troubled, the desolate, the pursued, the weary in mind or body—the one green spot in a desert of war and rapine, murder and bloodshed, violence and hatred between prince and people. Such did he make his mountain-sanctuary, such did he leave it, and such has it been from then until now. Thank God for this one precious monument of what was best, purest and holiest in mediæval religion! Like the blue forget-me-not growing on the slopes about, it is a bit of sky that has taken hold of earth in the mountains to draw it nearer to heaven, and has spread its grace and beauty over thousands of suffering human souls and bodies.

Directly in front of me, on the right of the chancel, was a picture of Saint Bernard, dressed in his priestly vestments, pointing the way he shall take to the dog which stands by his side. The dog carries a basket in his mouth, and looks up most lovingly into the saint's face. A beautiful face it is—youthful, dark-eyed, reverent, tender, thoughtful—the face of one who, having recognized the sum of human misery, was manfully striving to lessen it. It is the face of a poet, dreamer, student and lover of humanity, and the painter has cast a glorifying white light, seemingly reflected from the snow which lies about him, over his face and garments. A beautiful thought, that his halo as a saint should shine up from the snows midst which he wrought out his canonization.

Just under the picture the young monk who had received us the night before was saying mass at a side-altar. His vestments were the same as those of the figure above, and there was also a certain resemblance in the faces, for they were nearly the same in age, and both wore that mild, benign expression common to all whose lives are given up to others. Near the organ-loft, in the back of the

church, is the tomb of Dessaix, who, dying on the battle-field of Marengo, made his friends promise to bring him back to the hospice and there bury him.

Mass being over, we went up stairs to the dining-room, and saw the young monk who had prefigured Saint Bernard to me so perfectly breakfasting with a party of English, and talking with them upon different subjects connected with the hospice, smiling now and then so cheerfully that I wondered how any one could associate him with the idea of an ascetic life. In fact, by this time I had discovered that this was not at all the convent of romance—of scourging and penance, of long fasting and superhuman strain of mind and body. It is simply a kind of Utopian community, as though a number of young men (for none of these pious monks have reached the prime of life) of lofty aspirations and longings for higher, purer devotion of self than can be found in the plains below, with love for study and reflection, with adoration of Nature in her wildest, grandest phases, with noble underlying purpose to make their lives a sacrifice to their kind, were to form themselves into an association, take upon themselves vows, and make their home up here in the mountains the better to further their unselfish ends. It is only a kind of "Brook-Farm" ideal realized, or one of those primitive republics which Southey and Coleridge dreamed of founding in America, where poets and philosophers should be rulers, and noble deeds and beautiful thoughts the occupation of all.

From a more worldly point of view it was like visiting one's friends in a luxurious country-house. We were seated at a nicely-set table, and had plates of dry toast before us, flanked by cakes of thick honey with whole acres of Alpine roses embodied in it. Then Camille poured out coffee for us, and we began our breakfast. The monks do not eat in this room, but in a real refectory situated somewhere in the interior of the building. Only the few who are appointed to do the honors of the hospice sit at the table with the guests. This room is reserved for the better class of travel-

ers: the poor are served in a room down stairs.

Just seat yourself with me at the table, and you will see what a charming apartment it is, the "salle à manger" of the hospice of St. Bernard. The table extends across two sides of the room. On the mantelpiece are stands of artificial flowers, which are reflected in the mirror behind. In the corner is a small upright piano, and near it a stand holding a quantity of music—masses, chants, English ballads, mazurkas and opera scores, among them *L'Africaine* and *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*. Near the door is a table bearing the visitors' record, our own hats, and other domestic articles. On the other side of the door is a sideboard, Camille's province, and near the fireplace is a writing-desk.

But the pictures form the chief beauty of the room. Over the door there is a fine copy of Carlo Dolce's exquisite Magdalen in the Uffizzi Gallery in Florence. It bears the inscription, as do others of the pictures, "Presented to the fathers of the St. Bernard as a testimony of gratitude and affection." On either side of the door are engravings of Gérôme's "Golgotha" and "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," and on either side of the fireplace are "Christ Healing the Sick" and "Christ Blessing Little Children." Behind us is a photograph of "Little Samuel in Prayer" and a companion to it. On the panels between the three windows are a little gem of water-color—a copy of some old Tuscan tabernacle of saints and angels—and an engraving from Ary Scheffer's beautiful picture of St. Augustine and his mother. Do you notice anything conventual or restrained about the little parlor? True, it is furnished with a view to the comfort of guests from the outer world, but in winter I fancy it is made the abiding-place of the good fathers themselves.

The hospice of St. Bernard is the centre of good works for miles around. The poor wretches who live in the sterile wilds about depend upon it largely for succor in time of sickness and trouble. As we stood in the corridor that morning we saw such miserable humans, some with

goîtres, some crétins, and all barefooted and tattered. They had received their night's lodging and their breakfast, and now each had some favor to ask of the young monk who stood there. It was the one who typified Saint Bernard to me, and never have I known an ideal more perfectly realized than when I saw him moving, a gracious spirit of consolation, among that mass of misery-stricken humanity, promising to write a letter for one, listening with a face of compassion to the bodily ailments of another, comforting a third who was lamenting his miserable lot, having a kind and soothing word for every one, and followed, wherever he went, by their blessings. The spirit which animated Saint Bernard's life of self-devotion had fallen upon this young ascetic, I was sure. He had been courteous to us and to his other guests of the better class, but these poor, tattered, lonesome souls he treated with an exquisite grace of politeness and consideration which sprang from a large-hearted charity, a great and tender pity for their sufferings, and a supreme longing to give them help.

They do not live for themselves, the monks of St. Bernard. They put all thought of self aside when they climb to the snow-bound hospice, for they know they are going to certain death. No human being can live a dozen years together in the rigorous climate of this almost the highest winter habitation in Europe. There is a hospital in Martigny where the monks go every few years to recover the health they have lost among the snows of the St. Bernard, but even then they die before their hair is gray. Could there be any higher type of that self-abnegation after which Christianity bids us strive than the monk of St. Bernard waiting for death among the snows, with smiles of polished courtesy and graceful charity upon his lips?

We were on the point of setting out for Italy when somebody exclaimed, "There! We have not yet seen the Morgue! We must see that before we go. It may be dark when we come back."

A small, rude stone house, with a

square aperture in the wall through which the stranger gazes and feeds his love of the horrible—a small open space outside, where skulls and ribs and hands and feet have been bleaching in ghastly confusion for years—that is the famous Morgue where are preserved until they fall to dust the corpses which are found among the snows of the St. Bernard. The monks cannot bury them because the ground is so hard. But oh, it was a horrible sight, what we saw through that little opening in the wall! There is no glass between: you are brought face to face with Death. There are a dozen skeletons propped against the wall in various positions—some standing erect, as they met their fate; some sitting on the ground, with their heads drooping on their breasts, as they fell asleep in the snow; some with their hands clutched in agony; some in attitudes of prayer, and all wrapped in fast-decaying winding-sheets. In one corner there is a mother standing over her daughter to shield her from the grinning Death that threatened them. Her empty eye-sockets glare out at you now as the eyes did at the spectre which met her on the mountain-path. They make you shudder as you look. You feel that Death clutched her in that awful instant of dark, agonized despair, of deep, fatal horror. The daughter's fleshless frame crouches at her feet and clings to her for safety. Her face is turned away as though she had hidden it in the mother's dress to shut out the dreadful figure that was creeping toward them.

There is a soldier leaning against the wall of the Morgue as he leaned that fatal night upon his gun to take breath and pray for help. His head rests on his hands, and his hands are folded over the muzzle of his gun, but the gun is not there now: it has fallen to dust. Beneath the folds of his winding-sheet his tattered gaiters are still visible. Poor pitiful skeleton! You were once a merry young Italian soldier, setting out across the mountains to see your sweetheart or your parents, with a song on your lips to shorten the way, and bright thoughts in your gallant young breast. The snow fell: you wandered from the path, grew

weary, leaned on your gun to rest, the song died on your lips, the fatal mountain-sleep crept over you: your sweet-heart waited and waited, but you never came.

"Is it long since any one has been found dead on the mountain?" we asked the monk who had opened the window for us.

"Three years. This was the last," he replied, pointing to a blackened skeleton which lay at full length under the window. Its shroud was whiter than the others. "He was a young man of good family. We sent to his friends to see if they wished his body, but they said 'No, it was too much trouble to bring it down the mountain; they lived some distance off; better it should stay where it was.' That winter three years ago was very severe: there were several people found dead."

"How is it they lose themselves? Is not the path well defined?"

"Sometimes a heavy fall of snow will cover it altogether, but oftener it is because they stop to rest and fall asleep, and to sleep in the snow is certain death. We often find corpses sitting or lying at the foot of rocks where they have sought shelter. In winter we mark the path with a cord for several hundred yards on either side of the hospice."

"But now that the Mont Cenis railway is open, why do people ever come this way?"

"The poor find it cheaper. A great many of those who pass are workmen who come from Piedmont to Switzerland to find employment."

The monk closed the shutter and locked it. We who were bound for the Aosta side started. When we returned late in the afternoon we asked the others how they had spent the day.

"Oh, we've been taking short walks and playing with the dogs."

"Did you dine with the monks at noon?"

"In the room where we breakfasted. And oh, we had such a dear little monk to entertain us! He talked to us all the time. And so young!—not more than twenty."

I asked what had become of the dogs, and somebody said they were in the kitchen. Accordingly, three or four of us intruded ourselves upon the cook's province. It was a small room, and in and about it were lying all the dogs. They were cold, poor things!

"Ah," said one of the cook's helps, "they get frightful rheumatisms up here, poor beasts! just like Christians. It shortens their lives."

"What are their names?" I asked.

"The one with a black patch over his eye is Pluto, mademoiselle. This one is Jupiter, this one Castor, and that one in the corner Pollux."

"Is it possible to buy a St. Bernard dog?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. One two months old can be bought for three hundred francs. The fathers never sell the old dogs."

When we went up stairs to the dining-room we found only one or two secular strangers, two visitor priests reading their breviaries, and two St. Bernard monks presiding over the social circle.

"There's the little monk who dined with us," said one of the girls. "He's such a dear!—so charming! He promised to show us the library before dinner. Why doesn't somebody remind him?"

He must have thought of it just then, for he came forward and offered to show us the way. We followed him up stairs into a room lined with bookcases. There were works on botany, chemistry, medicine, physics and ethics, besides travels, histories and essays, in a dozen different languages, ancient and modern. In one corner of the lowest shelf there was a score of English novels, kept for the benefit of travelers. In the centre of the room was a case of antique bronzes which had been found in the neighborhood. The walls of the little cabinet adjoining were covered with paintings and engravings. Nearly all these pictures have a history: many of them were given by distinguished people.

"You have a splendid library here, my father" (the title seemed supremely ridiculous applied to him), I said to the "dear little monk." "It must be a charm-

ing life—so many books, magnificent dogs, and doing good all the time. I should wish for nothing better. One can never know what *ennui* is."

"Yes, in winter we study a great deal. Each has his special branch of learning to pursue. But sometimes we are very lonely when the snow rises up above the dining-room windows and we cannot go out for days together. Then there are the avalanches. The building opposite was erected to keep them off, but nevertheless sometimes they slip down at the sides, and we are almost covered." He was interrupted by the great bell of the convent, which rang just then for dinner, and we went back to the dining-room to take our places. You may imagine my delight when I found that the little monk was to sit next to me. Such a modest little monk he was! When he was not talking he kept his eyes rigidly fixed upon his plate, and upon the slightest provocation blushed as prettily as any girl of us all. I stole a look at him while he was eating his soup, and seeing how very young and timid he was, it wickedly occurred to me that it would be much better for him to take an alpenstock in hand and come along with our party of gay young people than to stay in that solemn home among the avalanches. I wondered what his mother had said to his taking the vows, and speculated as to whether he thought he had found his vocation in becoming a monk.

Of course you will be interested to know what we had for dinner up among the eternal snows. Soup first; then bones stewed with gravy; roast veal with boiled potatoes; boiled rice with prunes for dessert; bread and wine. It would be a very good dinner anywhere, and if you consider that everything, even the wood for fuel, is brought up from Martigny or Aosta, you will agree with me that it becomes a sumptuous repast by comparison.

"Does nothing at all grow up here?" I asked the little monk.

"Nothing. We tried to raise a little lettuce this year on the hill-slope opposite, but it is blighted already, and it gave us a great deal of trouble. Next year we shall do better. We mean to take

the old Morgue for a hot-house and grow flowers. They are sure to succeed there."

He said this with so much enthusiasm that I was sure it was his pet project. With Alpine heartsease and forget-me-nots at his very door this poor little monk was sighing for lowland blossoms. And a curious hot-house it will be! Flowers springing from dead men's bones in that little stone cabin of six feet square.

"We suffer a great deal from the cold in winter," he went on. "Some of us are always ill. Consumption and rheumatism are our besetting evils. Then in winter we are not allowed to walk out separately: we must go all together, for fear of being lost. We usually walk out on Saturdays—an hour from the hospice and back again."

"Please tell me what has become of the little barrels the dogs always wear at their throats in pictures. I asked the men down stairs to show them to me, and they did not seem to know anything about them."

The little monk smiled. Probably everybody he talks with asks the same question: "We did away with that custom long ago. We found it did not answer. When the dogs were sent out alone with barrels of wine at their throats, those people passing who did not stand in need of it would call the dogs and drink it all themselves, leaving none for the faint and weary who might follow. You noticed that small stone house near the old Morgue? In winter we send a servant there every day with bread and wine. The dogs go with him, and if there be any one forget-me-nots under the snow they are sure to find him."

When we had finished our dinner we strolled forth, and clambered up the slopes before and behind the hospice. We gathered a few pale pansies for "thoughts" when we should be far away from this Alpine tabernacle, and a cluster of rare forget-me-nots to make it ever present to our fancy. I am sure it was ordained that just those two significant flowers should grow upon the St. Bernard to consecrate its memory to the traveler who should carry them away with him.

It was dark now, and we went home. We saw the poor little lettuce-patch of which the monk had spoken, sending up its few, puny, pale-green leaves through the gathering dusk. I felt sorry for it, I hardly knew why, it seemed so lonely and out of place.

We found a bright fire of logs in the dining-room, and a circle formed about it of our own people and a few strangers. Presently the little monk came forward, opened the piano and invited such of us as were disposed to play or sing. A gentleman seated himself and offered to accompany all the young ladies.

"Only the piano's so bad," quoth he. "The prince of Wales gave it to them, so it must have been good in its day, but it's in a dreadful state now."

"Perhaps we can dance to it, if we can't sing," said another stranger. "Do you think the monks would allow dancing? Let's ask them."

He was sternly informed that none of our party were capable of showing such disrespect to the pious brotherhood. Dancing! The Dance of Death, as Holbein drew it, is the only one that would not jar upon the temper of that Alpine sanctuary.

We were up before sunrise the next morning, breakfasted, went to chapel, put into the poor-box what paid for our two nights' lodgings, subsidized Camille, said good-bye to our hosts, had one last romp with the pious dogs of St. Bernard, and started down the mountain. From the distance I looked back at the beautiful great creatures with tears in my eyes. It was all over now. I had dreamed a dream all my life, and now it was realized, and the realization, perfect as it was, made me unhappy. It was one experience more, one anticipation less. The hospice, the dogs, the snow, the dying wanderer, were now a vision of the past, as before they had been of the future. I had seen and lived through it all. I had fathomed the depth of Saint Bernard's work of blessedness. I had been dwelling midway between heaven and earth, in an atmosphere of exaltation and ecstasy within, of rarest, purest æther without, and now I was going back

to the plains to live a dull, uninspired existence all my days.

And now, even as I write these lines, comes the news of a sad accident among the snows of the St. Bernard. A band of Italian workmen, on their way home to the plains of Piedmont, left Bourg St. Pierre one morning at dawn. The snow was falling thick and fast. Halfway to the hospice they were met by two monks, their servant and one dog, who had come out to give help to suffering humanity. They went on together, but soon a mighty whirlwind arose, caught up the freshly-fallen snow from the mountain-side, and enveloped all the travelers. They who formed the rear group, seven in number, all workmen, soon ploughed their way from under the snow, and tried with all their might to disinter their companions. But they could not. The monks, their servant, the dog and five workmen were walled up in a fearful tomb. The others were unable to go on to the hospice, and turned sadly back to the village they had left. At length one of the monks freed himself, and crawled onward, all bruised and bleeding, to the little stone cabin near the old Morgue. There he lay and suffered through twenty-

seven hours, for those above in the hospice suspected no ill, and not until the brave dog came back, torn, maimed and almost dead, with his mute appeal for help, did they go in search of the lost. They found the monk dying alone in the cabin. He lived long enough to tell the story of the disaster, and then they carried his corpse back to the hospice. After some days they found the other lifeless forms walled up in that cold white vault at the foot of the pitiless hills. How the deep significance of the St. Bernard dawns upon me as I read the mournful words! My heart aches at the thought of the terror and sadness that must needs brood to-day about the hospice walls. I can see it all—the mass for the dead, the ghastly funeral train, the white-shrouded corpses placed in the Morgue to wait for the judgment day. And yet, as I muse over the fearful scenes that have brought desolation to that Alpine sanctuary, a heavenly light seems to break from the clouds over the blessed spot. I see once more the transfiguration upon the mount, and a Voice whispers, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

IN ABSENCE.

I.

THE storm that snapped our fate's fair ship in twain
 Hath blown my half o' the wreck from thine apart.
 O Love! O Wife! across the gray-waved main
 To thee-ward strain my eyes, my arms, my heart.
 I ask my God if e'en in His sweet place,
 Where, by one waving of a wistful wing,
 My soul could straightway tremble face to face
 With thee, with thee, across the stellar ring—
 Yea, where thine absence I could ne'er bewail
 Longer than lasts that little blank of bliss
 When lips draw back, with recent pressure pale,
 To round and redden for another kiss—
 Would not my hungry heart still sigh for thee
 What time the lone kiss-intervals must be?

II.

So do the mottled formulas of Sense
 Glide snakewise through my dreams of Aftertime;
 So errors breed in the reeds and grasses dense
 That bank my singing rivulets of rhyme.
 By Sense rule Space and Time; but in God's Land
 Their intervals are not, save such as lie
 Betwixt successive tones in concords bland
 Whose loving distance makes the harmony.
 Ah, There shall never come 'twixt me and thee
 Gross dissonances of the mile, the year;
 But in the multichords of ecstasy
 Our souls shall mingle, yet be featured clear,
 And absence, rhythm'd to intervals divine,
 Shall part, yet link, thy nature's tone and mine.

III.

Look down the shining peaks of all my days
 Base-hidden in the cañons of deep night,
 So shalt thou see the heights and depths of praise
 My love would render unto wife-delight;
 For I would make each day an Alp sublime
 Of passionate snow, white-hot yet icy-clear,
 One crystal of the true-loves of all time
 Spiring the world's prismatic atmosphere:
 And I would make each night an awful vale
 Deep as thy soul, obscure as modesty,
 With every star in heaven trembling pale
 O'er sweet profounds where only Love can see.
 Oh, runs not thus the lesson thou hast taught?—
 When life's all love, 'tis life: aught else, 'tis naught.

IV.

Let no man say, *He at his lady's feet*
Lays worship that to Heaven alone belongs;
Yea, swings the incense that for God is meet
In flippant censers of light lover's songs.
 Who says it knows not God, nor love, nor thee;
 For love is large as is yon heavenly dome:
 In love's great blue each passion is full free
 To fly his favorite flight and build his home.
 Did ever lark with his up-pointing beak
 Stab by mischance a level-flying dove?
 Wife-love flies level, his dear mate to seek:
 God-love darts straight into the skies above.
 Crossing, the windage of each other's wings
 But speeds them both upon their journeyings.

SIDNEY LANIER.

A SAWDUST FAIRY.

IT was twilight in Hornitos, the twilight of the California summer—a very roomy twilight, that is at first blue and then purple, with a silver lustre in it, and finally grows dense with seamless and unbroken shadows.

Hornitos has not, however, a twilight of its own: I had not sought that dull Spanish town for any beauty it possesses in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. In truth, its water-privileges are so limited that only out of compliment may they be spoken of in the plural. I had been dragged through the fine floating dust of the foot-hills for hours and hours. The heavens were as brass; the overburdened coach was as a full orchestra of tinkling cymbals; the mouth of every man, woman and child aboard was stopped with a poultice of moist clay: the deck passengers, mostly Mongolians, had wilted flat over heaps of luggage lashed to the roof; the driver, falling out of love with his jaded beasts, made savage cuts at the leaders with a whiplash of extraordinary length. At such intervals he seemed to start from sleep, or something very like it, such as broods over the summer of the foot-hills, and possesses all animated Nature save only the rasping locusts and the clamoring crickets.

As we labored over the low hills, leaving a long wake of floating dust behind us, we once or twice sighted a distant habitation that gave us hope of rest in the near future. We were evidently nearing port: we were soon to alight in a tenable spot, and meet face to face other men and women and children, who, like us, had braved the fixed billows of baked earth wherein no tree has the hardihood to strike its roots, and the short grass is withered and curled beneath the fierce heat of the interminable unclouded summer.

Mounting the last billow with evident effort, we rolled rapidly down into the town with more flourish than there was

any excuse for; but this is the time-honored custom of every driver on the line, and we were none of us in the mood to enter a protest against the assumption of a gayety we were far from feeling.

In the course of Nature, Hornitos should have hailed our arrival with visible emotion: a deputation of the idle and the curious was expected to await us on the verandah of the chief hotel; we thought to see the doors and windows open up and down the main street; in brief, every soul we met ought to have turned at us. But nothing of the kind occurred. It was evident that there was a counter-attraction somewhere within the limits of the little town. We passed on between a double row of squat adobe houses, over whose roofs, scalloped with tiles, we might almost have vaulted from the stage-box, and drew up at the hotel door with an abruptness that left the clumsy vehicle rocking like a hammock. Our hair, beard and eyebrows were powdered with dust, we were all of a color, and it was some time before we came back to Nature and greeted one another over a late dinner.

The next stage left at midnight: why it left at that witching hour it would be hard to state; perhaps because the road beyond was even more uninteresting than the road just passed, and the stage company had some regard for our feelings. At all events, we were to be called out at midnight, and wheeled off again among the ribbed and rolling hills toward some other port, half Spanish and half paralyzed. There is a broad belt between the fruitful lowlands and the fair highlands of California whereon nothing more fair or fruitful than the gaunt cactus is content to flourish; but where the cactus stretches its flat and thorny wings, there you may look for the adobe and its swarthy brood. Hornitos is a fork in the roads strung full of cacti and adobes.

I forget just where I was going. It

was not my first advent nor my second in that town: probably I was heading for Yosemite or the monstrous trees; possibly I was slowly working my way across the country toward that high sweet-water sea, Tahoe, the pearl of the Sierras; at any rate, I was going somewhere, and was booked for the midnight stage. Meanwhile, I must needs kill the time that dies hard in a Spanish town. I sauntered forth. The cloudless sky had arched itself, and seemed to retreat farther and farther from the earth; a few stars pricked through it with sharp and dazzling points; up and down the main street the lamps were less brilliant than these stars, and but for the inexpressible loveliness of the evening Hornitos would have lain heavy on my mind. I kept to the sidewalk while it lasted, though again and again I was precipitated into heaps of refuse that were doubtless the material of sidewalks yet to be, yet they poorly compensated for the absence of the narrow planking such as is usually met with and soon parted with in village streets.

There was an uncommon stir among the inhabitants: groups of people passed more or less rapidly through the town toward the opposite side from that on which we had entered. I turned and followed in their track: it was pleasant to stretch my legs after the cramped quarters afforded by the stage. Our procession swelled rapidly into respectable proportions: half the population seemed to be drifting in the same direction, while the other half stood by and followed the outsetting tide with earnest and eager eyes. Fortunately, the gathering darkness resolved us into an anonymous moving mass: it is humiliating to be jogging along with a crowd, no matter how genteel it may be, for one is bound to feel so common and so small.

The edge of the town was soon reached: it is the redeeming feature of most country places that there is very little of them. By this time I had solved the mystery of the evacuation of Hornitos. An enormous barndoor cartoon, done in such high lights that the figures stood out in the dusk with supernatural vividness, betrayed the agreeable fact that an

equestrian company would that evening have the honor of appearing before the citizens of Hornitos. It was well, it was very well indeed! I love a circus—once in a thousand years: I court the blinding flash of the spangles as a moth the flame that consumes him (the above figure, though powerful, is eminently suited to my trying case, therefore upon deliberation I retain it); spangles are my divine despair; could I be born again—which I cannot at this late hour—I would choose to come of a long line of gymnastic ancestors, with a side-splitting clown for an uncle; I would have limber legs, that go any way of their own free will, and a spine like a centipede's, that bends back as naturally as a hoop; I would be reared on the amiable stock horse, with his padded back as flat as a floor; and I would know all the cunning tricks of the ring, such as climbing pyramids of decanters, and shooting myself through numberless wreaths, and whirling myself madly about like a weathercock in a hurricane, with the top of a tall pole set in the pit of my stomach. The scent of the sawdust would be to me as attar of rose, and applause my meat and drink; I would dress scantily, but gorgeously, in fleshings and silver; I would be the pet of the men and the darling of the ladies, and the youth of the land should see me and die of envy. All this I would if I could. But I have none of it: perhaps you know why I have not? Let it pass: how many lives begin at the wrong end, and have their climax in the middle!

As we drew near the forum—slowly enough, for the crowd was dense and not charitable—every man pressed forward blindly in search of a ticket-office, which apparently did not exist. The great tent glowed like an enormous illuminated balloon, and swayed gently to and fro in the light breeze that had risen at sunset; a row of weather-worn and travel-stained vans encircled the field; and two or three bright fires threw a lurid glow over a thousand faces that looked all alike, and therefore very ludicrous, as they stared at the narrow entrance to the arena. Evidently, the cir-

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cus was popular in Hornitos, for a throng of citizens stormed the ticket-office. If you had only known where to look, you might have sighted it a mile off, for a beacon flamed on the roof of it, while close at hand a small orchestra of brass instruments blew out their blustering music at random: the canvas roof of the tent seemed to heave gently to the vibrations of the boisterous harmony.

I slowly worked my way to the edge of the crowd, for I hate being buried alive in any shape: instinctively my steps led me to the rear of the great tent, where a smaller tent sheltered the performers, man and beast. To me this was ever a charming and a charmed spot. There was a hum of voices within: had the place been full of hiving bees there could not have been a busier stir than I there heard. I walked to and fro, catching floating fragments of sentences that filled me with curiosity and desire. Why could I not enter and see something of the inner life of these picturesque nomads, who compass the world with their gorgeous caravans, and are welcome in every land, for they speak a language intelligible to the whole world, the language of grace and beauty?

Great shadow-horses moved about on the white canvas of the dressing-tent; shadow-men passed to and fro like moving statues; a strange and interesting pantomime was in course of action, and I alone, of all the throng of anxious pleasure-seekers, had the good fortune to stumble upon it.

No, I was not quite alone. Two or three youngsters, who had stolen up unobserved, were watching the shadow-play with me, but in a silent rapture. Perhaps we were all meditating a secret entrance under the loose canvas of the tent—perhaps we proposed to throw ourselves simultaneously on our respective stomachs and insert our heads in a row under the thin walls that shut us out from the mysteries of professional life. I don't know what might not have happened had time enough been given us, but as it was, we were cut down in the prime of our purposes by the unexpected appearance of an important personage

who emerged from the green-room and demanded the nature of our business in that forbidden locality. My comrades, being youngsters and light of foot, fled like frightened kids: I stood my ground, for I was too late to retreat in good order. Fancy my delight when the important personage drew near to me, and then, on a sudden recognition, embraced me with flattering fervor! He was my whilom friend, Mr. Crook. Surely, you know him—Mr. Crook of Astley's, the clown, the funambulist, the horse-tamer, the Shakespearian jester, the what-not? Mr. Crook took me in hand as if I were a desirable acquisition to his unrivaled company. Mr. Crook said: "Come in, my friend, and make yourself at home. I am busy—you see I have my hands full—but here is room for you." We entered the delightful retreat, and I was at once in the midst of the most picturesque spectacle my eyes ever fell upon in a civilized world.

Close to the canvas flap at the entrance stood a score of thorough-breds just then being decked in splendid paraphernalia: (a very potent odor of the stable saluted my nostrils, but I was prepared for this); a span of Shetland ponies nodded to me as if they were actually delighted to welcome a friend of Mr. Crook; a trick mule presented one hind leg for me to shake, as if that were the customary exchange of compliments between man and beast.

No one else took notice of my entrance, and I followed Mr. Crook into the farthest part of the enclosure, where curtains were hung about in various corners, dividing it into a series of small closets or dressing-rooms. In one of these closets, across which the curtain was but half drawn, a girl in an exceedingly short skirt was rouging with considerable *abandon*; in the enclosure next her, which was likewise open to inspection, two superbly-proportioned gymnasts were testing their strength as a prelude to the brilliant act which was shortly to electrify the public. Three clowns contented themselves with a nook formed by two dressing-rooms, and all three were busy over a half-melted candle and the fraction of a

mirror that was passed from hand to hand, while they decorated their faces with moons in partial eclipse and long streaks of red paint that shone like blood on the ashen whiteness of their thickly-powdered faces. A dozen "supers" stood about in scarlet coats and Hessian boots waiting their calls.

Mr. Crook led me to the farther corner of the tent, raised a curtain that formed one side of the last dressing-room of the series and bade me enter. "This, sir," said he with palpable pride—"this, sir, is Young Romeo, the star of the arena. Pray be seated: as you cannot take a chair, take a box or a basket, and make yourself at home." I took a basket on end, and Mr. Crook withdrew. There was nothing else in the enclosure but a large box with the lid thrown back: half buried in this box was a little fellow as lithe and graceful as a fairy, pawing about in the midst of an ample wardrobe of the most extraordinary description, throwing plumed caps, velvet capes, silk trunks and spangled sashes over his head in a flowing fountain of dry goods. I had scarcely discerned what manner of man this was when a cap of cotton velvet about large enough for an epaulette descended upon the candle and snuffed it out. Young Romeo uttered a sharp exclamation in one syllable: I will not record it. To the heart of the saint it brings no terror; to the heart of the sinner it is everything—everything that is applicable to everything else: it suits all moods, all tenses, all weathers. The warmth of this remark had scarcely cooled when I struck a match and relit the candle, thinking it a convenient way of getting better acquainted with the juvenile pride of the arena.

Young Romeo forgot to thank me for my civility: it was evidently out of place. He continued his excavations, and finally emerged from the depths of the great box with a glittering star of the first magnitude in his hand. Then he leaped into the air, and closing the box-lid with a sudden movement, he lit on the top of it with one foot as high as his head, and the star held aloft in a rapture that not only suffused his face

with a beauty that was almost angelic, but made his whole frame seem radiant with light: at that moment it would not have astonished me had he floated off on the air and vanished like a wraith against the canvas roof of the tent.

I wish small circus-boys didn't look so much like cupids: I wish they need not do airy and bewitching things that make one dissatisfied with plain, honest, every-day people.

Having dazzled me, apparently without effort, Young Romeo leaped again into the air, turned a bewildering somersault and landed at my feet: he then ordered me, with an impudent assumption of authority that was not at all in keeping with his personal appearance, to fasten the star to the flesh-colored shirt that fitted him like a glove. I fixed the glittering ornament to his breast and awaited further orders.

"Come on," said Young Romeo with all the gruffness of a baby Macbeth as he led the way to the heavy drapery that swung before the entrance to the arena. We stood in the passage and peeped through the folds of the curtains with mutual satisfaction. The amphitheatre was crowded from the ring to the last row of raised benches that surrounded it; the orchestra had just taken its place on the platform over our heads: everybody was in a state of excitement; it was delicious and intoxicating. Young Romeo turned suddenly, as if unable to restrain himself longer, threw half a dozen somersaults back into the dressing-room, and returned to me with a face that flushed even through magnesia.

The orchestra crashed into an overture that was highly inspiring: then came the grand entrée of a dozen supers well mounted, led by a painted lady in a dashing riding-habit. They waltzed and polked and quadrilled, those trained animals, with as much precision and grace as if they had been bred in a dancing-school. They knelt down on their knees and made obeisances to the occupants of the high-priced seats: then they whirled thrice around the ring at utmost speed, and darted past us into the ante-tent, leaving a cloud of sawdust behind them.

We were covered with it, Young Romeo and I, as well as the two supers who caught back the curtains just in season to let the caravan make its escape in safety: I wonder that we were not crushed to death. Romeo was not in the least disconcerted: he dusted himself with his hands, and beckoned me to follow him.

Mademoiselle Idalia, the Equestrian Sylph, or some such party, was about to hop back and forth on the padded horse and leap through capacious hoops, just as her grandmother and her great-grandmother had done before her. It was the old, the stupid old act, that was never anything but a bore, and I was glad to escape it.

Mr. Crook in full evening-dress, with a whip that snapped like a pistol shot, introduced the mademoiselle. She was a high-stepping and ill-tempered girl, who had hard words for one of the supers when she came in from her brief triumph. The unlucky fellow had tripped her with a banner, and she bade him repair at once to a life out of the flesh at a temperature that no man in his right mind would seek willingly. Young Romeo encouraged her in her language, but this she resented, and there was a battle of words which Mr. Crook alone proved able to bring to a close.

It seemed strange to me that a child so like a spirit, an angel out of a picture, such as Young Romeo resembled, could retain an atom of his natural beauty in so polluting an atmosphere. My heart bled for him: it is a way my heart has of doing, and it has caused me much unnecessary and useless pain; but it continues to keep at it, notwithstanding experience has taught me how precious a boon sympathy is, and how often wasted.

Romeo and I talked freely at last: he was presently to make his entrée in a treble act with the gymnasts in the neighboring dressing-room. Had I seen him on his ponies alone? Unfortunately, I had not, and was obliged to say as much. Ah! I should have seen him at 'Frisco, with a flag in each hand, a long bridle in his teeth and his two little legs spread out between his two little ponies in a low bridge from back to back. Had

I seen him with the Flying Men? Again I was forced to confess that I had not had the happiness. Very well, I would see him presently, he said, though he evidently thought meanly of me for being unacquainted with his fame.

Young Romeo was not idle a moment: he ran into the arena when the great carpet was spread and tumbled with twenty other tumblers, and out-tumbled them every one; he climbed over the backs and dived under the bellies of horses that seemed to care no more for him than if he had been a rather large fly, nor half so much indeed; he played the pranks of a very Puck, and was the wonder and delight of a row of boys about his own size, who reached into the ring when he skipped about just to touch him and see if he were really flesh and blood.

He was the soul, the little fair soul, of the company—dainty, diminutive, delightful in the eyes of the immense audience. He was as warmly greeted whenever he leaped into the ring as if he had actually dropped out of the air, and when he left it, after posing for a moment in an attitude exquisitely graceful and artful, showering whole handfuls of kisses upon the ladies and giving the gentlemen a very saucy nod, he vanished behind the curtains, followed by thunderous applause that was sure to bring him out again with a pretty affectation of infantile modesty that was far too effective to be genuine.

Herr Hercules next rode a monstrous horse, and tossed cannon-balls about in the air as if they had been bubbles of ink. Herr Hercules was a bore, as mere strength without grace or sentiment is bound to be.

Romeo and I returned to the dressing-room and sat together on the wardrobe-box. Romeo asked if I had a *chaw* about me: I half regretted that I had not, for I wanted to oblige him in some way or other; but permit me to add in self-defence that my mouth is not a tobacco-vat.

Romeo took it as a personal slight that I wasn't provided with the article he so much desired, and going sulkily to a shabby jacket that lay in the corner, he took from a pocket the short, stout stump

of a cigar: it was badly chewed at one end and burned diagonally at the other. There was scarcely an inch of it, but it had ill odor enough to poison my nostrils. Romeo lit this nauseating thing at the candle and smoked for a moment in silence. I may as well add that I do indulge in the dry weed, but I don't smoke the corpse of a cigar under any circumstances.

I ventured to ask Romeo his age: he looked about six, an oldish and precocious six; he might have been seven on a pinch, but I doubted it. Young Romeo was fifteen, as near as he could guess: he wasn't sure, and didn't care a something which I have vainly tried to forget ever since he mentioned it: I have heard the same expression often enough in the world, but it sounded quite shocking as it came from those baby lips. He could not possibly have been fifteen.

Romeo consented to tell me his story. It began under the roof of a home in a great city: poverty and want and cruelty were his companions. He was attracted, as all children old and young are ever attracted, by the glittering caravan encamped in the quarter of the city where he lived: he hung about the circus-field night and day; he ran errands and threw himself in the way of circus-folk because he was fascinated with their life: it was to him a paradise on wheels that passed from land to land and from clime to clime in one golden round of years. He was cuffed and kicked and cursed for getting under foot of brutal and low-minded men; he was dragged out from under the canvas by one leg, all that was left of him on the worldly side of his paradise; he was ducked in the water-trough and turned into the streets drenched and weeping; he had had tar daubed in his hair, and was once cruelly beaten with a rope's end; but he crept back to the charmed land and hid himself in the crowd only to hear the harsh music that was passing sweet in his ears, the neighing of the Arabian steeds and the pawing of the Shetland ponies, the clown's jest, the snap of the ring-master's whip, and the applause, the darling, the terribly sweet applause, that even then

made his blood tingle and his heart sick with envy.

One day the master saw him. The circus-season was near its close: the company was about starting on a long voyage to many distant lands, and there would be plenty of time on shipboard to break in a boy. A boy is very useful in a circus; in fact, a circus is not a circus without a circus-boy. The proprietor had lost his boy; the stupid fellow had missed his footing and broken his neck not two months before. Heaven knows where he had come from and whither he went, but he was buried in the town where he met with his shocking death: the band played a slow march over his open grave, and then went back to the circus-grounds to blow up a crowd for the evening.

Romeo, whose name was Skits or Skites, gladly accepted the tempting proposal of the circus-master, which sounded, as he recalled it, something like the following: "If you will go all over the world with us, my little man, and do your prettiest, I will give you six ponies, some of the most beautiful dresses you ever saw, and as much money as you can spend." There was no leave-asking and leave-taking: he never went back to his wretched home, which was doubtless even more wretched now that he had deserted it, for the very sight of his face was sunshine, and he had all the coquetry of infancy even in his fifteenth year. (But he certainly could not have been above twelve.) Well, Romeo went to sea, and died daily for the next six months: it was rather late to unjoint the body without pain, and you know you can't tie your legs in bow-knots on the first sitting. Try it and see if you can. He went through all the other, bitter phases of that bitter life, and began to grow tough and cruel under it. I believe his heart was as hard as a little hickory-nut. I know that he distrusted every member of the company, and hated the most of them. He learned to care nothing for Mr. Crook, who certainly was proud of him, and very kind to him: he regretted nothing in the past, looked forward to nothing in the future, formed no attachments; lived only in his art, and was

vain of that. He was selfish, cynical, vulgar, but he had the physical beauty of one of Titian's cloud-children, and the face of an angel that lived close to death.

Mr. Crook entered presently to summon Young Romeo: the Flying Men were about to sport in mid-air like veritable winged creatures. I was invited to witness the spectacle from a seat my friend had reserved for me in the amphitheatre. Don't imagine that any accident befell any one: everything went off magically, and a slip seemed utterly out of the question. The two gymnasts, the "Zingarelli Brothers," whose names were in reality Bill Jones and Sam Hawkins, climbed into a pair of trapezes that swung high up in the peak of the tent, and there they arched their insteps in spasmodic ecstasy as if it were the most delightful situation in the world, all the while playing with their handkerchiefs in a very becoming and unconscious manner.

Young Romeo was lifted into a noose and hoisted into the arms of one of the "Zingarelli," where he looked like a babe from the cradle. The game commenced: Romeo was rolled into a ball about half his natural size, and tossed lightly from Jones to Hawkins as they sat in their respective perches; then he was unrolled and swung over by his hands and by his feet, flying from one trapeze to another and back again, as if he had been a bird; he was thrown into the air and caught between the feet of Bill Jones, who lightly kicked him over to the feet of Hawkins, where he hung upside down much longer than it is pleasant to think of. A double flight followed: Hawkins dropped from the upper trapeze into the arms of Jones and hung there, reversed; Romeo climbed into a baby swing above the heads of both, let go his hold, fell past the fellow in the first trapeze, and was grasped by the ankles just as his brains ought to have been dashed out, but were not; for Hawkins, who was still inverted, and had his feet hooked over the feet of Jones in the trapeze, seemed accidentally to have interposed, an humble instru-

ment in the hands of Providence and silk tights, to save the life of this flying boy. There was nothing after that but rapturous applause and a speedy descent into the arena, where the Flying Men folded their invisible wings and fled from the gaze of the enthusiastic audience.

A farce closed the bill of the evening—the stupidest of all farces, wherein supers played women so badly that any woman would scorn to be the mother of such supers. The pony who discharged a pistol with his mouth, standing on a box with one foot in the air, and who afterward stole a handkerchief with the very look of a pickpocket in his eye, had more dramatic talent than was evidenced by the combined company.

Romeo and I ended our interview while he was putting off his fairy dress and getting back into an ill-fitting suit of clothes. I wondered how he felt in them: he seemed to have very little feeling in any state, not excepting the state of nature, for he acted as if he were utterly unconscious that it was thus God made him and all the world besides, and that we think it a very shameful condition, and are therefore in it as seldom as possible.

Romeo asked me whither I was bound: he also was to leave immediately, and he confided to me the one secret of his life—namely, that he would gladly escape from his glittering thralldom—I am not quoting his language, but that is how it sounded to me then—and live a nobler and a purer life were it but possible. I believed that if his hard little heart could only be cracked open, a very good kernel would be found within. Could I not save this soul at once, in season, before it had sunk deeper into the miry clay that besmeared it? I believed I could. I freely offered him my services, and, to my surprise, my offer was eagerly accepted. He seemed indeed weary of his life: that very night he would have to sleep on a wagon-load of canvas, and be slowly dragged on to the next town. Night after night this had been his portion: in all countries, in all weathers, he had rolled himself in bunting and rocked in that lumbering cradle through dust,

through mire, under rain or starlight, up hill, down dale, from town to town, never resting, for his hardest work was when they came to a halt. Sometimes he lay awake under the midnight moon and saw the country-houses dark and still, and a longing seized him to seek a home somewhere in the world and live as other boys live: once or twice he had made friends, and when he spoke of these episodes in his young career his voice seemed to soften a little, though it was a hard, harsh voice for a child. I might do something for him; I might help him to escape if he desired to; he would meet me on the edge of the town, and we could go on together. It looked easy enough, and I saw nothing very wrong in it.

The company would not miss him till daybreak: by that time he would be miles away, and they would never be the wiser. My friend, Mr. Crook, had no real claim on him: there were hundreds of boys anxious to risk their lives in the same profession, who would surely come to it sooner or later: he had only to raise his finger and a dozen would respond in any town. Young Romeo had surely served his time out: why should he not be free?

With astonishingly long sight for such young eyes, Romeo had looked at the case in all its bearings. When he hailed our coach it would be necessary for him to have the price of the passage with him, otherwise the driver would at once suspect him of being a runaway, and treat him accordingly. He was quite safe from recognition. I hardly knew him when he got his paint off and his clothes on: he was then merely a dwarf spotted with rather large freckles, but he was worth saving if he sought salvation; probably any sort of a fellow is under such aggravating circumstances.

I willingly advanced thrice the price of his passage, and we parted with a compact that sounded like a line in a melodrama, but I didn't care for that: "Alone, in the highway, when the clock strikes one," and so farewell. "Go 'long, boss," said the fairy of the sawdust; and with that I turned to bid Mr. Crook good-

night, and then followed the mob back into town.

It was only 10 P. M. The circus never gives a long bill to these interior people. They are used to early rising, and of course retire betimes. I tipped back against the wall of the public room in the hotel, dreaming over my cigar and impatiently awaiting the departure of the coach. Everybody talked in a low drowsy voice: nearly everybody talked of the circus, and not one of all who spoke of that but at once introduced the sawdust fairy with a flourish that delighted me, for I had already begun to feel that in a measure he belonged to me, and you know one likes to get praise by proxy.

Twelve o'clock came at last. The coach had been standing a full half hour at the door: there was a jingling of harness, a champing of bits, a snorting of horses, and a lashing on of luggage that called every wakeful person on to the verandah to witness the preparations for departure. I was glad to be left alone, for I half believed that I must have a guilty look: I certainly felt quite awkward. When we started I sank into a dark corner on the back seat, and wondered how long it would be before the circus-boy would join me. We hurried down the dark, still street with unaccountable clatter. A fragment of the old moon had risen, and a faint, ghastly light suffused the landscape. We rocked from side to side: the horses, scenting the night air, pranced gayly, and were nothing loath to quit the road and take the first fence they came to. When we passed the circus-lot, lo! not a vestige of the pageant remained: the tent, the mammoth vans, everything had disappeared; only the faint gray circle of the sawdust shone dimly in the thin moonlight, and it all seemed like a dream.

An hour passed: one after another of the passengers fell asleep. We were not hailed by any voice, the night without was still as death. I listened fretfully to the heavy breathing of my companions: I heard the driver's chirrup to his horses and wondered at the necessity of speed just then. We might pass Young Ro-

meo in the uncertain moonlight; we might fail to catch his voice, and what would become of him in that case? An hour and a half, two hours, went by, and we were still jogging on over the shadowless foot-hills with no incident to break the monotony of the midnight journey. It was now evident that Romeo had missed us: probably his premeditated flight had been discovered and he was watched. It would be ill for him in such a case: far better had he never sought to escape. I regretted that I had encouraged him, for his unsuccessful plot would surely bring him from bad to worse, and I dreaded to think of the consequences. Having given over all hope of picking him up on the road, I finished the night in an unpleasant dream, and woke long before breakfast-time at a little town at the foot of the mountains.

Several days passed: again I was staging from place to place in a vagabond summer vacation. It made little odds to me whither I went: I might, had I chosen, have followed up the glaring placards of the circus that were strewn broadcast over the country. One night in this town a week previous, two nights in the next, and then three villages on the main road with a night in each—such was the progress of the caravan.

At Sacramento I found the gorgeous gallery of "sheets" and "streamers" displayed in every convenient quarter of the city. The benefit of Young Romeo was placarded for the night previous, which had closed the brief season in the capital. Romeo was still with the company: the fact relieved my mind of something that was beginning to prey upon me like the shadow of guilt; at any rate, I rejoiced to think that the boy was not adrift in the world without home or friends, possibly without food. At 2 P. M. that very day I took the river-boat for San Francisco. The afternoon was glorious, and as we paddled down the winding stream with its low, flat banks, its small cabin homes hoisted on stilts above the flood-mark, its scanty groves of trees and the occasional meadows of tall *tule*, every passenger remained on deck to enjoy the scene.

We slackened speed as we came to the sharp bends in the river; stopped now and again at infinitely small landings, each having a great name, and a future greater than can easily be imagined unless you have lived in California and had some practice in that line. Schooners with big flat sails were working their way up the stream, with about three men and a dog in each. Our steamer crowded these craft against the muddy banks and rolled a round wave of yellow, creamy water quite up to their deck-line as we passed them: they lurched heavily, three men and a dog growled in concert, and we splashed on toward the next landing.

Swinging up to a respectable dock connected with a small village by a bridge a mile in length, stretching over a dank marsh, we threw out our bow and stern lines and rested for a moment. A dozen men and boys were waiting to do the honors of the place: a smaller number might easily have accomplished all that was expected of so unpromising a place; but unpromising places are sometimes hospitable even to an unnecessary degree. There was a large tent on the edge of the village. I saw it a mile away, but didn't care to acknowledge it till I was obliged to. That hour was now come. Evidently Crook's circus was at Peking, or whatever the name of the village was: it was diminutive enough to have called itself Peking.

I at first concluded to debark at Peking and rescue Young Romeo boldly and by daylight; but something said to me, "Don't meddle with other people's business: let well enough alone," and other familiar words that reminded me of the copy-book. I hate proverbs and maxims—they always sound personal—but I resolved to sacrifice my feelings rather than any portion of my through ticket, and I retained my seat by the guards, calmly surveying the citizens of Peking, who were staring at us with embarrassing steadfastness.

In a moment we were off again, and in the last half of that moment some one on the dock attracted my attention. A small boy in ill-fitting garments, whose

hat was on the back of his head and whose lips were glued to the stump of a cigar: he was the embodiment of saucy defiance, and when he caught my eye he put a thumb to the tip of his nose and wagged his fingers like the claws on one side of a crab. Would you believe it?—it was Young Romeo! I never should have known him by daylight.

A year later I was vegetating in Honolulu sunshine. Twilight is the hour when the semi-tropical inhabitants of that pretty hamlet go out like fire-worshippers to see the last sunbeam pale over the delicious summer sea. I had come out of my oven, and was inhaling the light breeze that springs up at sunset, when a voice accosted me—a weak and therefore a respectful voice, with a whine in it. I turned suddenly as one is apt to when a revery is broken in upon, and there stood a piteous fellow, thin, haggard, sickly-looking, and altogether a melancholy spectacle.

"Well, what can I do for you?" said I in a tone which was hardly encouraging.

"You can give me a lift, sir," said the voice. "I wants to git to Australia to join the company: they's left me here in the hospital, but if I git to them I's all right again."

It was Young Romeo's third and last appearance on this stage. His old company was disbanded, and Mr. Crook had gone back to Astley's or some other world with the determination to conquer or expire. Young Romeo had joined a troupe drawn from all sources, and, I fear, but badly regulated. The company started to visit Honolulu, Australia, China, India, and so on, till they should find themselves cornered somewhere, and there forced to disband and work their several and separate ways home again as best they might. At Honolulu they did well. The natives are passionately fond of horse and riders: I believe they would sell their souls for a front seat in a circus, close to the sawdust.

Romeo, the pet of every public it had been his lot to appear before, fell one night from the trapeze and fractured his arm. He was at once taken to the hos-

pital, and received some attentions from admirers whose sentiment was touched by the romantic story of his life, which was just then freely circulated. He mended rapidly, but being forced to his old work too soon, the arm was again disabled: after this second misfortune there was every prospect of a permanent weakness, and as soon as the fact was discovered, his comrades, whose departure had been delayed a few days in hope of a more promising verdict, made sail at once, and left him alone and penniless among strangers in a strange land.

He was the picture of abject misery: wasted by disease and dissipation, his spirit gone with the glitter of the spangles and the incense of applause, there was not one line in his whole body that answered to the image of the Romeo I had seen for the first time that night in Hornitos. Now he was indeed a fit subject for charity. The captain of a vessel bound for Melbourne had promised to take him in the steerage for a few dollars, and this sum he had nearly raised. I had now an opportunity of doing him a real service. Some people, like some shrubs, cannot be transplanted.

Young Romeo and I had our talks, our walks, our little times together in the course of the next three days. I could keep him in good-humor and cigars for so long at least: it seemed a pity that one who had given delight to thousands should be reduced to beggary.

He filled up for me the breaks in his pitiful history—even showed some little signs of feeling when he spoke of the past and of Mr. Crook's kindness to him. Neither of us referred in any way to the affair at Hornitos: it was as if it had never happened, and I wished that it never had.

On the fourth day Romeo set sail. He was cheerful and hopeful; said he would get some one to write to me when he reached Melbourne—he could not write well enough to think of doing it himself. I alone saw him off: everybody seemed to have lost interest in him, poor boy! One or two youngsters who chanced upon the dock as the vessel swung into the stream recognized and hailed him, but

he gave no sign of emotion of any sort whatever; and so he went out to sea.

Poor little fellow! After waiting a reasonable time with the hope of hearing from him or about him, I gave him up for good, with a kind of tender regret that never left me after I saw him last. I was glad that I had thought kindly

of him through all the phases of our friendship—though it was hardly equal enough to be called that—for the news came after a while that the boy had been swept overboard in a heavy gale off the coast of Australia, and was never seen again.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

THE MOTHER

IT was growing dusk one wintry day when "Monseer Pierre," the French trader, came riding into Fort Leavenworth. He was well known in the garrison as one of the shrewdest and richest traders west of the Missouri, but known only as "Monseer Pierre," for with peculiar reserve he had never mentioned his surname, choosing rather to accept the nickname which was soon fastened upon him. "Monseer Pierre Parley-vous" he was called whenever his comrades needed to give him a formal or a more distinctive title. Through this mock courtesy they not only resented his want of frankness, but also expressed their native distaste for his alien blood and all the propensities which it entailed. He was not popular. The reserve in regard to his name extended to all his private concerns, and this, with traits of personal fastidiousness, aggressive gallantry and a close, frugal habit in money matters, made him somewhat of an offence to the free-tongued, open-handed Western men, who had a fashion of spending all they could get, and telling all they knew with frank and engaging readiness. So they spoke of "Monseer Pierre" with distrust as a man who, while seeming to take all things quietly, turned them to his own account, always had his own way, and that way one which invariably drew the money aside from their hands into his.

But now, in spite of their prejudice against him, the half dozen men who

chanced to be lingering out of doors hurried to meet the "monseer" as he rode in. There was a prospect of news and gossip with every fresh comer, never disregarded at an outpost where the mails are months apart; and, besides, they were surprised to see the man at this season of the year alone, without the train of hunters, trappers, Indians, teamsters, horses, wagons, dogs and all the motley crowd that were wont to attend a successful trader returning to winter quarters with the spoils of the summer.

But "Monseer Pierre" did not check his horse or heed the eager, friendly questions, except by calling out curtly, "Bon soir, my good friends!" Then he drew the cape of his soldier's blue overcoat closer around a queer bundle of buckskin beads and fringe which he carried before him on his saddle—the men had a vague idea that it was a bag of gold—dug the spurs into his panting horse and galloped through the group of curious spectators across the parade-ground to the little log house in which Major Kent, the Indian agent, lived.

He dismounted here, slipped the bridle over his arm and knocked loudly at the door. It was opened by a tall, gray-haired man, the major himself. Without giving him time to speak, Pierre put his bundle gently inside the door, grasped both the major's hands in his, and said rapidly, "Major, you once promised to do me the greatest favor I might ask.

I've but five minutes to ask it now. That boy yonder: will you and your good lady keep him safe for me? His name's Baptiste—for my father. I want him bred like a Christian and a gentleman. You know how better than I. The fact is, sir, he's my own son, and I'd like to give him a better show than ever I've had. Keep him for me till spring, sir, and then I will put him into the Sacred Heart at St. Louis with the good brothers."

"And," said Mrs. Kent, who had followed her husband to the door, and stood unobserved, looking at the two men, "what does the child's mother say about it? or has he none?"

Pierre took off his hat to the lady and answered with a nervous laugh: "His mother? Oh, I forgot to say, his mother's a Sioux Injin: with her tribe up at Kearney. She'll get over it, I reckon. I shall never forget your kindness to my child, madame. But farewell: I must be going. God bless you!" And without another word, and only a hasty glance backward into the darkening room, he vaulted into his saddle and was soon out of sight.

The major and his wife stood watching his figure till it was lost in the twilight.

"Pierre talks less than ever," said the major, who till then had not uttered a word.

But Mrs. Kent, following her own train of thought, expressed herself more strongly. "I don't like that Frenchman," she said as she turned back into her room, "with his dark face and smooth manner. He's heartless. Besides, Mr. Kent, what are we to do with an Indian papoose on our hands all winter? Likely to get the measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, croup, chicken-pox—"

The major, smiling, stopped her: "Look there, wife!"

The bundle which Pierre had thrust into the room still lay on the floor, but out of it had crept a dusky little creature about two years old. At the sound of the unfamiliar voices he scuttled across the room like a crab, into the darkest corner between the bedstead and wall, and stood there, his bright black eyes

shining through the gloom, and a look of grotesque sweetness, half timid, half defiant, on his round baby face. He was dressed fantastically in a suit of buckskin, jacket and leggings, richly worked and fringed with beads of many hues. Moccasins were on his tiny feet: a string of bear's claws and hawk's bells around his neck jangled low at every movement, and in his long straight hair were twisted three or four of the changeable burnished feathers from the cock's tail. The beads and bells and feathers glimmered in the red firelight with a savage splendor; the little form was straight as an arrow; the little face set in all a child's dignity; and the boy looked not unlike a baby chieftain dressed for the war-dance—his grandfather, "the chief of all the Sioux," in miniature.

Mrs. Kent saw only a motherless little one hurt and lonely.

"Come, honey," she cried as she gathered him, buckskin, feathers and all, to her ample bosom. "Poor little man! I'm sure mother's yearning sorely for you this night."

And in the days which came the child yearned for his mother in a way pitiful to see. Or perhaps he missed more the fresh air and the wild free life of the prairies and woods. He was not happy with his kind friends. His new clothes were a torment to him, for, as the first step toward civilization, Mrs. Kent stripped off his heathenish gewgaws and put him into frocks. The daily scrubbing with soap and warm water he considered quite unnecessary, for he had had but few baths before in his life, and those in any chance wayside stream, where his mother broke the ice, held him by the heels and plunged him in. Nor was he comfortable on his soft bed, for he remembered well how through the long summer days he had been strapped into his cocoon-shaped cradle and hung on the low-branched trees to be rocked by every wind that blew, as fat and drowsy as the swaddled butterfly grub which swung by his side.

And yet he never cried or fretted. He sat patiently at first, staring at the door and looking wistfully into the face

of any one who entered. He toddled out whenever the door was left unlatched, and could be always captured in the back garden, digging in the earth, throwing sticks and stones at the birds flying over his head, chasing the chickens, torturing the cat, rolling over the dogs; in the stables under the horses' feet; playing in the mud puddles with bits of bark for canoes. And all this with such a sober, steady ardor that Mrs. Kent shook her head in despair, and said, "Ba'tiste is his mother's child, an Indian clear through, and there's no use going against Nature."

Meanwhile, the winter had fairly set in—a regular old-fashioned winter. The garrison waked up one morning and saw the great yellow river which rolls by the fort frozen from shore to shore, the ice so thick that loaded ox-wagons could be driven across. Then it snowed by day and froze at night till the whole wide prairie around the fort was covered with snow four feet deep on the level, while in the gorges and drifts only the top-most boughs of the pine trees were seen. The soldiers shoveled pathways out through the sally-ports, and piled the snow high above their heads on either side. It froze there into a solid wall lasting far into the spring. The miserable half-clad, half-fed Indians always hovering around a Western fort flocked in for food and shelter. The wolves did not wait to be hunted down, for, tamed by hunger and cold, they prowled close under the walls, and sometimes at night they even crept in, lean and lank, with hideous howlings, as if to beg the blood they fiercely snatched in warmer weather. All landmarks and trails were covered up, and the oldest hunters sat around their hearths like women and spun long yarns. Whoever left the fort did so at the risk of his life. One man ventured, for a foolish wager, to go to the river at night, a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile. The air was thick with the blinding snow and the moon was obscured. He lost his way, turned back, wandered about as long as his strength lasted, then he lay down to sleep with the certainty that he should never waken

again. In the early morning he was found by his anxious comrades just outside the walls, within a stone's throw of his starting-point, more dead than alive—only alive because a large wolf, weakened by starvation, had fallen on top of him and lain there all night, thus preserving with his shaggy body a feeble spark of life in the man.

The agent's house during this stress of weather was the head-quarters of the famishing Indians. They crowded, unkempt and ragged, into the large warm kitchen, and Mrs. Kent gave them whatever portion of corn bread and bacon she could spare from her own stores. One morning, when she went into her front room, she was startled to find a swarthy Indian woman squatted on the buffalo robe before the blazing wood-fire, sound asleep. It was the heavy sleep of exhaustion. The woman's hands were chapped and bleeding; her pretty face was unpainted and all wasted by hunger; her long hair, an Indian woman's pride, hanging unplaited and tangled; the gay trappings and adornments of her dress frayed and dragged and torn. An empty cradle, made after the curious Indian pattern, rested against the chimney-place, and it was plain by the deep mark of the strap across the woman's brow that she had carried the heavy burden a long distance.

By this mute token Mrs. Kent knew that the poor creature at her feet was childless as well as cold and ill; for it is a custom among some of our Western tribes that when a baby dies its mother shall carry about with her for a year or more the empty cradle for a badge of mourning. On journeys or in camp, at work or at rest, she keeps the cumbrous cradle near her, often lavishing upon this empty shell the caresses and endearments she would give her papoose if it were alive to crow and smile in answer.

With great pity in her heart, Mrs. Kent knelt by the woman, smoothed back the straggling hair and called softly to rouse her from her stupor. She stirred at the gentle touch, muttered, stared wildly and then broke out into sobs and exclamations in a curious

jumble of languages. She pointed to her shrunken empty breasts, to the cradle, out of the window—wrung her hands, clasped Mrs. Kent's waist, and cried, "My little papoose! I want: I no live. My whole heart go if he no come back."

"Why, my poor dear," said Mrs. Kent, frightened by her wild looks and gestures, "don't take on so. If the Great Spirit who loves you has taken away your child, you know it can never come again. If you are good you will see him up there in the sky."

"No, no, no! I wake at night. So cold my breast: he does not lie there. My papoose gone. I cry, I look. My man never come. I walk many miles, many suns. I come far. I starve for to get to touch my pretty boy. You good white squaw—know heap, much money. Your man good to poor Indian. Winona do big work for the little dear papoose."

"Wife," said the major, who had just come in—"wife, this is Ba'tiste's mother, sure as you're born. We'll have to get her out of the way somehow. Don't let her see the boy: better send him over to Thomas's quarters for the day. Give her a good warm breakfast and then—"

"And then?" said Mrs. Kent indignantly.

"Well—and then—I don't know."

At this moment Baptiste, fresh and sweet from his morning bath, came running into the room. Winona, crouching on the floor and seeming to see only her sorrow, shivered by the fire at his childish tones. She turned her face toward him. With a greedy gaze her eyes wandered over his body, then with a bound like a tiger's and a cry as deep, she snatched him in her arms and fell to kissing his hair, eyes, lips, hands and feet, murmuring over him a thousand soft Indian names, and Baptiste nestled on her bosom and laughed aloud as if once more he had found his home.

I wish I could tell you the strange story of her journey just as she told it to the major and his wife that morning. But then you might only smile at her queer way of talking, whereas they cried,

for you could not see her sad face as they did, nor hear her voice, nor understand how she put a prayer and a sob into every word.

She told them that from the moment she felt her arms empty and her child gone without a kiss she had night and day one thought: her life was narrowed to the simple resolve to leave the camp and her people and to follow her papoose eastward, even though she must walk to where "the sun rises out of the big water." It was long before she could escape. Her father, the chief of the tribe, watched her suspiciously, and so she saw many times the stars fade, and the dawn creep in, and the day darken again, before the moment came when she could steal away upon her desperate journey. At length it happened that the stock of provisions in the camp ran low, and the braves painted their faces, mounted their swift horses and rode off upon a three days' hunt, leaving behind them only the women and children, with a few sleepy old men for protectors. That night, when the camp was still, Winona rose, packed into the cradle her buffalo skin, with as much dried meat as she could find—it wasn't much—took her bow and arrow, crept stealthily out of the wigwam into the moonlight past the snoring old men on guard, and by daybreak was many miles away upon the trackless prairie.

She knew that the nearest pale-face camp was Fort Leavenworth, distant from Fort Kearney perhaps three hundred miles, and that every one going east passed through this post. In her youth she had several times walked fifty miles between sunset and sunset, and she felt sure she could easily travel three hundred miles in nine or ten days, before the cold weather set in—find her child at the post, or learn some tidings of him, and be helped on in her search by the kind pale-faces. So for the first three days she walked gayly on, singing, I think, her heart was so light and her courage so high.

But on the fourth day the sky was overcast, the open plains were swept by the keen north-west wind, and the snow-

storm began. The short days grew shorter still in the broad shadows of the hills, and the sun or moon rarely broke through the gray clouds. With the coming of the wind and frost every sound and sign of life went out, and a dead, unbroken quiet, noiseless as the falling snow, settled down upon the bleak prairie. The trail of birds through the air, the roving herds of buffaloes on the hills, the busy beavers and muskrats by the stream, all vanished as if by magic, securely hidden in their winter homes. Winona was as much alone as the man locked into polar seas, and the awful silence and monotony of this great white world, in which she was the only houseless wanderer, filled her with terror.

Soon her scanty supply of food gave out: there was nothing she might shoot, so she lived upon the frost-bitten rosehips and black haws which the birds had left on leafless boughs by the roadside, or she dug the dry and sapless roots from the hard ground with her benumbed fingers. Once she was alert enough to trap an unwary beaver who peeped out at her from his mud-plastered house in the creek. With keen hunger she ate him raw, and found him a most delicious morsel. Then again she came one day upon a deserted camping-ground which had been left in haste, for the smouldering fire was still sending up thin blue wreaths of smoke into the frosty air, and scraps of bone and buffalo-meat were strewn over the ground. She rested in this place several days, as long as the scraps lasted. At night she stopped in the sheltered valleys where the willows and cottonwoods grew thick on the banks of little streams. She scooped out a place down to the earth, piled the snow in ramparts to windward, spread out her buffalo robe, kindled a flickering fire, and lay down to fitful slumber and dreams of warmth and food and the aimless touch of baby hands. With the first streak of dawn she was up and away again, climbing over hills, crossing streams on floating cakes of ice, always hungry and thirsty, aching from head to foot, leaving a red print on the snow from her bleeding feet—without guide or trail, and yet divinely led over those dreary, far-stretching wastes, where even the

scent of the bloodhound would have been at fault.

When three weeks, as nearly as she could estimate the time, had passed, she climbed a steep hill one morning, saying to herself that when she reached its top she would lie down and rest. She was so weary of the fight against starvation and cold nothing seemed worth seeking but sleep or death, which would cure all pains. From that hilltop she looked down upon the gray walls of the fort: she heard voices and barking of dogs—saw men moving about, and the warm smoke rising from the chimneys. The sight quickened her drowsy senses. She dragged herself, on hands and knees, along the short distance, staggered past the sentinels, opened the first door she came to, sank fainting in the heart-some warmth of the fire, and we have seen how, on awaking, she found her child as suddenly as she had lost him.

The major turned away as she looked up at him, her story ended. He was thinking of things he never spoke of—his own dear mother and her tender love, his own dearly-loved son. Both mother and son were dead long ago, but they came back again fresh as yesterday in this mother holding up her thin hands to him, and in this son pleading yet more strongly by his babyish joy and content. On the other hand was "Monseer Pierre." He had a right in the affair. He meant to do a good part by the child—a better one than to leave him in barbarity and ignorance, with no higher ambition than the scalping-knife and war-dance. The major had never broken a trust. He could not now, though all the mothers in the world were on their knees before him. He said so to his wife, and he then made a hasty plan by which Winona should be provided for till she could be sent back to her tribe with the first troops going to Kearney.

The women smiled and whispered together while the major was speaking, for they knew, if he did not, that the mighty love which had borne such strain and trial for love's sake only was not now to be made of no avail. The reso-

lute major had arrayed two women against himself: Samson surrendered to one.

Aided by Mrs. Kent, Winona was the major's shadow from that time. She lay in wait for him: if he mounted his horse, she stood at his bridle: if he walked, she followed; if he came in late, if he went out early, Winona was early and late too, always ready, always patient, always pleading, till at length "the major and his squaw" became a byword in the garrison.

The major himself found no amusement in it; for wherever he turned he saw this woman's young, piteous face growing thinner and more haggard, and a look of patient longing settling into the eyes always brimming with tears. She was forbidden to enter the house, and so on days when so bleak and bitter was the weather that not a dog was driven out into it, she stood for hours in the snow, kissing the window-pane against which the chubby brown face of Baptiste was flattened.

It was after such a day that the major said, "Wife, I give in. That squaw's sick face haunts me. I'll give her the child to-morrow night: tell her so. How to make out with Parley-vous I don't know."

Mrs. Kent did not speak: she could not. It was as if a promise had been made that her own dead baby, white and soft, should again sleep warm in her bosom.

The next day was one of the warm bright days that drop sometimes into the mid-winter like a special boon. The sun shone out in such broad bold beams that there was a motion and stir of life through the land such as thrills us in the early days of spring. The snow-birds flew past in a sudden flurry; the long icicles hanging from the eaves grew quite thin and fell splintering on the ground; the ice in the river parted from the shores with a loud crack, and the swift current surged over the banks; while out on the prairie-hills the black earth came through the melting snow in streaks and patches. The "January thaw" had begun. By evening, clouds gathered

and broke into floods of warm rain upon the steaming earth, and there were thunder and lightning like a summer tempest.

At midnight the major carried a mysterious bundle of buckskin and beads and fringe from his bedroom to the kitchen, threw up the window opening out upon the little garden below, and called in a cautious whisper, "Winona, Winona, are you there?"

"Yes," came back from the darkness—"Winona hears."

"Take your boy, Winona—here, from the window. Tell no one, or he will not be safe with you. I give him up to you."

A pair of arms reached up out of the black night and clutched the sleeping baby. The major heard a low sweet sob of joy above the pealing thunder, and he saw by the glare of lightning the hungry, angular, coarse face transfigured by love, shining with a beauty as pure and divine as that which beams from the fair eyes of pictured Madonnas.

The woman disappeared, and her baby with her, as quietly as she had come. The good Kents never saw her again, but they knew that she reached her tribe in safety, for she sent back by every opportunity some little token of gratitude—moccasins or a plait of dried buffalo-meat, a bag of sweet corn or hazel-nut kernels. They heard, too, of the boy for whom such a wonderful love had been displayed, that he grew into a strong, handsome "young brave," wise in council, skilled in the chase and famed for deeds of blood and daring.

It was late spring when "Monseer Pierre" came in to the garrison. He sought the major hastily, and the good old people saw that he was trembling with eagerness and anxiety. "And the boy, major?" he said after the first greetings.

"The boy's all right," answered the major.

"Don't bring him yet, Mrs. Kent: I'll just fetch in my saddle-bags. I picked up a few traps that the young rascal may like: he don't know much about me, you see."

He presently came back smiling with his arms full of packages, out of which

were bursting tin soldiers, trumpets and painted candies. "Children are like their elders—not above a bribe, eh, major?"

"Pierre," said the major, and stopped—"Pierre—"

"Well, man! what's the matter? Speak it out! The boy's in bed, I suppose, and you don't want to wake him."

"The boy has gone."

"Gone! Where? You let him go?"

"I did."

"His mother, I suppose?"

"Yes: she came for him. A mother has the best right to her baby, Pierre."

"Because," added Mrs. Kent, trying to help her husband through—"because she has the most love."

"Ah, madame," said the man in a broken voice, "I too— But what matter? *Sacre!*" He dashed the toys to the floor and ground them under his foot. "You're all the same, you women!"

"Thank God, we are!" cried Mrs. Kent with more heat than devotion.

But her resentful words were not heeded. Their guest struck off the major's

detaining hand, mounted his horse and rode away, to come no more to his old friend's house.

Baptiste and his mother have long since gone to the happy hunting-grounds of their fathers. Pierre and the major and his wife have likewise passed away, for all this is an old story, though now for the first time told. I found it in a little yellow book musty with age, the major's diary. The lesson is obvious. But Mrs. Kent, with the feminine proneness to emphasize a moral, had written at the end, in a cramped, old-fashioned hand, these words: "It's my opinion—and I've seen enough of them to know—it's my opinion that the Indians—the women anyhow—are not such a bad lot, after all. Everything they touch doesn't turn to blood. They have feelings pretty much like the rest of God's people, and if they were given as good a chance and as fair a start in the world, and if we only knew how to put our finger on the soft spot in their hearts, they would be 'most as human and reasonable as white people." M. D. RUFF.

A PREFECT AND A PREFECTURE IN SICILY.

THE institution of prefects seems to be a specialty of the Latin race—not the name only, but the thing as well. To modern Frenchmen a world without prefects is as inconceivable as a universe without a sun. They inquire with much curiosity, but fruitlessly—because by no effort can the reply be made intelligible to them—how in the absence of prefects the English government "communicates with the country." Italy, when it came into possession of its new liberty, very naturally went to work to model its institutions on those of its big neighbor, and split up the territory of the new kingdom into prefectures. I suspect that Italy is beginning to understand from her experience in this matter that "Decipit ex-

emplum vitii imitabile," and that she would fain be rid of her prefects and prefectures. But they are things which, like the monster Frankenstein once created, are very difficult to be got rid of. That the minister who appoints prefects, and to whose power they largely contribute, should be averse to losing this patronage and this power is extremely intelligible. But this is not all. The unfortunate recipient of a present of a white elephant, costly and inconvenient as he may find the animal, would hardly be pleased, unless he were a much more philosophic philosopher than Italians are wont to be in such matters, if all his neighbors had received white elephants, and he alone were left thus undistin-

guished. And the old rivalry between city and city in this land of enduring rivalries makes it exceedingly difficult to begin any attempt to diminish the plague of prefects by any partial measure of abolition. Besides, prefects, like most other mortal things, are not wholly evil. They give balls in the larger cities, sometimes dinners; they patronize; they create miniature local aristocracies, and perform that singular social office called "giving *ton*;" they make fashion; they establish and mark the distinction between somebodies and nobodies. All this is very useful in creating those jealousies and ambitions which impart the much-needed salt to life in sleepy provincial towns. But this is not all. There are many considerations of a more solid nature which make a city which has once tasted the dignity of having a prefect unwilling to lose him. Patronage, so valuable everywhere, is nowhere more highly valued than in Italy. The power of dispensing to others wherewithal to eat is next in desirability to having wherewithal one's self. A prefect has satellites of various sorts, who revolve around him as he around the great central sun, the minister of the interior, and each one of these satellites has his little cosmical system;

Thus large fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have smaller fleas, and so *ad infinitum*.

The dictum is as true of the social world, especially in these latitudes, as it is of the physical. And of course not a single bloodsucker in all the series but is ready to fight tooth and nail for the maintenance of the central sun of the system to which he belongs. From all which it follows that while the institution of prefects is an element of primary importance, no less in the social than in the bureaucratic Italian world, the history of sundry of these functionaries offers a series of very curious illustrations of the peculiar circumstances under which the present order of things, social and governmental, in Italy has been evolved from that which so recently preceded it.

Take, for example, the Marchese di Roccanuda, prefect of Campomagro in Monte, in the island of Sicily. The marchese is not a Sicilian. He is the descendant of a long line of Neapolitan marchesi, who from having once been the possessors of vast domains seem to have come down, by an admirably gradual and gentle process of decline, always steady from century to century, but never moving by dislocating jumps, to the position of possessors of an exceedingly noble name, a title, a tumbledown old palace in Naples, and nothing else in the world. The dilapidated old Roccanuda palace had long ago been mortgaged for more than it was now worth; and the marchese was so well aware of the fact that he never attempted to interfere in any way with the screw processes by which the mortgagees wrung the utmost obtainable centime from the miserable hordes who found shelter under that noble but far from weathertight roof, using it more after the fashion that rabbits use a warren than that in which human beings use a house. Under these circumstances how was the marchese to live, and perform the almost equally necessary duty of preventing his noble name from becoming extinct? Who could have asked such a question in the good old times when Bomba the Last was king? Of course the necessity of giving the marchese some position at court which should enable him to live in some degree as a marchese should—*i. e.*, without doing anything from rosy morn to dewy eve—was equally manifest to the marchese and to his sovereign. So he received the appointment of Grand Deputy Assistant Pocket-handkerchief Holder to His Majesty, and had a deputy with a small *d* to do the duty of the Deputy with a big *D*, which consisted in drawing his salary. This was such as compelled the marchese and marchesi—for the "position" was one that enabled the nobleman to take to himself a noble wife—to live mainly on macaroni in a garret, the inside of the door of which no human being save the noble family and one servant-girl was ever allowed to see; but at the same time to

appear on the outside of that door unexceptionably clad, to have a carriage with a very grandly-embazoned coat-of-arms on the panels, and a couple of half-starved job horses to draw it, and to appear occasionally at the opera. And thus matters went on, to the contentment of all parties, in a normal and satisfactory condition, until one day a terrible blast blew from the North, and King Bomba and his court were driven before it like chaff before the wind. And what was to become of the Grand Deputy Assistant Pocket-handkerchief Holder? The young marchese—for the Grand Deputy had by that time a son of eighteen and a daughter a year younger—left the paternal roof and clandestinely joined Garibaldi. The father was by no means angry, and had considerable doubts whether the move was not the best one then on the board. However, that phase of the young marchese's career is never referred to now, save perhaps by a vague phrase or two as to his having bled on the field for the liberty of his country. The marchese himself dived and disappeared for a short period, and came to the surface again in Turin, of all places in the world! It must be supposed that the consciousness of his own tried administrative abilities made him feel that he should be needed in this crisis of his country's fortunes. And it would seem that the feeling prompted him aright, for at the first settling of the newly-acquired kingdom the Marchese di Roccanuda was named prefect of Campomagro in Monte. Of course the Garibaldians, who had driven out King Bomba and made Victor Emmanuel a present of Naples and Sicily, thought that prefectures and sub-prefectures and all other such good things should be divided among them. The men at Turin who were charged with the government of the entire new kingdom, and who, to tell the plain truth, felt themselves embarrassed in the face of diplomatic Europe by the irregularity of the modes which had made them masters of the southern half of the kingdom, and half ashamed of the bigness of the present they were accepting at the

hands of the successful adventurer, did not see the thing in the same light. They were not altogether unjustly afraid of the possible, and indeed probable, results of such a distribution of the spoils of the new conquest; and they were further largely influenced by the old social *convenances* and prejudices and caste connections, existing not perhaps so much in their own breasts as in those of the crowd of subordinate agents by whom and through whom they had to work. Besides this, again, there arose the question whether all the members of the Roccanuda and other similarly circumstanced families were to be left to absolute and pitiless starvation. And this was a question not only of humanity, but of policy. The Neapolitan nation had not been disposed to fight for King Bomba, even to such an extent as might have been necessary to overwhelm the small force of Garibaldi; but it did not follow that a large part of the nation was not disposed in Bomba's behalf to make the country ungovernable by anybody else. On the contrary, it was very well known that there was such a large class of persons, mainly to be found among those who had belonged to the ruling class of the country, who were eager to do so. And these were men who could not be conquered, because they would neither fight nor even declare themselves to be enemies, but might be bought, because they were quite willing to sell themselves, in many cases easing their consciences by determining to do as little as might be, when the bargain should have been made, towards performing their part of it. It is very questionable whether prudence would not have counseled the men of Victor Emmanuel's government to give far more weight to this last consideration in their deliberations on the subject than they seem to have done.

And thus it came to pass that Ippolito Marchese di Roccanuda became, as many others like him became in similar places, prefect of Campomagro in Monte. Doubtless, as was borne in mind at Turin, Campomagro in Monte is not among the more important cities of Italy. It is a city,

even according to the orthodox and Old-World acceptance of that term, for it possesses a bishop and chapter. But, on the other hand, it does not possess any roads to speak of. It is situated among the mountains nearly in the centre of the island, and traveling in that part of the world being rendered by no means agreeable on many accounts, its population is a very isolated and primitive one. The shepherd-lads on the surrounding hills may still be seen piping to their flocks and to the shepherd-lasses on the double pipe, so familiar to the classical scholar and so wholly lost to the world everywhere else, just as they did on the same hills two thousand years ago, and probably entertaining very similar ideas of all things in heaven and earth to those which had their place in the brains of their remote but probably lineal ancestors. Campomagro is not the capital of a fertile district. It probably may have been so once, what time Sicily was the granary of the Roman empire. But Norman, Saracen, Spaniard and Frenchman have worked their will on the land since then. The forests that protected the hills and regulated the water-supply have perished. The soil has been carried by the torrents from the slopes where it grew grain into the valleys, where it clogs the water-courses and makes marshes and breeds malaria. And, diminished as the population is, it is now as much as the district of Campomagro in Monte can do to keep its own inhabitants half fed. The city itself is at least free from malaria, being too high above the spots where that foul fiend is generated to be reached by it. It is perched on the top of a rocky hill, and from a distance has a singularly picturesque appearance. The almost black tower of its ancient cathedral stands out in singularly striking contrast to the crowd of dirty white buildings huddled around it. There are fragments of the ancient city walls too, with a square tower or two, which, standing as they do at the edge of a precipitous cliff, make a great show and produce a most picturesque effect. But, alas! 'tis distance lends enchantment to the view. When

once you have with painful toil climbed the tortuous bridle-road that leads from the valley below to the dark and frowning archway of the old city gate, and have entered its cavernous mouth, you begin to think that Dante's celebrated inscription on the entrance to the infernal regions would not have been out of place above the gate of Campomagro. Nevertheless, the first sensation on entering is, if you have arrived there, as is probable, in summer, one of pleasurable relief. The heat and glare on the open woodless hillside have been almost intolerable, and the contrast to these as you pass the archway of the gate is wonderful. You pass at once from glare to a sort of mysterious twilight. It is by comparison cool. But the sights that meet the eye as you advance along the street, ill paved with round cobble-stones, are not idyllic; and still less are the odors that assail another much maltreated sense ambrosial. Of sound, if the sun be yet two hours or so above the horizon, very little meets the ear. It is the most reposeful hour of siesta at Campomagro. And despite the disagreeables that assail sundry of your senses, you can hardly wonder that the inhabitants move as little beyond their walls during the mid hours of the day as the people of a northern city do during the mid hours of the night. So far as the lying down together of pigs and children is concerned, the millennium seems to have arrived in Campomagro. Around some of the doors or in the embouchure of lanes, compared to the dismal obscurity of which the twilight of the main street is bright day, groups of both species may be seen fraternally wallowing in the reeking mud together, the one species of animal almost as naked as the other. As you advance into the interior of the place, however, a gradual but small improvement in the architectural features of it becomes visible. Gloomy, forbidding, jail-like looking houses of cut stone, almost black with age, and many of them with an escutcheon cut in stone over the door, alternate with half-dilapidated tenements of a construction less formed for duration. At last you see light ahead, almost as one

does when emerging from a railway tunnel, and you find yourself in the principal piazza of the city. One side of this is occupied by the west front of the cathedral and the residence of the bishop standing beside it. At right angles to this, and facing the south, is the prefecture; and the rest of that side of the square is completed by a building in which the legal business of the district is transacted, and by sundry other government offices. The side opposite to this, that from which you have arrived, is formed of some four or five of the bettermost houses of the city, and the remaining side, that opposite to the cathedral, is open to the country. This is the one grand and pleasing feature of the place. A parapet-wall bounds the piazza on that side, an abrupt precipice falls immediately on the other side of it, and from this parapet the eye ranges over a wide district of valley and mountain for many and many a mile.

Such is the Marchese di Roccanuda's kingdom. There he lives from year's end to year's end, save when the monotony of his existence is broken by an official visit to Palermo. And there his wife, the marchesa, and his extremely pretty daughter, the Marchesina Rosina, live without any interruption to the monotony of their lives. The young marchese, the ex-Garibaldian, has obtained a commission in the Italian army, the dispensers of such blessings having been moved by much the same considerations as those which obtained a prefecture for his father.

The life at Campomagro can hardly be said to have been of a lively or exhilarating nature. And it can hardly have been that the marchese and his family did not feel the change which had befallen them. Nevertheless, there was the consideration that things might have been worse, very much worse. In the first place, it is something—very much to men of the Roccanuda mould—to be "monarchs of all they survey"—to be the Tritons, however small the minnows. Then there was but very little to do, and that little was pretended to be done by his secretary. He lived in a large house,

instead of in a garret in an off street from the Toledo; and he was, what he had never before tasted the smallest savor of being, a great man. It can hardly be doubted that he regretted his morning walks in the Villa Reale, his afternoon drives in the Chiaja, his gossip in the royal antechambers, and such like occupations of the life to which he had been bred. But, on the other hand, his daily dinner was more plentiful and more assured. And though, in truth, he had in old times found the antechamber more amusing than he now found the presence-chamber, still, it was something to know, while he dawdled sufficiently to make folks believe that he was laboriously busy with the affairs of the public, that others were waiting to be admitted to his presence as he had himself once waited. I am inclined to think that the lady marchesa and the Marchesina Rosina, her pretty daughter, did not find life at the prefecture so dull as the Signor Prefetto did. Neither of these ladies could read or write, save with an amount of difficulty that rendered the doing either willingly or as an amusement out of the question. And perhaps it may seem at first sight that this would have repaid their lives all the duller, by cutting off from them so all-sufficient an employment. But I think such a notion reposes on a mistake. The less cultivated any human being is, the less sensible is he to the attacks of the demon of ennui. The intolerable void caused by the absence of all occupation for the mind is only felt by minds which have been accustomed to be occupied. The official revenues did not supply any very liberal sums for expenditure upon the ladies' toilettes, but they were better off in this respect than they had been before, while very much less was needed or expected from them. And this was a very great point; the excellence which ambition aims at in this matter being not positive, but strictly comparative. The marchesa and her daughter were the most fashionably-dressed women in Campomagro. That is to say, they were held to be so by the inhabitants of that city. And the beauty of the position was, that had they thought fit to

wear head-dresses made of foolscap paper or skirts made of Turkey carpet, the same faith would have been unhesitatingly held. If to follow the fashion be good, surely to set it for others to follow must be much better. And the latter happiness was now the lot of the prefectess and her daughter. I fancy, also, that in the matter of society the ladies were better off than the prefect himself. There was a bishop, as has been mentioned, and there were the clergy of his cathedral. Now, it was not that there was any such difference of mental calibre between the marchese and the bishop or any of his clergy as made intercourse between them unamusing, while it did not act so in the case of the ladies. Nor was it that there was any lack of sympathy on matters of State or Church between the prefect and the clergy: the contrary was the case, as will presently be seen. But, somehow or other, it happens that the Catholic clergy like the society of the gentler sex better than they do that of the male members of their flocks, while the ladies are able to take a pleasure in clerical society which men can rarely take; so the marchesa and the charming Marchesina Rosina had social resources at their command which were of little or no avail to the marchese.

Of course, as soon as the appointment of the Marchese di Roccanuda to the prefecture of "that important city" of Campomagro in Monte was known, it was the signal for a terrible outcry on the part of all the opposition members in the Chamber and all the opposition newspapers throughout the kingdom. What! a known and notorious adherent of the late detested monarchy! a priest-ridden bigot, whose conscience was in the keeping of the priests! a member of the Black party in disguise! a reactionist! a sworn enemy to the new order of things! Was it for this that we gave our blood? etc., etc., etc. But the ministry had pursued the same policy in so many other cases, and had been so often assailed by the same outcry, that their ears were used to it, and they let the storm rage till it had tired itself with the subject and turned to something else. It

was not long, however, before circumstances gave the malcontents an opportunity of catching the new prefect, as it was thought, on the hip. It was the festival of the Corpus Domini. Campomagro had from time immemorial celebrated this high religious festival by a grand procession of the Holy Sacrament round the town—a procession in which all the authorities, civil and military, used to take part, giving to the celebration an unequivocal air of governmental sanction, and at the same time proving, of course, the affectionate reverence of the State for Holy Mother Church. Upon this occasion the whole country-side was on the tiptoe of expectation to see what line the new prefect would take in the matter, the more so that the syndic, a landowner of the neighborhood who had recently returned from the exile he had suffered under the former government, would, as all the Campomagro world well knew, take no part whatever in the celebration of the religious festival. This syndic was in fact in more ways than one a thorn in the side of the prefect. He had suffered first imprisonment and then exile for his political opinions under the Bourbon government—had then joined Garibaldi, and helped in kicking his old tyrant out of his kingdom. He was an old patrician, Conte Parana by name, a bachelor, a great hater of the priests, and not without influence among a certain portion of the people of the district. Luckily for the marchesa, he had no wife or daughter, otherwise her reign might not have been so undisputed as one as it was in the absence of any rival potentate.

When the great day of the festival drew near, those who carefully watched such matters reported in the town that the bishop had been seen of late two or three times to enter or quit the prefecture at unusual hours—morning hours, when the Signor Prefetto was known to be in his study. The visits of the bishop at the prefecture were by no means rare, but they usually took place either in the afternoon or in the evening. And conclusions were drawn accordingly. One morning, about four or five days before

the festival, the marchesa, returning from an early visit to the church, found the bishop's liveried footman lounging at the door of the prefecture, and the chaplain, who had attended him in his walk of a dozen yards across the piazza, sitting half asleep in the prefect's antechamber. So she knew that the ecclesiastical and civil authorities were in high conclave; and thinking that it might be as well for the good cause that she should make one of the council, she entered the sacred studio. Her husband was sitting behind his official table brandishing a huge paper-knife in his hand, and the bishop, sitting opposite, exactly faced him, with his two elbows on the table, and his snuff-box held in both hands. The two men were much contrasted in appearance—the marchesa tall, spare, dry-looking, with a thin weak face, an aquiline nose, and a forehead that retreated in a straight line from the root of his nose to the top of his bald pyramid-shaped head. The bishop was an oily, roundabout-looking man, with a handsome mouth, good dark eyes, and a broad, well-shaped forehead. His voice was soft, and, old courtier as the marchese was, the bishop was the courtier-mannered man of the two.

"I thought," says the lady, entering, "that matters had all been settled about the *festa*, for I suppose you are talking about that?"

"It is about the public force, my dear. The bishop knows my sentiments. Of course I shall be found in my proper place, both at mass in the church and in the procession through the town. But His Reverence is very anxious for the attendance of the public force."

"Yes, I confess I *am* anxious on this point," replies the bishop in a somewhat thick but soft and insinuating voice, "because I know what effect these things produce upon the people, and I know what they expect. Believe me, Signor Marchese, our people here are attached to their old ways. I am sure the marchesa will agree with me."

"Why, Ippolito, what can you be thinking of? Of course the soldiers must go in the procession. *Misericordia!*

Why, what is a procession without soldiers?" says the lady in a high-pitched, shrill voice.

"Quite true, my dear—quite true. But, you see, everything is so watched and called over the coals in these days. I am sure I don't know what we are coming to. There are some very godless men among the government at Turin; and, you see, I don't know how it would be taken," says the marchese, rubbing one hand slowly over the other as he speaks, and wishing devoutly, no doubt, that he could wash his hands of the matter altogether.

"I think," returns the bishop softly, "that when the nature and the habits of our population are taken into account, it would be considered a wise and prudent step not to alienate their feelings from the present government. I am not a political partisan: I speak only in the interests of tranquillity and good order. Our mountaineers are a religious people, and I would not undertake to say that we might not have some trouble if any change in such respects led them to imagine that the new government was hostile to their religion. Believe me, I am speaking in the interest of the government."

"Why, Ippolito, of course the soldiers must go," his lady wife says once again.

And the soldiers do go. And that same evening a report is despatched to Turin by the syndic laying the circumstance before the minister, and lamenting the mischievous effect such a use of the public force was likely to produce on the minds of the people, and especially enlarging upon the enormity of the fact that the soldiers of a constitutional and liberal government were absolutely made to carry wax tapers in their hands. Almost by return of post this perfidious despatch comes back to Campomagro, enclosed to the prefect, with a request that he will report upon the matter referred to. The poor marchese's teeth chatter in his head as the minister's despatch falls from his hand. His mind had misgiven him that trouble would come of this unlucky procession; and what was to be done now? Evidently, the first thing to be done was

to go to his wife, partly in I-told-you-so triumph, but more in search of support and counsel.

The lady takes the matter very easily. "Ta, ta, ta!" says she: "it's a long arm that can reach from Turin to Campomagro. Send for the bishop: he'll make it all straight."

So the bishop is summoned to the prefecture, and comes smiling and calmly confident—a mood which does not seem to be in the smallest degree changed by a perusal of the ministerial despatch. "It is always a good thing," says the bishop, "to have an opportunity of saying a word for the truth and the good cause. The minister would have been wiser from his point of view to say nothing about the matter. We must answer his letter. Will you permit me, dear marchese, to draw up a sketch of a reply, your time is so precious and so fully occupied? I will bring it to you this evening."

That same evening, accordingly, the good bishop returns with a well-written letter to the minister for the prefect to copy. After warm expressions of his own attachment and devotion to the present order of things, the writer proceeds to say that having deemed it his duty to make himself intimately acquainted with the opinions, desires, and even the prejudices, of the people of the district confided to him, he had come to the opinion that evil rather than good would have resulted from a too brusque and sudden opposition to all their habits and wishes in the matter of the procession; that they were not in general ill disposed toward the present government of His Majesty, but that their attachment to their clergy and their religion is the strongest passion known to them; and that, though far from despairing of success in his great object of gradually building up in the popular mind an equally ardent affection for their new country, and as lofty a conception of their duties toward their country as they now have of their duties toward their Church, he yet judged it impolitic to force upon them any measures which might in their eyes seem to place the two in

opposition; and indeed should not feel himself justified in attempting to govern the city and district of Campomagro if it were judged desirable to insist on a line of conduct that would have such an effect.

The bishop keeps nodding his head in time to the cadences of his own sentences with much complacency as the prefect reads the letter; and the marchese exclaims at the end of it, "The holy man! how beautifully he does it! It is just as if it was preached from the pulpit."

But the prefect's face falls when he comes to the last sentence: "But, my dear friend, surely you know as well as I do that—that it would not suit me, in short, to give up the prefecture. If I fly in the face of the minister—"

"Make your mind perfectly easy, my dear friend," returns his reverend Mentor: "trust me, the minister has more cause to be afraid of us than we have to be afraid of him. And we know our friends, we others. You send His Excellency that letter: trust me, you will be all right enough."

So the letter is sent; the minister shrugs his shoulders as he tosses it into a pigeon-hole; and a day or two later, in reply to a question from a deputy on the "Left," quotes the bishop's words about "building up an ardent affection for their new country," and assures the Chamber that the country has not a more zealous or patriotic official than the Marchese di Roccanuda.

In point of fact, there is a larger element of truth in the statements which monsignore the bishop put into the prefect's mouth with reference to the disposition of the population of those hills than many observers of Italian affairs from a distance—and, as one may say, from the outside—would perhaps have supposed. The country generally is "liberal," radical even, with a tendency toward the redder shades of that creed. But such opinions can only be said to be held in such consistent fashion as gives them any right to be called opinions by what is in fact a small minority of the entire people. They are held by the people who make most noise, who write

and read newspapers, who are, as Carlyle says, articulate, and have the capacity to say what they feel and mean and wish. But when it is remembered that in the district of Campomagro the people who can neither read nor write are in number about eighty-five per cent. of the population, it will be seen that the "inarticulate" men must count for something, if only by sheer dead weight. These men and women, so little removed in the scale of being from the cattle they tend, for the most part hate the late Bourbon government because it *was* a government, and as such an enemy as much as a wolf is a lamb's enemy, and because they were miserable and wretched under it. They have a certain amount of perception that this hated government and the priests rowed in the same boat; and the priests have accordingly suffered in their estimation on account of the mutual support which State and Church lent each other. But they do not see, there has happened nothing to enable them to see, any reason why there should be any necessary incompatibility or antithesis between the liberalism which promises to cure the evils they suffered from and the religion which gave them the few good things they ever knew—rest, holidays, amusement, shows. So that there is some truth in the bishop's representation of the state of the popular mind as regarded the Corpus Domini procession. Nor would it be impossible to show some grounds for believing that such a man as the Marchese di Roccanuda, with his antecedents, his connections, his friendships and his ideas, might be more likely to keep things quiet, *in statu quo*, than an administrator from the North, with the views and ideas of a very different school. But is keeping things as they are what is needed? What about the future? What about the recovery of the magnificent island, once the garden

and the granary of Italy, from the condition of all but absolute barbarism to which centuries of every species of bad government have brought it? What about the civilization of those savage descendants of one of the once most highly civilized races in Europe? For all these purposes the Roccanuda maxims of government are worth considerably less than nothing. And for the eradication of the darker evils, schemes for the getting rid of which are now setting the statesmen of Italy by the ears? Prefects of the Roccanuda stamp will achieve nothing in this direction. It is not from any such that the reports have proceeded which have in some degree opened the eyes of Italy and of the outer world to the almost incredible state of chronic lawlessness prevailing in that ruined country. No doubt the marchese, prefect of the mountain-district of Campomagro, could have told many a tale that would seem wholly incredible to the administrators of the law in any other country on the face of the globe. But the marchese is a cautious man, interested above all else in the perfect preservation of his own skin, not apt by his training from his youth upward to feel that moral shock which the supremacy of wrong over right produces in less thick-skinned moral natures, and governed mainly by the idea that when it must necessarily cause a great deal of trouble to change anything it is always wisest to leave it as it is. Fortunately, there are magistrates and administrators of a different class from our marchese in Sicily. Some of these have spoken out in tones which have arrested the attention of all Europe. And on a future occasion perhaps I may endeavor to represent to my readers in these pages some picture of a state of things not paralleled, I think, in any hitherto known community.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

SMITHERS:

A CURIOUS BIT OF REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY.

THE rectification of history and the rehabilitation of historical characters is a thing so common now-a-days, and withal so fascinating both to the student making the investigation and the reader who profits by its fruits, that no apology is deemed necessary for the present paper, even if simple justice did not demand its publication. Dunlap, in his quaint and very curious *History of the Arts of Design in America*, speaks thus of the man whose name appears at the head of this article: "SMITHERS, originally a gun-engraver, and employed in the Tower of London, came to Philadelphia in 1773. He undertook all kinds of engraving, and probably stood high in public opinion: he was the best, for he stood alone. To him we may owe the caricatures of the times, some of the wits of the day assisting in the designs. He engraved the blocks for the Continental money, and afterward imitated them for the British. How great must have been his love for his native country!" (Vol. i. p. 156).

The true history of Mark Smithers, and of the treason he was supposed to be guilty of, is now for the first time published, and I give it verbatim from the original narratives, changing only some names in order not to cast needless odium upon very respectable people. The papers which follow were found in the desk of the late Mr. Ballard Sedley, when he died in June last. It would appear as if he meant to publish them: why he did not do so I do not know, but suppose his habitual caution and the reticence natural to men in his profession had much to do with it. Mr. Sedley was for a great many years a leading lawyer at the Princess Anne (Somerset county, Maryland) bar, and I received the papers, with leave to publish them, from his family. Mr. Sedley's narrative is as follows:

PRINCESS ANNE, October 11, 1842.

To-day's paper gives me news of the death of my old friend, Miss Harriet Babington. As she is the last survivor of the parties likely to suffer by exposure of the truth, I deem it due to the memory of Mark Smithers to give a true history of that counterfeiting affair, and to vindicate him as he was never willing to do for himself. To this end I will prepare a plain narrative of the whole matter so far as I was connected with it and could trace out the facts. The circumstances of the death of Colonel Thomas Babington are still perhaps remembered by those who were contemporary with the occurrence, and it will wound many of his old friends still surviving, who had implicit faith in him, to learn the actual cause of that rash act; but all this does not relieve me from the obligation I feel to set right the story of that most unhappy man and pure patriot, Mark Smithers.

In May (I forget the exact day), 1823, soon after I had begun the practice of the law, and while I was a partner of General Marshal in Baltimore, Marshal was sent for by Colonel Thomas Babington to come to Independence Hall, in Frederick county, his country-seat, and write his will. The message required immediate attendance. As it happened, Marshal was ill with a fit of the gout, and protested he would not jolt over the rough roads of Baltimore and Frederick counties if Babington would give him his farm. He accordingly sent me to take his place, and I went in the stage-coach to Frederick Town, where Colonel Babington met me with his own carriage in great style.

I was of course perfectly familiar with Colonel Babington's record both in the field and in Congress. I knew of his great wealth and his popularity and social standing, but I had never met him personally before. He was sixty-

eight years old, but did not look more than fifty. He was a very tall and a very large man (he weighed two hundred and ninety pounds, he said), corpulent, florid, yet stately withal. His stubby gray hair, cropped close, stood out all over his round head. He had a pleasant, even a sweet mouth, still full of sound teeth, and I liked all his features but his eye, which, too bright for a man of his years, was small and cunning—furtive, I thought—and moved uneasily to the right and left.

Colonel Babington looked the least bit disappointed when I handed him General Marshal's letter, gave him my partner's excuses, and told him I had come in his place. He quickly recovered, however, said I would doubtless do very well, helped me into his carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive on. Nothing could exceed the courtesy with which he treated me then and all the time of my visit. He was a man of most pleasant address, good education, large experience among men: he abounded with anecdote, was witty and humorous, laughed often and long, and interlarded his talk with frequent and pat quotations from the English dramatists, and particularly Shakespeare. He was an incessant talker, and I thought a little nervousness was at the bottom of his sudden transitions from topic to topic.

Independence Hall, a handsome mansion upon a most beautiful estate of several thousand acres of the best and most fertile soil, was soon reached, and I was introduced to Mrs. Babington—pious, patient soul! never shall I forget your sweet saint's smile, your quiet fortitude in affliction—and Miss Harriet, their only child, a maiden of forty, not handsome in face and figure, but lovely indeed in soul. Dinner was served soon after our arrival, and during the progress of this meal, at which there were no guests besides myself, I noticed that Babington's wife and daughter were uneasy about him, watching him closely, and most closely when he was talking most jovially. I could not make out why they should do so. It was not on account of the wine, for, though he

drank a good many glasses of the fine old madeira that was on the table, he did not take too much, nor more than was likely to be the daily habit of a man in his condition.

After dinner candles were sent into the library, and the colonel invited me in there with him to smoke a cigar. When we got in Babington locked both doors, drew the curtain down over the window, and said we had better proceed to business at once. First he went to a buffet, poured himself out an immense glass of dark French brandy, and drank. Then he seated me at the table, gave me pens, ink, legal paper, and told me to write his will.

I paused and looked at him in astonishment when, after I had written down the formal and introductory parts, he instructed me as to the details of the instrument. His estate, I knew, was valued at a sum approximating eight hundred thousand dollars, a great fortune in those days. Yet to his wife he left nothing, saying her private fortune, secured to her at his own instance in the marriage settlement, was ample for her needs. To his daughter Harriet he left a trust estate of six hundred dollars a year for life, Marshal & Sedley being trustees, and at her death the property to go to his principal legatee. All the rest and residue of his estate, real, personal and mixed, he bequeathed absolutely to one "Mark Smithers, gunsmith (once of England, then afterwards of Philadelphia, but now living, or supposed to be living, in the almshouse or upon charity in the town of Reading, Pennsylvania), as a partial but inadequate reparation for the injuries I have done to him."

I held my pen poised in a state of doubt and perplexity. He read my thoughts, drew himself up haughtily, and said, "Sir, you may be assured I am neither drunk nor mad, nor am I bound to give you the sufficient private reasons which govern me in disposing of my estate. That they are sufficient my present acts witness and the future will amply reveal."

I bowed and went on writing, while

Colonel Babington at once recovered his suavity and his pleasant tone of voice. "I wish," said he, "to name three executors—my wife, my daughter Harriet and yourself. Put it down so." I asked leave to decline, but he would not hear of it: "There will be much intricate business to attend to, about which my wife and daughter know nothing; and Marshal is too old and inactive."

The writing of the instrument completed, he got up, rang a bell and unlocked the doors. A servant appeared. "Have those gentlemen arrived, William?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"All three of them? Then ask them to step in here."

The servant departed, and presently three gentlemen came in with that solemn sort of embarrassment which usually attends upon such duties as they were called on to perform. One of these gentlemen was a doctor—Mervin his name was: the names of the others escape me at this late day.

"Gentlemen," said Colonel Babington, "I have asked your attendance this evening, as neighbors, to witness the execution of this my last will and testament." When the witnesses had all signed, Colonel Babington opened a drawer in his desk, took from it a large envelope swollen with papers, and folding the will put it with them, sealed the envelope, replaced it in the drawer, and locked it, calling my attention to the place of deposit.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, rubbing his hands as he went to the sideboard, "having sacrificed to Themis, let us dismiss our solemn faces and pour a libation to Bacchus. After that, I know that my daughter Harriet has her backgammon board and a challenge ready for the doctor, which leaves us just a *partie carré*—my good wife having her scruples about cards—for the whist-table. Sedley, I will take you for partner; and that's a compliment, too, for I am as choice about my whist-partners as I am about the vintage of my madeira; but you've a close eye and a firm lip: you can play, I'll bet my wig on it."

It was after midnight when the card-party broke up, the two neighbors going home, and Dr. Mervin concluding to stop all night. My host, with old-fashioned courtesy, took my candle and showed me to bed himself, bidding me good-night and pleasant dreams. I can almost see his ruddy, cheerful face now as he backed out of the room and closed the door behind him. I never saw that cheerful, ruddy face again, but only a ghastly mask of it, horrible in sudden death.

Day was just breaking when I sprang, or rather I may say was torn out of my bed by a shrill shriek that filled the house with horror. Then came the screams, cries and wails of excited negro-servants, a great banging of doors and rushing to and fro. I hurriedly put on my clothes, and had my hand upon the door to go out to see what was the matter, when it was burst open and Dr. Mervin darted in, seizing me by both arms. He was pale and dreadfully agitated. "Babington is dead!" he cried. "Come with me at once: we must save the women. They are going crazy."

"Dead!" said I, dreadfully shocked. "How?"

He gave me a quick glance: "I have not examined yet, but it must have been heart disease. He was subject to that, and he died very suddenly."

"Was any one with him?"

"No: it was heart disease. There must be no inquest, I tell you. It will kill his wife. Come with me at once."

I followed him to the library, where I had written the will the evening before. It was a terrible scene. The passages and room adjoining were crowded with servants in every attitude of fright and uncontrollable excitement, praying, shrieking, crying, but none venturing into the room of death. The daylight struggled in faintly at the windows, while two candles, unsnuffed and guttered, shed a red light around. In his great leather chair by the desk, but facing toward the middle of the room, sat Colonel Babington, bolt upright, his eyes staring glassily, his ruddy color supplanted by a purplish, ashen hue. He was dead, stark dead.

At his feet lay his daughter in her night-dress, swooning, while at his side, in night-dress likewise, with one arm partly clasping the corpse, one hand resting on its knee, knelt the unhappy wife, her face turned toward us and full of such agony, such despair, such wistful, dumb entreaty, that I could not endure it, but turned away. The room was filled with the subtle, penetrating, unmistakable odor of bitter almonds. I looked at the doctor: he gave me a single glance, clutched my arm in a fierce grip, then bustled forward to the corpse. He felt the pulse, put his hand over the heart, lowered the lip a moment, lifted an eyelid, then closed the eyes, the poor woman all the time watching him with that importunate agony in her eyes. Then he turned briskly to me: "Just as I feared, Mr. Sedley: heart disease. He has been troubled with it a long time. I knew it would carry him off suddenly some day. No need of an inquest, of course?"

"None in the world," answered I promptly.

The wretched wife heaved a long sigh of profound relief, then sank forward upon her daughter's feet in a swoon.

The doctor's manner changed instantly. "The very best thing in the world that could have happened," he said. "Here, Jane, Sally, Nancy—all of you—stop your howling out there and take your mistresses up stairs and put them to bed: I'll come and bring 'em to directly." While the women were carrying the ladies up stairs, he sent other servants off to fetch some of the colonel's neighbors and kinsmen, and thus got rid of all of them.

"Open the windows, Sedley," said he: "the first thing to do is to get rid of this telltale smell. I'll burn a pastille presently, and sprinkle some camphor and peppermint around." He picked up a small vial from the floor, looked at it, and put it into his pocket. "Two ounces!" he exclaimed. "Enough to kill six! He must have died as quickly as if struck by lightning. What druggist was fool enough to sell a man the concentrated acid? There's no label on the bottle."

There was a crumpled scrap of paper

at the dead man's side, just where Mrs. Babington had been kneeling. I picked it up and read: "Wife, don't blame me: I could not help it. I have done the best I could." I handed it to the doctor. He glanced at it, then burnt it in the flame of a candle: "She has read that, I suppose. But it is no concern of ours, Sedley. It is not signed: we can't take cognizance of anonymous communications. It is my opinion Babington died of heart disease, and in such a view of the case an inquest will not only be absurd, but cruel. What do you think?"

"Anything in the world to spare that wretched woman, doctor."

He grasped my hand impulsively: "You're a man, Sedley! We won't have this thing blazoned around for every scandalous tongue to lick it over. We won't let the coroner come: we two can fight the matter out. I've been looking for this a long time. There has been something on Babington's mind for many years, but— Well, no matter: let's do our duty by the living."

By great care and management, the doctor proving himself to be a host, we made the belief general that the death proceeded from a cardiac trouble which the colonel was known to suffer with, and in this way prevented any inquest. The colonel was buried in the Frederick cemetery with considerable pomp, and the doctor and I had the pleasant feeling of giving two wretched women comparative happiness in the midst of their misery. No mistake about their gratitude. Of course where there were so many servants present the true state of the case speedily got abroad, and after a while it was generally understood that Colonel Babington had destroyed his life; but the cause of the act being suppressed, the thing never attained any higher dignity than that of rumor.

I come now to state what that cause was. The day after the funeral I asked the doctor to be present while I read the will. The ladies were in a little boudoir up stairs—they had a natural horror of entering the library—and I took the keys, obtained the envelope and went up stairs.

After the will was read—the doctor denounced it as shameful—Mrs. Babington rose, and with great dignity appearing through her great mental anguish, said, "Harriet, this is no longer our house, and of course we will retire from it at once. I do not know anything about Mark Smithers: I never heard his name before. But you, Mr. Sedley, must proceed to find him at once, and make known to him my husband's bequest. Harriet and I will go to Frederick and board there until my tenant's lease of my farm is out."

"Madam," said I, "if you will be advised by me, do nothing, say nothing, till we have sifted this matter more closely. Do not let the will go to probate yet: stay where you are. Smithers may be a man of straw; he may be dead without heirs; there may be scandals to cover up. We know not what. Wait till I have hunted for Smithers."

"My advice exactly," said the doctor: "wait."

"I cannot go against the counsel of friends like you," said Mrs. Babington. "I will wait, but it is very painful for me to do so, under the circumstances."

"These papers which accompany the will may explain your husband's acts," said I, handing her the documents which filled the envelope: "please to read them at once."

She went to a window on the other side of the room, sat down and began to read. Presently she called out, "Harriet, come here." I saw her weeping, and the two women read and wept together. When they rose Miss Harriet left the room, and Mrs. Babington, coming to me and putting the papers in my hands, said, "Read them, and find Mark Smithers at once. I can say nothing more now: I am in a dream;" and she followed her daughter from the room.

The chief paper was in Colonel Babington's large round chirography, and was as follows. I took a copy, and I give it verbatim:

"On the point of destroying my life and making my property over to Mark Smithers, it is necessary to explain why I do these things. I can no longer with-

hold from Smithers the partial reparation I am able to make him. I should go mad if I were to attempt this. The secret I have nursed for forty-five years at last overmasters me. The man I have injured all that time at last rises up in judgment against me. But, having told my secret and shown myself in my true colors, I am too cowardly to live: I am ashamed to survive the notoriety of my disgrace. Miserable coward that I am, it is fitting that I should die!

"In 1778, in the latter part of September, I became a member of the staff of General Benedict Arnold, at that time the military commandant at Philadelphia. I had been invalidated to that city in consequence of a wound received at the battle of Monmouth Court-house, and recovering, and being a young man (I was barely twenty-three) of good presence and good family, with considerable money to spend, and very extravagant habits, I attracted Arnold's attention, and he offered me the position of aide-de-camp, which I gladly accepted. Arnold at that time was cutting a great figure and spending a great deal of money. He lived in the Penn mansion in a style of splendor patterned after Sir William Howe's, drove his coach and four, entertained very handsomely and scattered money broadcast. He was even then courting Miss Shippen, her aristocratic associations taking his vanity captive, and he gave her and her friends many superb and costly parties. It was known that he was a man of small means, while his pay did not begin to meet his wants. Still, he was only following the custom of Philadelphia at that time. The city was both corrupted and enervated by Sir William Howe's long winter-quarters there. He found it a pattern of sobriety, he left it a Sybaris: his parting festival, the Meschianza, was an orgie worthy of Rome under the Flavian emperors. Gambling and debauchery were frightfully prevalent, and large sums were daily lost at both private and public faro-tables. Amongst others, I was a very heavy gamester, and after a somewhat varied fortune lost all I had, all I could borrow, and much more than I

could hope to pay unless something extraordinary should happen.

"This plunged me into such despondency that one day Arnold, who had been always kind to me, called me aside and asked me what ailed me. I frankly told him I had been gambling, and unless I could presently raise three thousand pounds I should be forced to resign my commission and go home to my estate, in order to sell property enough to pay what I could not but regard as a debt of honor. 'Hum!' said Arnold—'three thousand! These fellows have been plucking you, Babington. You must play no more. However, come round to my head-quarters in the morning.' I went: the general took me into his private office. 'I have no present means of my own,' he said; 'but here are three thousand pounds of the government's money which I shall not be called upon to disburse for some months. You can use it, and repay me before it will be wanted. Give me a note of hand for the amount, take the money, and keep out of such scrapes hereafter.' Full of gratitude, and never for a moment reflecting that Arnold had made me *particeps criminis* in an act of embezzlement, I took the money gladly, and rushed off to pay my debts.

"I do not think quite a month had elapsed before Arnold sent for me. 'I am in an awkward fix,' he said. 'Here is Morris drawing upon me at three days' sight for all the money I ought to have in hand; Congress appointing a committee (at my own solicitation, made two years ago) to examine my accounts; and Reed and the whole Pennsylvania Council charging me with plunder, fraud and extortion. If they can make their charges good, I am a ruined man. I'm afraid I must call on you for that three thousand. I need every penny I can put my hands on just now.' 'Good God, general!' I cried, nearly beside myself, 'I could not pay you at this short notice, not to save my life!' He frowned, looked down, seemed to ponder, then suddenly his countenance cleared up, and he looked at me in his frank winning way.

'Well, Tom,' he said, 'if you can't, you can't, and there's an end on't. I'm sorry, for I must have money, and I do not know how to get it. Unless— See here; Tom,' he said; and he sat down right by my side, and put his hand upon my knee in a sort of frank, friendly way he had—the damned scoundrel! Every word he said, every look, every gesture, is so deeply impressed upon my memory that I could not forget it if I would. 'Frankly, I am going to leave the army: it is honest, but too humdrum for me. I am going into the navy. There's the field, my boy—a French frigate, with a roving commission, and a holdful of prize-money! Glory and substantial rewards delightfully commingled! I've seen M. de Marbois about it, and he says he can make it all right with Beaumarchais: he is the French court agent, you know. I've talked with M. Gerard in the most satisfactory way, and last night I had a long conversation with M. de Luzerne, the Crapaud's envoy, and he is full of it. There is a trifling obstacle, however. I owe about twenty thousand pounds in public and private debts, and these must be paid before I can go abroad. In the next place, I can't get the French frigate unless our government pays one-third the cost of her equipment and armament, about three hundred thousand livres. Now, I know our curmudgeon Congress well enough to know it will not pay a single penny—for me. I have therefore resolved to pay every pound of it myself.' 'Yourself!' I cried. 'How can you do that, general, when you are already involved over head and ears?' 'I can do it,' he said, 'very well, if you will assist me, and can contrive to pay your own debts at the same time, and give you all the spending-money you want. What say you, Tom?' 'It is a tempting prospect you hold out to me, general. What is to be done?' 'Something not overly honest, as the opinion of the world goes, Tom. But we can afford to despise the opinion of the world. *Mens sibi conscia recti*. I hold the end justifies the means, and our ends are truly patriotic.' The general was a great one for sentiments.

They were, always upon his lips, especially when he contemplated some dastardly action. 'Tell me what is to be done, general: if I can do it I will.' 'There's no *can* about it,' said he, frowning: 'you *must*! Do you know Smithers the engraver?' Of course I knew Smithers. His little shop on Walnut street was a great resort of our idle young officers, some of whom drew caricatures for him to engrave. 'Well, Smithers sleeps by himself in the little room over the shop. In a trunk under his bed is a copperplate, just finished, of a five-pound note, Pennsylvania currency. Smithers has in charge to engrave five of these plates by order of Reed and the Council. One is finished, the others nearly done. They are to be delivered when all are finished. Smithers himself is incorruptible. I know that, or I would not apply to you in this matter. You must get me that plate.' 'I cannot do it, general,' I said. 'Nonsense!' he cried, testily: 'you shall do it by my order and under due forms of law.' 'If you order me in writing, of course I shall obey.' 'Certainly, Tom, that is what I meant.' He wrote me two orders—one to the effect that I was to take a corporal and six men, go to Smithers' house at midnight, arrest him, and take him to the guardhouse. The other order simply required me to obtain one engraved copperplate now in the possession of one Mark Smithers. I consented. Arnold immediately handed me over my I. O. U., and told me I was no longer in his debt. He then directed me to apply to Paddy Wilkins, turnkey of the provost-marshal's prison, for a guard that night.

"At the time appointed I went to Smithers' house and arrested him. He made no resistance, but, whispering in my ear, asked to have a guard set at his house, as there was government property in his possession. I told him I had no orders to that effect, and marched him off. When we had gone about four blocks and turned a corner, I left the guard, telling the corporal to go forward with his prisoner. I ran swiftly back to Smithers' house—fitting a mask over my

face as I did so—entered it, lighted a dark lantern, hurried up stairs, searched the trunk, found the plate, put it into my pocket, left the house and caught up with the guard before they reached the prison.

"My prisoner delivered, I hastened to Arnold's house. He was up, and waiting for me. I put the copperplate in his hands, and with it my resignation from his staff. He looked at me with a sardonic scowl. 'Don't be hasty, Thomas,' said he: 'you had better give me those written orders too.' 'I refuse,' I said. 'Oh, very well,' he rejoined quietly. 'Just as you please. But you had better understand that, as this business is rather informal, the less said about it the soonest mended. I do not intend to report it to the president of Congress, certainly. My friends there are over-punctilious.' 'General Arnold,' I burst out, 'you have made me commit a deed which I would sooner lose my right arm than have done.' 'Do not be rash, Thomas: you will think more rationally about it in the morning.' 'Never, sir!' I said. 'And I bid you good-bye now, here: I join the army again to-morrow.' 'Very good, Thomas, very good,' said he; and I left the house. As I passed over the sill I heard a window open gently and a shrill whistle given. It was very dark, and I grasped my sword-hilt as I walked rapidly on toward my quarters. As I passed a pile of lumber on a vacant lot a man sprang out and assailed me with a club. I drew my sword and thrust at him. The same instant I was knocked insensible by a blow from behind. When I came to I found my pockets were rifled, and the two orders which Arnold gave me were gone. Beyond a doubt it was his own hired ruffians who did the deed.

"The wound on my head kept me in bed for a fortnight. When I recovered I found that Smithers had been released the next morning after his arrest, on the ground that the arrest was an unauthorized act of mine. I inquired for the corporal and guard. They had been sent to the Southern army. I went to Smithers' place: he called me into his back shop, and without further remark or any allusion to the robbery gave me one of

my gloves, which he said he had found in his bedroom when he was released. The glove I had had on when I was knocked down and robbed, and all these circumstances satisfied me that Arnold had so woven the toils around me that if there were anything said about the stolen plates I should be convicted as the sole guilty party. Frightened and sick, I gave Philadelphia my congé, and went to join Washington's army.

"Some time in January, 1779—I think it was—there was a great outcry about counterfeited and over-issued currency in Philadelphia, and in the midst of it Smithers was arrested and cast into prison. I heard that he was to be tried by summary process, and if convicted would be executed at once. I immediately sought an audience of His Excellency the commander-in-chief, General Washington, and confessed to him everything, telling him all that I have here related. He listened to me with grave attention, told me the matter should be looked into closely, and put me upon my parole to await the result of the inquiry. I heard afterward that he wrote at once to Mr. Richard H. Lee, and that Congress made the matter a subject of secret investigation. About three weeks later His Excellency sent for me again, and told me that for reasons of public policy my charges were not to be pursued further, but that it had been ascertained, in a general way, that my statements were probably correct, that Smithers was an innocent man, and no harm should come to him except his detention in prison two or three months longer. I was ordered meantime to keep strict silence about the matter.

"I told the general that I would do so, but I was bent on repaying the government the three thousand pounds which Arnold had lent me, and for that purpose asked leave of absence to go to my home for a few days, and after that a transfer to the Southern department, where I might have a chance to retrieve my tarnished name. The general said I might return the money through him, and he would transfer me to Lincoln's army and a theatre of very active war.

Then, after some stern but kindly words upon my late career in Philadelphia and the dangers I had only just escaped, he dismissed me, humiliated, but hopeful and very grateful.

"I went home, raised the money, sent it to General Washington, and then started to join the Southern army. Meantime, in March, Arnold resigned his command at Philadelphia, went to West Point, and immediately began his correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton—that correspondence which ended in his treason and André's death. Smithers was released in June, and left Philadelphia.

"I did not see General Washington again until after the siege of Yorktown. By that time I had risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, had done rather more than my share of the hardest kind of fighting, and won some distinction by my rigid attention to duty. This much His Excellency was pleased to tell me when he sent for me to come to his quarters after Cornwallis had surrendered. At the same time he said that he had had a letter from Smithers, representing his condition to be deplorable in the extreme. Suspected of being a traitor to his adopted country, he was persecuted and insulted, could get no work to do, and was wretchedly poor. 'The reasons of state,' the general added, looking me steadily in the face, 'no longer exist which forbade making the facts public.' Since Arnold's treason was developed the way has been clear for you to completely restore that unhappy man to the confidence of his fellow-citizens. He is an honest though humble patriot, and has suffered in silence for the good of our cause. I think you know what it is incumbent upon you to do as a man of honor and principle. I will not dictate to you, but will leave it entirely with your conscience."

"Good God! Had I but acted then according to the dictates of my conscience and as a man of honor and principle would have done, I should have spared myself more than forty years of misery, and this shameful death I am coming to at the end. But I was ambitious; I dreaded the consequences of the exposure I should have to make; I weighed

myself and my position, my wealth and my importance in the army and in the community, against the insignificance of the poor mechanic. I temporized, and I was lost. I asked the general to give me leave of absence, and told him I would go to see Smithers.

"He was not in Philadelphia. His shop and goods had been sold out at sheriff's sale, and he had moved away. I found him in Reading, following the trade of a locksmith. His haggard face and mean clothes and surroundings bespoke his poverty, while his cowed and dejected aspect told me at once that his spirits were completely broken. I stated my case to him, told him what Washington had recommended, and asked him to have mercy. He said he did not blame me, did not want to injure me, for he knew, from having former dealings with the traitor, that Arnold was at the bottom of the whole affair; but what was he to do? how was he to live? His good name was gone, and now people would not employ him, and he should starve. I eagerly met him at this point, and told him if he would keep silence himself, and not require any public confession of me, I would make him an allowance of five hundred dollars a year during his natural life. He accepted the bribe, and we arranged all the preliminaries. I was to pay the money through an attorney in Philadelphia, who was to remit it to a designated agent of Smithers in Reading or wherever else he might reside. At my request, he gave me an open letter to Washington in which he firmly declined to permit me to sacrifice my newly-acquired reputation in the vain hope to restore his. I sent this note to the general, with one of my own explaining the terms of agreement. Washington simply returned Smithers' letter to me with the endorsement, 'I do not object to this, but you will regret it all your life. G. W.'

"He was a true prophet. Smithers has darkened my whole life, and his shadow has fallen along the entire course of my prosperity. I paid the money regularly: I scrupulously avoided all intercourse with him—it was part of the agreement

that he should not attempt to visit or communicate with me—but I could never dismiss his image from my mind, nor tear out the barbed shaft of shame and remorse that festers in my heart. Well, well! it will soon be out now.

"The other day, not two months ago, I learned that the Philadelphia lawyer who was my trustee in this business was a dishonest man, and it was likely he had not dealt fairly with me and Smithers, though I paid him well for so doing. Shocked and dismayed, I instituted immediate inquiries in Reading. The truth was ten thousand times worse than my worst apprehensions. The lawyer had paid the full sum for two or three years, then had begun to cut it down, upon one pretext or another, until latterly the whole of it, save a beggarly fifty dollars or so, had lodged in his pocket. Last year only twenty-five dollars had been paid, and my victim, old, infirm, helpless, was in the poorhouse! Yet he had never complained, never asserted his rights, never spoken through it all. God help me! It was late, but I determined then at once what to do. I have nearly completed this tardy act of duty. This confession and my will consummate it. There is no more for me to say but to ask pardon of my fellow-citizens who have so long honored me with their confidence and esteem. When they read this acknowledgment of my shame I shall have already sealed the sincerity of my sense of disgrace in death.

"THOMAS BABINGTON."

The other papers in the envelope were letters and other originals corroborating Colonel Babington's narrative. It was agreed between the doctor and me that nothing could be done till I had seen Mark Smithers. I accordingly put Babington's statement and a copy of his will in my pocket, and started for Reading that night.

I found Smithers. He was not in the almshouse, but farmed out by the poor authorities of the place, and living in a poor but cleanly house with an old German couple, who seemed to treat him not unkindly. Smithers was a little,

bent old man, hard upon eighty years of age, and not able to use his legs through chronic rheumatism. He had a long fleece of white hair and beard, a subdued, patient expression of face, and an eye full of intelligence and kindly interest in things around him. I found him busy whittling shoe-pegs, and I learned that he was industrious and hopeful, and that he had quite outlived the original blight upon his character.

As soon as I could get to be alone with him I read him Colonel Babington's narrative, and the will also. When I had finished the tears were rolling down his cheeks: "That is all wrong, sir—all wrong. It must be stopped, prevented. Mischief enough has been done already." (I had apprised him of Colonel Babington's death, as also the manner of it.) "Colonel Babington owed me no debt, and I will not take his property from his wife and daughter. I did think a little hard of the decrease in the allowance, but the lawyer's explanation, that Babington had grown poor from unfortunate speculations, was perfectly satisfactory. That story of his must not be published, Mr. Sedley: it must not, indeed. He exaggerates about himself and about me. Things were not near so bad as he makes out. Burn that statement, and make an end of it at once."

"Oh no," I said: "we must first see Mrs. Babington about it. You must come with me, and see your property."

"Indeed, sir," said the old man with simple dignity, "you are very much mistaken in me if you suppose I will touch a dollar or an acre of that property."

"But it is yours, willed to you, and the testator is dead. Even if you should not take it, your heirs could and would."

"I have no heirs."

"You have kinsfolk, no matter how remote, and they will be quick to find you out when you inherit property."

"This must be stopped—at once!" he said eagerly: "tell me how to do it."

"You can let the will be executed, and then convey it back to the legitimate heirs by deed of gift; you can accept the property and sell it back; or you can will it to them at your death. But you can do

nothing at all here. You must go to Frederick and see Mrs. Babington before you can take a single step."

"Come, let us go then at once," he cried. "I am old, I am feeble, I am liable to die to-morrow—to-night. This matter must be promptly attended to. It weighs on me. Let us go."

I secured a comfortable close carriage, and traveling short stages—for I dreaded the effects of fatigue and excitement upon the old man—I soon had him at Independence Hall. It was beautiful to see how Colonel Babington's widow and daughter treated him. They seemed as if they wished to try all at once to make up to him the forty years of obloquy and injustice he had endured. But all his thoughts were for settlement. He wanted Babington's narrative destroyed. I took a copy, and allowed him to do it himself. Then he wanted to make the property over by deed of gift at once. But Mrs. Babington and Harriet would not consent to this, and finally we compromised the matter by recording Babington's will and putting Smithers in possession of the property, he at the same time executing his own will devising the estate back to Mrs. Babington and Miss Harriet. He would only consent to this arrangement, however, upon the understanding that he was to be only *pro forma* in possession: the property was actually to remain where it was, and he to be received at Independence Hall as a humble guest.

A delightful guest he proved to be. His mind freed of business cares and roused from its old-time apathy, he revealed himself as a chirrupy, merry old man, sound and healthful as a winter pippin. He called Mrs. Babington and Miss Harriet his "children," and did more than any one else possibly could have done to pluck them out of the gulf of misery into which the late events had plunged them. They, in return, paid him not only attention, but affection and devotion. He lived with them five years, an honored and cherished guest, and died at last in their arms, full of years, sweet peace, and gratitude and affection for those who had brought it to him.

EDWARD SPENCER.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

LECTURES IN FLORENCE.

DOES a foreigner in the Italian Athens wish to increase his knowledge of its language? Then, in addition to the lessons of the little *maestra* who twice a week reels off her family troubles—from the infirm old father at the Bagni di Lucca to the sister at Pistoia, a widow with ten children—in addition to all he learns from the domestic trials of his private instructress he may further improve himself by attending the lectures at the Scuola di Perfezionamento. The very name sounds promising, and one of the streets that lead to the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, where the lectures are held, is called Via della Sapienza. The public is admitted only to certain courses, but by applying to the porter at the door you can get a catalogue, note the *lezioni pubbliche*, and then choose for yourself. The lectures are not only public, but free: an hour's time is all you have to spend in the "perfecting" process, and according to our experience it will turn out a well-spent hour.

We picked out three courses — on Dante's *Paradiso*, on Italian literature and on the political writings of Cicero. So three times a week, by the way of Wisdom street, we drop in at the pretty lecture-room, with the students' desks, the rows of chairs for miscellaneous characters like ourselves, and the stupendous bust of Victor Emmanuel dwelling in grandeur behind the lecturer's table. Two stoves slightly take off the chill of statted walls and cheruby ceiling. Only those who have been in Italy, by the way, know what a bad dream that must have been of the heroine who fancied she dwelt in marble halls. She must have slept cold that night.

On Mondays, for the *Paradiso*, there is a goodly attendance of Italian mammas with dark-eyed daughters, each holding a tiny copy of the *Divina Commedia* in gilt edges, probably a present last

Christmas, or else not the favorite mental food of the young ladies, for the little books are very fresh. We do our reading up at home from Cary's translation, and so have our attention quite free for the grave, elderly professor in his priest's habit. He speaks slowly, with a beautiful distinctness of utterance, and is sparing of gestures; only—if the expression be allowed—hitching about gently in his chair as he describes the blissfully twirling spirits and the ever-increasing perfections of Dante's *donna*. At this course the desks are not full, and the students who take notes do so with intermittent fervor—first a line or two, then a dash with both hands through the luxuriant hair, then a good look over the shoulder at the non-scholastic portion of the audience. What a different idea the word *student* conveys in different countries! "To think of their looking like that!" I heard some one say who at home lived not far from Cambridge. There is no regard to fashion, latest or otherwise, among these young men; they wear their coats till they are worn out, sometimes after; they twist grimy-looking plaid comforters round their necks with no apparent lessening of self-respect. If they have a weakness, it lies where Samson's strength did, but then a little care for those clustering locks may be excused where a lofty disregard of all other attentions to personal appearance is strictly deferred to.

Italian literature brings more collegiate youth together than the stern poet, but Cicero is the man to draw. We go unusually early on Saturdays for a front seat, and the room fills fast. The young men are all talking at the top of their voices when a door flies open and a liveried usher announces "The professor!" At that an instantaneous hush ensues, the students open their notebooks, and we of the chairs settle ourselves. This professor is a young man—young enough, at least, still to practice that trick with

the hair: when the thin place once sets in they must have to give it up; it would be ruinous to a system of careful combing, supposed to conceal any deficiencies. After pluming himself, then, he leans across the table and begins: "Signori!" But now if you think that pleasant voice is going to pour out the praises of the old Roman as orator, statesman, philosopher—whatever you have been in the habit of hearing him called—you are letting your fancy run away with you. Cicero an orator? Not if our professor knows one. Demosthenes was an orator, oh yes. He *felt* what he said: Cicero only pretended to feel. Politician? Pooh! Not the slightest lookout ahead. First a bow to Pompey, and then a bow to Cæsar, whichever way a puff of wind came. And those philippics that cut up his enemies so splendidly? Cooked up in the domestic kitchen to appease his own spite: the boldest of them were never delivered in the Forum. Well, a philosopher he was, at least? "Cicero, gentlemen," says the professor, with his finger on his nose, "had no philosophy whatever. He wanted to have, that was all—*povertello*!" Poor little man, he calls him, and a smile runs round the room. I see gray heads wagging complacently at this attack on an idol of their youth. Certainly it is tiresome to hear Aristides perpetually called "the just." All his disparaging assertions the speaker undertakes to verify from Cicero's own words in those same political writings. Listen! He opens the book. Sonorous Latin follows, and then a glance up that seems to say, "Well, what do you think of that? Am I right or not? It sounds very much like it. Let us have another round at him."

The professor's voice is beautiful, and there is never an instant's hesitation in that flow of melodious language that seems to come as naturally as breathing. But his gestures! Enough of them there are and to spare; only, to us unaccustomed to such ardor, they seem fantastic, even comic. The connection between lips and hands is far from clear. When he grinds furiously with one fist in the other we wonder why, and as his arms

shoot out and he claws the air, one thinks of the man in the riddle who had ten fingers on each hand: there look to be at least twenty of them. But eloquent our orator often is, and sincerer than Cicero, let us hope. There was real emotion in his voice when he closed the other day. According to him, his countrymen have taken Cicero too much for a model. Fine words and exquisitely turned phrases are well enough as words and phrases merely, but good hearty feelings and actions are worth more. We *talk* of a new Italy, he said: we should rather *make* one; and to make it we must remake ourselves. These do not pretend to be his words, but they meant something like that, and went straight to the hearts of the young men who listened. As the speaker started up with the last sentence on his lips, a storm of applause swept through the hall. Then we went home, satisfied that by the end of the course we should know at least what Cicero was *not*.

It may be added that, as well as the above-mentioned, art, archæology and various other subjects are treated for the benefit of Florence at large, while free lectures are also held in the evenings in other localities, notice of them being given beforehand in the *Nazione*, the principal daily paper. G. H. P.

A BRIDAL RECEPTION IN THE HAREEM OF THE QUEEN OF EGYPT.

THE social life of a people is as significant of its actual progress as the political—often much more so. It does not require the lessons of a *Sartor Resartus* or an *Alton Locke* to teach this to Americans. Yet even they would scarcely expect to make a journey as far as Egypt to witness the verification of this truism on a very large scale. For at last the East is making an approximation to the West, not only in its laws, but in its customs and habits as well, with the exception of its religious observances, in which it is still unchanged. This de-Orientalizing process, of which Turkey first gave promise in pompous proclamations never carried out, the New Egypt of the khedive Ismail is putting into practice, not only

in a political and industrial sense, but in an educational and social one as well. The rapidity and thoroughness with which this work has been done, and is still in process of execution, have been marvelous indeed. While the decayed old trunk of Islam, Turkey, is putting forth no green shoots, and is barren of fruit or flower, propped up only by foreign money and foreign diplomacy, and settling down day by day into the "Slough of Despond" and bankruptcy, her vigorous graft, Egypt, is full of sap, vigor and promise, giving shade and shelter to the new millions in Central Africa over whom she has stretched her protecting arms.

Within the last decade, under the new reign, Egypt has more than doubled her area, her population, her revenue and her resources, partly through the development of her internal resources, partly through a wise administration of her affairs, and partly through the "American plan" of annexation. All this is wonderful enough, but to those who know Egypt and the Egyptians more extraordinary still has been the moral and social change wrought in these late years by the enlightened mind and energetic will of the ruler—khedive in name, but king in reality—who has stamped his own individuality as strongly on his empire as ever did his great-grandfather Mehemet Ali, the founder of his line and of Egypt also.

Leaving for another occasion the graver themes connected with the "transformation-scene" even now presented at Cairo, let us lift a corner of the sacred veil which hitherto has screened the hareem from foreign eyes, except on the occasions of formal visiting by European ladies, and see how the terrestrial hours of those retreats now comport and disport themselves. Even to the masculine eye at Cairo evidences are not wanting of the great changes in costume and surroundings which Fashion has introduced into the female world, and the invasion of Fashion, as that deity is acknowledged in Paris, even beyond the bolts and bars and guardians of the Egyptian hareem. For now, instead of ambulatory or riding

bundles of black silk, balloon-like in outline and proportions, instead of baggy breeches and shuffling yellow morocco slippers, the tourist in Egypt gets glimpses in street or on road of Eastern dames or damsels in veritable Parisian costumes, supplemented only by veils of thinnest muslin, and shoes with heels of height impossible for progressing on the Paris pavé; and I am told that even the female slaves in the hareems now wear European costumes, instead of the picturesque dress of the country.

Standing on the portico of the new hotel at Cairo, and witnessing the constant passage of coupés filled with well-dressed women, one might fancy one's self on the Bois de Boulogne, but for the accompanying apparition of the armed black guards who still gallop wildly alongside of these carriages—almost the sole remaining relic of the old régime. But the outside view of the caged birds of the hareem is not so interesting as an inside view of these "homes of bliss," as the Orientals politely term them; and this, happily, it is in my power to afford your fair readers in the narrative of an eye-witness of the festivities celebrated on the occasion of the double marriage of the khedive Ismail's son and daughter at Kasr-el-Ali, the palace of the queen-mother at Cairo. The chief of these was a bridal-party given in honor of the princess Fatma Ahnem, eldest daughter of the khedive, on her marriage with Toussoum Pasha, son of the former viceroy, Saïd Pasha.

The invited guests (all ladies, of course), both native and European, on alighting from their carriages were ushered into an immense garden illuminated by innumerable colored lamps, and advancing up a long walk paved with marble and bordered by rare trees and plants, were met at the threshold of the palace by the eunuchs, who conducted them into the first saloon, a large and handsomely furnished apartment. Here they found, clad in splendid Eastern costumes, the white slaves of the hareem, half of whom were dressed as men, the tallest being selected for this purpose. Many of these were habited in splendid uniforms, like

those of army officers; others, simply dressed, wearing red turbouches on their heads, and carrying drawn swords in their hands. My fair informant says they were most martial-looking, an excellent imitation of the genuine article. These acted as ushers, and taking charge of the guests left the eunuchs in the first saloon and conducted the visitors into a second saloon, where the native dancing-girls (*almehs*) executed dances for their amusement (and perhaps edification) to the music of their own castanets and of an orchestra composed of women. Many of these musicians were lovely white Circassian slaves, who played skillfully on flute and violin, as well as on copper instruments. In this room only the native dances were executed, but in an adjoining apartment other slaves performed a regular ballet with swords and bucklers or with long wands.

Passing thence through a number of long halls and apartments, in which were found refreshments of every description, substantial or sweet, with those wonderful sherbets and colored drinks made of different fruits which the Orientals alone know how to compose, the guests were served either in Eastern or Western style, according to their nationality or taste. One long table, presided over by the princesses of the royal family, was reserved for the more distinguished guests. In these apartments, as in the others, the sound of music and song never ceased.

After partaking of these refreshments the guests were ushered up a flight of broad steps to an upper floor, where in a vast saloon, sumptuously furnished and capable of containing thousands of persons, they found the queen-mother, and preceded by the armed female slaves dressed as soldiers, were formally presented by name and title by the European ladies-of-honor attached to the queen's service. After presentation the guests were seated on divans ranged along the walls covered with rich silks and stuffs, and witnessed the dancing and singing of the professionals employed for the purpose, since in the East ladies enjoy these amusements by proxy only. After having danced, sung and played

to the satisfaction of the lady of the house, the performers received rich gifts of cashmere shawls and jewelry in recompense of their efforts: for this purpose the wife of each bey or other dignitary invited to the fête had brought her present. The distribution commences on a sign from the queen-mother, and as each gift is bestowed the name of the donor is announced aloud, and a chorus of thanks returned by the recipients.

After this ceremony is finished, the bride to whom the party is given makes her appearance in the following manner. All the Egyptian ladies bring their eunuchs with them. Each of these holds in his hands a tall candelabra in which are several long wax candles of different colors, forming a long lane commencing at the foot of the wide stairway, continuing up the steps, and terminating at the door of the saloon wherein sits the queen-mother; and through this lane the bride passes to enter and greet the guests. Over the whole length of this avenue is stretched cloth of gold, over which the princess passes, her foot being permitted to touch no meaner carpet, rich and rare as are the products of Eastern looms. Preceding the bride comes a train of white danseuses dressed in her livery—in silver gauze, orange-flowers and diamonds as their ornaments, all of the most sumptuous description. The bride follows, surrounded by her own women: then come her mother and the princesses of the blood, followed by another troop of dancing-girls. The princess advances slowly, her eyes cast down, stopping after each short step, as though to give the guests the opportunity for a good view and time to admire her. Elevated on chairs behind the guests, who stand up as the princess passes, are girls bearing baskets, and as she proceeds these girls shower down over the heads of the ladies a quantity of small gold dollars coined expressly for the purpose at the royal mint, which fall over the heads and persons of the guests, and lodge often in hair or dress. My fair informant, on disrobing at night, discovered three or four pounds' worth in value of these keepsakes which had

found shelter about her person. Doubtless the native ladies, who were aware of this Eastern renewal of the Danaë shower, had prepared themselves to catch a good many of the pretty pieces by arrangement of the drapery about their ample persons. The effect was splendid at the entrée of the bridal train, owing to the magnificence of the saloon, draped in white satin and gold, garnished with orange-blossoms and roses, and glittering with innumerable lights.

On an elevated dais were placed
○ three large throne-chairs, in white satin also, and on these sat the queen-mother, the bride and the mother of the bride. The bride's dress was a marvel of millinery, and most probably the work of Worth, the famous man-milliner of Paris, for it was thoroughly Parisian in all its details, with some exaggerations, composed of white satin, an overdress of the finest point lace, and a train five mètres long, held up by white slaves richly dressed. The corsage was entirely covered with diamonds, and the under-skirt looped up by bouquets composed of diamonds. On her head she wore a diadem of diamonds also. The cost of this costume was enormous, a fortune in itself. Once seated, she received the felicitations of the royal ladies and distinguished guests; and after a short time returned to her own apartments in the same way and with the same formalities as when she entered. The invited guests then descended the stairs to the first saloon, where refreshments awaited them, then retired, and the ceremony was over. The other princesses were also superbly dressed, to the value of thirty thousand francs each for robes and lace alone. All of these grand toilets were in European fashion. The wedding-gifts were equally splendid and costly. The only thing wanting was the presence of the opposite sex, jealously excluded from this fête, as customary. Yet even this barrier the khedive had the hardihood to break down, to the wonder of the Egyptian world, in the wedding-dinner he subsequently gave to his sons and daughter on the occasion of their quadruple mar-

riage; for on this occasion he commanded all the brides to appear at the table unveiled in the presence of their brothers-in-law—an unheard-of innovation which made a great bruit at Cairo and at Constantinople. Nay more: he also insisted that his three sons and son-in-law should continue to be each the husband of one wife only—an equally significant step in the same direction. In every way he is striving to break down the old barriers with which custom, stronger than law in the East, has so long hedged in woman throughout the Ottoman dominions.

His boldest innovation, in a social way, has been to allow his sons, the heir-apparent and his brothers, to attend and dance at European balls; while his great efforts to educate the female portion of his subjects, down to the children of the fellahs or peasants, by instituting schools for their instruction, richly endowed by public and private appropriations, show his determination to change radically the present social system and to introduce the European in so far as it is possible to do so.

Further to familiarize the women with Western usages and habits of thought, he has established opera-houses and theatres at Cairo and Alexandria, in which places have been reserved for the ladies of the hareems, though they are still partially screened from public view by curtains of lace artistically draped in front of the boxes intended for their occupation, and where they may be imperfectly seen on opera and ballet nights, the latter *divertissement* seeming most to their taste. Those who knew Egypt twelve years since will appreciate the magnitude of this stride.

It is something new in Eastern gossip to learn that the khedive's queen has recently established and richly endowed a girls' school, in which three hundred native children are to be instructed by competent teachers in the branches of a common-school education; and it is the khedive's intention to educate all the female as well as male children in his dominions, making it compulsory as in Prussia, and carefully selecting skilled

foreign instructors to supervise the system, to which he has devoted more than half a million of dollars in one year.

Even more than the introduction of gas- and water-works into the cities, and a network of railways and telegraph-wires throughout his dominions, and into the heart of Africa, does this prove progress and the rapid march of Western civilization into Africa; and having already proved what an Aladdin's lamp wealth and power can create for beautifying a country, the khedive is now preparing to perform a greater marvel than any which the fruitful fancy of the teller of the tales of the *Thousand and One Nights* ever feigned or dreamed of in its wildest flights—viz., educating the Egyptian men and women up to the European and American standard, and shaking off from their liberated limbs and souls the fetters of old prejudices and customs.

E. DE L.

THE MEETING AT WILLIS'S ROOMS, LONDON, JULY 16, 1875.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And England's capital had gathered here
Whoever of her sons could urge his right,
In quality of rhymester or of peer—
From the high Premier to the struggling wight
Who angles with his line for pence each year,
American, or Greek, or next of kin—
To claim his share of the dead lion's skin.

The great Bull bellows: "He belongs to me,
Even by the right divine whereby I made
His life a burden and a misery,
And badgered, tossed and gored him, till he fled,
Bearing my marks upon him, over-sea;
But now that he is certainly too dead
Either to know or care if I repent,
I vote that we erect a monument.

"Simple and inexpensive let it be:
Our brother Jonathan will furnish half
The needful sum, for still a friend was he,
Our great departed son, to that bull-calf
Of our own loins, America. To free
Poor Greece he died who should have been the
staff

Of mine old age, so surely Greece will aid
(Since her own shaft to him is reared and paid)

"With such material as we require,
To wit: pure marble of Pentelicus,
Enough for obelisk and slab and spire,
Befitting one so long illustrious.
We've waited till his sudden fame expire
Quick as it rose, but there's no help for us,
For still it thrives and waxes, so 'twere best
Avow we only sneered at him in jest.

"His character's still doubtful to the nation,
But what is character compared to rhyme?

This age is one, too, of emancipation.

Much that he hinted, in the course of time
We've learned to speak out with no hesitation,
And parsons' daughters' books make light his
crime.

If still Westminster shrinks from him—what then?
We need but place him next to Afra Behn.

"The worst fault we can tax him with, no doubt,
Was violation of the last Commandment—
The eleventh rule, Thou shalt not be found out,
Which still remains the only wise amendment
Unto the Decalogue that Moses brought.
But lo! this brazen fellow whom we banned, went
Abroad and cast off recklessly the cloak
Which virtuously covers vicious folk:

"The mantle of hypocrisy, that good
Time-honored garb, he flung unto the wind,
Stripped from our decent shoulders cape and hood,
Exposing every plague-spot he could find;
Nor shirked the laying bare, with hand as rude,
All his own ills of body, heart and mind.
This sin we cannot pardon, verily,
Yet 'twere wise policy to pass it by.

"We'll not discuss his character, that's settled,
Lest we discover we were wholly wrong;
For now it seems the world wherewith he battled
Shrinks to an envious few: a swelling throng
Of champions, friends, by our slow justice nettled,
Touched by his woe or kindled by his song,
Come forth now to resume the foolish strife,
And on our side we can but count—his wife.

"The follower who in youth had been his page
Closed, blind with tears, his dear dead master's
eyes;

The friend who shared his earliest pilgrimage,
Nor failed him in his lifelong miseries,
When forty years had greened his grave, in age
Bore noble witness to his qualities;
And one he 'knew would love him,' how did she
Fulfill that most pathetic prophecy!

"Well, well! be bygones bygones. We will raise
A column to his memory, and be quit
Of all old scores, and this shall be his praise,
Not that he lived o'er-well, but that he writ
Most excellently—for those backward days
Ere Swinburne chose his theme Hermaphrodite,
Ere baby Ouida lisped of bigamies,
Or Browning could improve Euripides.

"Be the shaft planted 'midst the civic throng,
So that each passing Cockney lift his eyes
Unto this Master of his precious tongue,
And pay his meed of homage. Let it rise—
D—n the expense!—a sculptured Prince of Song,
Until the grudging foreign pilgrim cries,
'Behold what glorious laurels here are won!
What timely honors England pays her son!'

Thus, swelling with his generous theme, he ends.
Then urges liberal Jonathan his claim

(But all is sweet accord 'twixt such tried friends):
"I also beg to celebrate his fame.

While no ignoble copyright defends

Our common literature, 'tis sure the same
Wrote he on this side or that side the brine—
What's yours is ours, and what is mine is mine.

"Thus stands our law, sir, now, and I can show it.
But here, as we are friends, I will but say,
I only mention this because (you know it)
'Tis so much extra glory; and I'll pay

All it may cost to own so great a poet :

Such are not manufactured every day.
Blind chance decides the birthplace of a man,
And he deserved to be American

" Our country is not rich in monuments :

Not that we're poor in heroes, but as yet
We rather cling to ancient precedents.

Scott's effigy and Shakespeare's we have set
In our fine Park, and feed the sweet thought
thence,

Not these begot us, but we these beget.
Meanwhile we leave to foreign climes the fame
Of Cooper's, Prescott's, Irving's, Hawthorne's
name.

" Some think 'twould serve the rising generation
To make a Pantheon of our wide-stretched land,
And honor there the gods of every nation
With an impartial and a liberal hand,
Since we inherit from all : my inclination
Prompts no such scheme, I'll have them under-

stand.
My heart with filial gratitude is stirred
To beautify the town of George the Third.

" Therefore I humbly beg to add my mite—
At least one quarter of the sum you need.
Whom most I glorify I know not quite,
You or myself, by such a noble deed ;
But still, sweet sirs—" But in his own despite
Good Jonathan must cease : such cheers succeed,
At the mere mention of his princely sum,
As render him not only deaf, but dumb.

The list is opened and the meeting's closed,
The lights are out, the generous throng is gone.
Lo ! he who hath for fifty years reposed,
Appears, while spectral figures, one by one,
Glide through the hall, some friendly, some op-

posed,
As by their attitude and gesture shown,
Unto the pale, sad phantom who doth wear
A crown of bays and thorns—and takes the chair.

Death ranks them truly : next the twice-crowned
ghost,

Though still beneath him, the weird shadow sits
Of one who hath been drowned ; above the host,
Yet still below that royal one, there flits
The ploughboy's towering form whom Scotland
lost

Ere she had learned to prize him as befits.
Then her incarnate spirit, Scott—then faster
Troop Wordsworth, Keats, then many a poetaster—

Southey and Moore and Rogers and the rest,
Who the wisecracks fancied would outlive
This rare sweet song-bird strayed from out his nest
In some more genial clime, where he might thrive
More kindly, with a gentler fortune blest
Than here he met. Now, as the ghosts arrive,
They hail their master, and the silence break
With phantom plaudits ere he deigns to speak :

" My tardy hour of justice strikes at last.
Slow England waited till my sleep was sound
Or ere she waked. But yet I hear ! Long past
Is the hot anguish of my living wound,
The wrong, the evil, all the bitter taste
Of my youth's poisoned cup ; yea, I have found
The draught I thirsted for, the blessed stream
That makes reality appear a dream.

" It cannot profit me though ye should grace

My tombstone with earth's proudest pyramid ;
Ye cannot win me back one brief hour's space

To wear my fleshly chain again, nor bid
What was be as it were not, nor efface

The memory of that foul shame ye did
To your own name in alien nations' eyes
When ye saw fit your son to ostracize.

" Yet now all earthly things to me are one ;

The grave holds its own secret ; therein praise
Or envy, fame or shame, finds entrance none ;

And all I cherished here in other days
Have since rejoined me. Mine own task is done,
But yours begins, my country. When you raise
True freedom's fabric, nobler codes invent,
And braver faith—then springs my monument."

DOCTOR HYDE.

A NOVEL DIAGNOSIS.

ONE of the partners of a prominent business-firm of Charleston, South Carolina, gives the following account of his experience as a patient of the late Dr. Gray of New York. He had been treated by the best physicians of the South for heart disease, of which they assured him he was liable to drop dead at any moment. He believed this, and by their advice had avoided all undue excitement for several years. He had night-sweats, palpitation of the heart, and other symptoms of the disease, when, being once at his father's house in New York, he was persuaded to consult Dr. Gray, which he did with no shadow of hope, but simply to satisfy his father. He found the doctor very busy with patients, and had to wait a long time before his turn came to be shown into the consultation-room.

"Well, sir, what is the matter with *you*?" were the doctor's first words.

"I have disease of the heart," answered the gentleman, laconically, not much relishing the bluff manner of the doctor.

Upon this he was placed standing with his head and heels against the wall, while the doctor applied the stethoscope very carefully, and then vigorously pounded the patient's chest for some time ; and as he was released from the wall and turned to go he was further treated to a severe blow right between the shoulders. This was more than the young man could well bear, and he turned, furious with anger and ready to return the blow.

The doctor warded him off with his arm, saying good-naturedly, "It is all right, my dear sir. I find you have no

heart disease. If you had had, that blow would have killed you." Of course there was nothing to do but to take this extraordinary treatment in good part, but the patient left with very unpleasant feelings toward the great homœopathist. From that day, however, all symptoms of heart disease vanished, and it is now the opinion of the gentleman that his symptoms were mostly created by his long dwelling upon what he believed to be his critical condition.

M. H.

THE CULTIVATION OF SILK IN THIS COUNTRY.

SILK-GROWING in the United States has been sporadic in its character, yet fine specimens of silk have been produced by almost every one who has experimented with silkworms. In time, there is no reason to doubt, this industry will become a prominent one, though heretofore silk-weavers have imported the raw silk from Japan or other places where the cost of labor has been at the minimum. Nearly one hundred and thirty years ago, or in 1747, the governor of Connecticut wore the first coat and stockings made of silk raised in that province; and three years later his daughter wore the first silk dress of home manufacture. In 1755, Mrs. Pinckney took to England enough silk, raised by herself, to make three silk dresses. One of these was presented to the princess dowager of Wales; another was given to the famous Lord Chesterfield; and the third, now in the possession of Mrs. Horry, the daughter of Mrs. Pinckney, is remarkable for its beauty, firmness and strength, according to Dr. Ramsey in his *History of South Carolina*. This Mrs. Pinckney, the mother of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, was Eliza Lucas, the daughter of the governor of Antigua. At eighteen she had charge of a cotton-plantation in South Carolina: she also experimented successfully with the culture of indigo.

In 1758, Mr. Styles, the president of Yale College, began experiments in silk-culture, and was one of the most earnest advocates of this industry for the colonies. His manuscript journal relating his

experience is still preserved in the library of Yale College. In 1788, at the commencement ceremonies, he wore a gown made of Connecticut silk. Mr. William Mollineau of Boston was another promoter of this industry, and in 1770 was given a lease, free of rent for seven years, of the public silk-factory to aid in employing the poor in spinning, dyeing and weaving silk. Susannah Wright of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, was another. In the same year she received a premium for a piece of "mantua" sixty yards in length, made from silk of her own raising. A court dress for the queen of England was made from it, and samples are still preserved in a manuscript copy of Watson's *Annals of Pennsylvania and Philadelphia*, which is in the collection of the Philadelphia Library Company.

NOTES.

THERE are gorillas and gorillas. M. Paul du Chaillu has given us a lively description of the savage and aggressive nature of this animal as he had occasion to observe it during his African hunts and travels. Now comes the Marquis de Compiègne, like M. du Chaillu a Frenchman and an African traveler, who introduces us to quite a different type of the gorilla, a dweller in the dense forests of the Gaboon, in Lower Guinea, along the shores of a lake which the marquis calls Lake Oguémoneu, situated in equatorial Africa, the region in which the gorilla is most "at home." M. de Compiègne's gorilla is a distrustful, peaceably-inclined fellow, timid even, who exhibits his disapprobation of the propinquity of man by the utterance, not of a roar that can be heard for two or three miles, but of a slight *Hoo! hoo!* which resembles in sound the growl of the small bear of Florida. Unless hard pressed by the hunters or made furious by a wound, he is more inclined to flee than to assail the aggressor. The marquis hunted this animal ceaselessly for a month near the lake, but so crafty and so keen of scent are the gorillas that, though he could often hear them in the trees, they generally managed to keep ahead of the

hunters about forty yards, and during the whole thirty days he saw only two of them, enormous fellows, climbing in the top of trees like two bears, and sniffing the air in his direction.

APROPOS of the Centennial celebration next year, certain figures compiled by Baron de Lapeyrouse in the *Économiste Français*, giving some of the statistics of the great Expositions of London, Paris and Vienna, will possess special interest. The London Exhibition of 1851, which lasted 141 days, attracted 6,039,195 visitors, who paid for entering \$2,121,612. That of Paris, in 1855, which continued for about two hundred days, was visited by 5,162,320 persons, who paid entrance-fees to the amount of \$640,595. The International Exhibition of London of 1862 was open for 171 days. The visitors numbered 6,211,103, and the entrance-fees amounted to \$2,042,650. The Paris Exposition of 1867, open for 217 days, was visited by 8,805,991 persons, who paid for entrance \$2,103,675. The last of the great Expositions, that of Vienna in 1873, remained open for 186 days. The visitors numbered 6,740,500, and the entrance-money amounted to \$1,032,380. The London Expositions, it should be noted, were closed on Sundays, while those of Paris and Vienna remained open on those days as on week-days. The greatest number of visitors in any one day was during the Paris Exposition of 1867, when on Sunday, October 27, 173,923 persons visited the building.

CAPTAIN NEY of the French army in Africa has recently made a report on the subject of the beneficial results obtained by the planting of the *Eucalyptus globus* in the vicinity of Lake Fetzara in Algeria. Near this lake is situated the village of Ain-Mokhra, where a large number of convicts under guard of French soldiers are engaged in working the magnetic iron of Mokta-el-Harid. The pestilential vapors of the lake, especially in the month of June, rendered all this region so unhealthy that the majority of the guards fell a prey to fever almost as soon

as they entered on their duties. The same fate overtook the employés of the iron company. In 1872 the company planted sixty thousand of these trees in Ain-Mokhra and along the railroad leading to it. Nearly all have thriven, and a pleasant shade now exists where none was before. As to the hygienic results, they have been all that could be hoped for. Attacks of fever are of rare occurrence. In Captain Ney's company, during guard-service in four of the worst months, only three cases are reported. Groves of the *Eucalyptus* have also been planted around the barracks of the road-laborers situated along the lake-shore, and with the happiest result. While the introduction of the tree in the south of France has not always answered expectations, it has been found very advantageous in improving the health of Ismailia on the Isthmus of Suez. Recently, the *Eucalyptus* has been planted in those parts of the Roman Campagna which are subject to intermittent fever. A demand has also been made for its introduction in the Isthmus of Darien by the press of Panama.

THE mistakes made by foreign journalists, the English and French especially, when attempting to discuss American affairs, are familiar to all from frequent repetition. Thus, during the late civil war an intelligent French journal published in the United States, referring to the death of the Confederate general Earl Van Dorn in 1862, informed its readers that "M. le Général Marquis van Dorn" had been killed, accepting the given name, Earl, as a title of nobility; and lately we find in an equally intelligent Paris journal the following paragraph, innocent enough but for the strange blunder of placing a knight or a baronet in the gubernatorial chair of Kansas: "It is not alone in Algeria that the grasshoppers are devouring the crops. The governor of Kansas, Sir Osborne, estimates at more than fifteen thousand the number of inhabitants of the State reduced to the utmost poverty by the ravages of the locusts."

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Queen Mary: A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Many years ago Carlyle said of Tennyson that he was spending his life in polishing long Sheffield needles, when he should be founding anchors. At a somewhat late day the poet would seem to have reached the same conclusion and resolved to act on it. He has laid aside his needles, and turned out what is obviously meant for a sheet-anchor that shall hold the English nation at its moorings and prevent it from drifting back upon the rocks where it came near being shattered three centuries ago. How far the danger is real, or whether that of the vessel's being driven out into some shoreless sea be not more imminent, is a question that may be left to those whom it immediately concerns. The polemical purpose of the drama is not, it must be owned, obtrusive. No discussions or allusions are introduced that are not strictly appropriate to the period and the events. Still less is there any divergence from the facts of history which might give occasion for the charge of perverting truth to enforce an opinion. The author has laced his imagination, so to speak, in the records of the time. None but real characters are introduced: the principal scenes have all an historical basis: the longest speeches are paraphrases of such as were actually uttered or of passages in chronicles or documents. Scarcely a sentiment is imputed to any speaker for which warrant might not be adduced. The very few and slight anachronisms are justifiable, not on the mere ground of poetical license, but of essential fidelity to truth. Tennyson has thus followed the example, not of Goethe or Schiller, but of Shakespeare, who, in penning *King Henry VIII.*, felt himself to be writing history, and in the prologue calls upon his audience to "think that they behold the very persons of the noble story as they were living." This, it is true, was much easier for the audiences of Shakespeare's time than for readers of the present day. The events were fresh in their recollection; deep impressions needed only to be revived; the language, the tone of thought, the manners, all the environment of the action, were familiar to them. There is happily no attempt in *Queen Mary* to overcome

this difference by the use of an antiquated style. The language is distinctively modern, with the exception of an occasional phrase, such as may be used to impart to a translation some slight flavor of the original. Sometimes, indeed, there are misapplications of ancient usage which have a contrary effect. Forms of address, always so correctly employed by Shakespeare, are very loosely used. Thus, Sir Thomas Wyatt is called by his adherent Knyvett "*Master Wyatt*" and "my good *lord*." The Princess Elizabeth is addressed by an attendant as "*highness*"—a term then confined to sovereigns. Philip of Spain, before his father's abdication, is addressed by Renard, the Flemish *maitre des requêtes* and imperial—not, as he is here called, Spanish—ambassador, as "my liege lord." The phrase "our Holy Queen," applied by Father Cole to Mary, as if it were a kind of title, has an odd sound; while the habit of the maids-of-honor of speaking of their mistress's husband as plain "Philip" must be considered as highly improper. A more remarkable lapse occurs in a speech of Cardinal Pole's, when, complaining of his treatment by Paul IV., he exclaims, "And how should he have sent me legate hither, deeming me heretic?" though he had in previous speeches correctly spoken of his legatine commission as derived from Julius II. Such blemishes are of the smallest moment, except as they may seem to indicate that the author, despite his careful study of details, had failed to gain that intimate familiarity with the history and spirit of the time which would have made it as living to his imagination as the present.

It is needless to speak of the essentially undramatic nature of the subject, without any grand figures to enlist sympathy and admiration, or any sudden and overwhelming catastrophe to excite sorrow and awe. Mary herself receives scant justice, her strict conscientiousness and originally humane inclinations, as well as the vast excuses arising from a situation which had made the emperor her natural protector and adviser, and thus thrown her, in spite of her patriotic instincts, into the arms of a foreign faction, being scarcely brought into view. The struggle, too, which preceded

her acceptance of Philip's hand is inadequately exhibited, and there is not even an allusion to what one would suppose might have been made a striking scene—the midnight interview with Renard, after two days of mental torture, when she intoned the *Veni Creator* in presence of the Host, and announcing it as a divine message that the prince of Spain should be her husband, vowed to have no other. Yet the most candid treatment, it must be owned, could hardly awaken a sentiment in her favor strong enough to balance our condemnation of the course into which her narrow intellect and feminine weaknesses impelled her. Philip, not yet the terrible "demon of the South," is commonplace and contemptible, and Elizabeth, though carefully depicted, stands too far in the background to produce an imposing effect. Pole and Cranmer are elaborately drawn, but have no controlling influence on the action and take no strong hold on our feelings; while Paget, Howard and a host of subordinate personages stand before us, it is true, distinctly individualized, but merely as representatives of different shades of opinion, not—unless Gardiner be an exception, and he is one only in a limited sense—as agents whose strong personalities give rise to the collisions and complications that constitute dramatic intrigue.

This is all in substantial accordance with historical truth. The history of Mary's reign is not that of a period which received its impress or direction from great intellects and powerful wills. It is that of a crisis brought about by internal divisions, foreign machinations and an incompetent rule, with the effect of bending the nation from its natural course in religion as well as policy, but also of provoking a reaction which, had the queen lived some years longer, would doubtless have culminated in a revolution, but which gained through her death a speedy and peaceful victory. It is a story in which there is no lack of interest, and the interest, if not greatly heightened, is generally preserved in this poetical version. It is safe to say that no other living poet could have handled such a theme so deftly, arranging and combining the incidents with so much clearness and propriety, and giving to the connected series the same steady and unimpeded progression. The style is for the most part as vigorous and flowing as we had a right to expect, though seldom marked by the felicitous suggestiveness characteristic of the author's diction at its best. Two bits of lyric—as much as the subject would well

bear—have, however, the true Tennysonian relish. If no hidden meanings are evolved, few of those which lie on or near the surface are let slip. The reader is carried along without tedium or repulsion, and misses only the intense passion and vivid characterization which are the essence of tragedy.

The Abbé Tigrane. By Ferdinand Fabre. Translated by the Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

There is something positively startling in the cleverness and novelty of this book. Comparing it with other stories of ecclesiastical life, from *Le Maudit* to *Barchester Towers*, it resembles none except perhaps one or two of M. Gustave Droz's sketches, which are faint and slight beside it. There is no sketchiness in the *Abbé Tigrane*: it is a full and finished picture in a masterly manner. It would be difficult to say whether the outer or the inner life, the words or the deeds of the personages, are most strikingly and truthfully portrayed. The scene is laid in Lormières, a little town hidden among the hills, of which any one who has been in the south of France has seen the like, with narrow, crooked streets, a small but excitable torrent spanned by old stone bridges, and a grand cathedral—an old quarter of respectability and religious houses, a new quarter of factories and poverty. The lay element plays but a subordinate part, although as ably handled as the rest. The real magnates of Lormières are ecclesiastics, and they are many masters, owing to the afflux of religious orders and dignitaries to this favored spot. Of course the bishop is highest in position, but the Abbé Capdepont, vicar-general, superior of the Grand Seminary, with half a dozen titles besides, and nicknamed long ago the Abbé Tigrane, almost counterbalances him by personal weight. "Rufinus Capdepont . . . had at twenty years of age a pale, angular face, eyes of a yellowish tinge, which looked as if they had been bored with a gimlet, a large overgrown nose, with a very evident cleft at the end of it, and a shaggy head of hair, which stood on end like a holly-bush." At fifty he was "a tall, spare, lean man: his eyes were deeply set; his nose, a highly developed organ, like that we see in the pictures of Pascal, was of colossal dimensions; his mouth, with its thin, sinuous lips, was stern. An abundance of grayish curly hair, amid which the white tansure produced the effect of a moon seen among clouds, covered this handsome head, the

pallid ivory hue of which recalled those fine portraits of ascetics which we owe to the sombre genius of the Spanish masters." This is the hero.

The story opens with a game of football among the young seminarists: the bishop, who objects to such amusements, though it is plain he has long winked at them, appears unexpectedly, and an altercation ensues between himself and the superior, out of which arise the complications furnishing the material of the plot. These two men are studied with the utmost care, but this may be said of all the *dramatis persone*: one knows them intimately, even to their idiosyncrasies. The bishop, Monseigneur de Roquebrun, was a man of old family, a marquis moreover, and had the virtues and some of the defects of an aristocrat. He was full of love to God and man: for the former he had given up a brilliant worldly position, for the latter he had spent his large fortune, until when old and infirm he had not the means to keep a carriage, but went about afoot among the sick and poor; he was affectionate and craved affection; no great scholar, no deep theologian, but a Christian gentleman—kind, pitiful, courteous, but not long-suffering, alas! The irritability of age and ill-health, and some lingering superciliousness of rank, made him prone to snub those who displeased him, and his natural and ecclesiastical position enabled him to do so with remarkable effect. This foible had made him a mortal enemy in the superior, the peasant-born Abbé Capdepon. This man had a harsh, rough, cold nature, joined to inflexible will, inordinate ambition, a violent and imperious temper: he was learned, eloquent, austere, and had that force and purpose which carry other men on despite their fears, sympathies and scruples. Around these two revolve an army of priests, professors, priors of the regular orders, curates and canons; in fact, the whole cloth of the Roman Catholic hierarchy except the thrice-sacred scrap of scarlet at its apex. They present every shade of character and disposition which original differences and dissimilarity of office can produce, with the curious similarity in general views, estimates and conduct which no other profession except the military produces. The strongest and most significant mark of this common resemblance is an amazing facility for deterioration; the rapidity with which M. Fabre's good priests become bad men under the influence of ambition, vanity, cupidity,

dislike or mere cowardice is like nothing but the progress of galloping consumption or a *pustule maligne*. A set of ordinary stock-jobbers could not display more capacity for becoming scoundrels than these sons of the Church and servants of Christ under temptation. Even the Abbé Lavernède, a brave, loyal heart and charming character, cannot contain his personal rancor at the most solemn time and place, and adapts himself to the doublings and turnings of a semi-political intrigue with the suppleness of a lobbyist. Stated boldly, this sounds unnatural: as worked out in the story it shocks and surprises us, and yet does not seem strange or untrue to Nature. We share, as in the case of the amiable and unselfish Abbé Ternisien, their bewilderment, and excuse their lapses. The universal pusillanimity, the aptitude of one and all for subterfuge, laying traps and snares and outwitting each other, strike us at once as the direct results of a system.

Unable either by threats or gentleness to bend his arrogant and violent opponent, the bishop feels it to be his bounden duty, in the interest of the whole Church, and especially his own diocese, to provide that Tigrane shall not become his successor, of which there is a probability, owing to his ambition and the favor of his secular protectors at Paris. The bishop's failing health warns him to take immediate steps to secure his beloved flock against the danger: the account of the mines, schemes, devices, and wirepulling of both parties for and against this end give an extraordinary and unedifying exhibition of the way in which such things are managed in France, or were managed when M. Dupin was minister of public worship, and the empress Eugénie the patroness of aspirants of an Ultramontane bent. In the midst of the plots and counterplots the bishop dies, but his feud is bequeathed to his clergy, and the interest and intrigue thicken. The reader enters into the hopes and fears, fluctuations and revulsions, of the contending parties: the uncertainty is ingeniously prolonged, so as to heighten expectation and excitement. Meanwhile, the characters develop under the crisis in the most dramatic manner: the rude, hard, Tigrane, who cannot control his fierceness, and never said a gentle word before, breaks down at the height of a paroxysm into wheedling, and at another tremendous moment is suddenly cowed by a spasm of superstition. The elaboration of his personality is wonder-

fully fine. Who became bishop, and how he did so, are the author's secret, and it would be unjust to rob the reader of any part of the surprise which is awakened by the climax. The one fault of the book is that it does not end with the consummate scene between the young Abbé Ternisien and Cardinal Maffei: certainly we have the substance of the whole matter in His Eminence's address to the astounded young priest: "You have all of you confounded two things which never at any period of ecclesiastical history had anything in common—the Church and the government of the Church. The Church remains to-day what she has been through all time—divine, infallible, superior to all human vicissitudes. As for its government, bound to do battle against every sort of guilty enterprise, it has been more than once obliged to place at its head chiefs more resolute than pious, more energetic than wise, more governed, to all appearance, by the spirit of this world than the spirit of Heaven. . . . For Rome, he humbled himself so low as to make use of stratagems, sometimes even of lies. Well, what is there in that to trouble you? What ridiculous narrow meaning do you attach to that word? . . . Have you forgotten our language then? The Church never lies, M. Abbé."

Besides the remarkable delineations of human nature, and the ways and means of Roman Catholic church policy, there are graphic and beautiful descriptions, confined with a singular sense of fitness to the ancient architectural surroundings amid which this vivid drama passes. The picture of the gradual, silent, almost mysterious illumination of the cathedral seen through its great Gothic windows by the dark town on a memorable night during a terrific storm, is most artfully enhanced by the transition to the bright morning and the theatrical splendor of the catafalque and lying in state.

We have no clue to the author, nor to whether there are portraits from life among the lifelike figures he has grouped before us. He has dealt a home thrust at the hierarchy which cannot fail to excite a commotion, in which we shall probably learn more of him and his book.

The Undivine Comedy, and Other Poems. By the Anonymous Poet of Poland, Count Sigismund Krasinski. Translated by Martha Walker Cook. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co.

To most readers the chief attraction of this

work will be the absolutely new field which it opens and the light which it throws on the inmost heart of a nation, some of whose heroes have become national names and household words among ourselves. But it possesses great intrinsic literary interest, especially for those curious to observe the influence of race and circumstance on the intellectual life of a people. Here is a man who was at home in Italy, Germany, France, and familiar with the masterpieces of their literature, as well as of our own, unless the quotation from Milton was supplied by the translator, yet his writings are pervaded by an element equally foreign to the genius of the Latin and the Saxon nations. The short, sad story of his life, which gained no brightness from fame, as his authorship was unacknowledged until after his death, and the touching fact that the lady whose enthusiasm and industry collected and translated this mass of material lived to complete her task, but not to see it published, add a pathetic interest to its pages.

The poet was the only son of a Princess Maria Radziwill, who died when he was hardly more than an infant, and General Count Vincent Krasinski, a man of high standing, who in an evil hour compromised himself for ever with his countrymen by voting with the Russian government on the trial of some Polish patriots. His son was then but thirteen, a boy of delicate health, but extraordinary promise, who had just entered the university with extreme credit: he was driven out by his young companions in a frenzy of patriotic indignation as the son of a traitor. Under this frightful ordeal he showed neither fear nor anger: he braved it without flinching, calmly offering them his pardon for their injustice. That day began a long agony which was to last more than thirty years, until his life's end. Thenceforward he lived chiefly in foreign countries on account of his health. Often so ill that recovery seemed hopeless, his eyesight failed, his property was lost, he was an object of suspicion to the Russian government, without enjoying the sympathy and confidence of his own people, whose struggles and anguish he witnessed in silence, eating out his heart for his father's sake; his happy marriage to a young countess Branicka was marred by constant wanderings and sufferings and by the loss of their only daughter: if he had the secret consolation of seeing his compositions loved and prized by his countrymen, he had the unspeakable grief of knowing that

the republication of one of them in Lithuania was the signal for sending hundreds of his ardent young compatriots to Siberia. At length, in 1859, this tortured existence came to an end in Paris, his father having died not long before: he was carried to Opingora, their ancestral home and burying-place, by Count Zamoyiski, a scion of one of the noblest houses of his land. His fame, no longer a secret, belongs to his descendants and his country.

Mrs. Cook's translation, which is at second hand, but made with scrupulous pains from the French and German, includes most of Krasinski's completed works. The chief of these are the *Undivine Comedy*, a story of modern times, a sort of parable of the life of a nobly-endowed man who yields to the spirit of pride until he ends in utter ruin, aping the arch-fiend himself; and *Iridion*, of which the scene is laid chiefly in Rome in the first half of the third century. Both these dramas illustrate, though in a very different manner, the same principle—that oppression and cruelty, whether they come from the mob below or the autocrat above, should never be met by violence and bloodshed, but that enemies and tyrants must be conquered by the arms of the Christian panoply alone: in fact, his own conduct at the crisis of his life, when a boy, is the example of what he conceives to be the only true way of overcoming wrong—by courage and forgiveness. In the course of these dramas the loftiest and purest natures stumble and sink into every crime after departing from this sole path to victory. But this is only the moral of the works. They contain a very full *dramatis personæ*, of which in the *Undivine Comedy* only the hero has any special individuality, and his is very carefully marked: in *Iridion* a number of the characters are set in strong relief. There is a vein of passionate human interest in both, which, according to our standards, could have been developed into the principal theme of the tragedies, greatly to their gain as works of art, and then we should have got rid of a host of minor incidents and personages of the most improbable character, besides supernatural agents and occurrences *ad libitum*. But the tendency of the author's mind is fantastic and phantasmagoric. We hardly know for two pages together whether we are in the real or in an imaginary world, and his imaginary one is grim and grisly beyond the heart of English-speaking man to conceive.

In his descriptions and metaphors he riots in lugubrious excess: we sup full of horrors until our nightmares are altogether unbearable. On the other hand, there are beauty, power, and the tones which reach the heart: it is his own which cries out with Iridion, the young Greek who has devoted body and soul to the destruction of Rome, the destroyer of his country:

Oh thou that for thy sufferings I loved,
Hellas! my Hellas! wert thou but a shadow?
Art thou for ever crushed, my cherished country,
While thy invincible foe still stands erect,
Glaring his marbles in the face of the sun,
Like the white teeth of a fierce tiger?

The elevation of his habitual range of thought shines in sentences like stars throughout his writings: "The angel of pride, before his fall, had a sister in the sky who abode there—Dignity." "The spirit resuscitates from grief, but from infamy there is no resurrection." There is a bit of description full of weird power in a fragment called *The Dream*. The scene is in the bowels of a horrible subterranean sphere, symbolic of the moral condition of the world. The whole of this fragment is striking, although many of the evils and miseries it depicts belong in great measure to the past.

As an instance of beauty there are two lines describing the noiseless approach of Count Henry's phantom-love in the *Undivine Comedy*:

As water softly flows, so glide thy feet,
Like two white waves of foam.

But of mere beauty there is little, and the author's reputation will not rest upon that: it evidently had but little charm for his fancy. In this we imagine he differed from most of his countrymen, and that to them is addressed the virile speech which he puts into the mouth of the Roman prætorian:

No. Force is born where never sounds the lyre;
Where steel and iron gird the stalwart brow,
Not myrtle-wreaths and crowns of fading roses!
There where the souls of men are filled with vigor,
Where the strong will is master, acts and dares,
Not in the world of Rhythm, Music, Song!
Wills deep as the abyss, and grave as thought,
Invincible as reason, must bear rule!
Power dwells where Intellect has built her throne,
Where Understanding, not the Muses, sway.

The minor poems in the volume all allude openly to the hopes and sorrows of the author's country, which indeed run in a continuous strain through all his song. Probably so pure and ideal an expression of patriotism was never yet poured out in verse.

The Mirror of a Mind: A Poem. By Alger-
non Sydney Logan. New York: G. P.
Putnam's Sons.

The chief merit of this pretty little book is that it fulfills the first requisite of poetry, which is to be poetical. It is a real comfort, when the crowned bards of our day are vying with each other in harshness, gracelessness and an ultra-prosaic turn of thought and expression, to hear a young lyre give out a pure, sweet tone which recalls the harmonies of a happier Parnassus. Mr. Logan's verses do not remind us of any particular poet, but he has the accent of the brotherhood to which Byron, Shelley and Keats belong—the true sons of song, whose legitimacy can never be called in question. The volume contains a series of fragmentary stanzas reflecting the many moods of a young, dreamy imagination—melancholy as most youthful poetry is—the reveries and aspirations to which most souls, whether poets or not, are no strangers. The vein of sadness is too deep, but is free from cynicism, epicureanism and other gross qualities in which some singers who do not find the world to their mind indulge. A true love and study of Nature strews every page with metaphors full of grace and fancy, and familiar ideas often meet us so clad as to give them a new charm. If, for instance, "autumn, the sunset of the year," be, as we think, an original expression, it is a very happy one. But there are stronger points than this.

And men do call thee dead, thou mighty Past!
Thou father of our thoughts! whence man derives
All that he knows. Let Time outstrip the blast,
He takes from others—to thee only gives.

The marbles of the mind around me lie—
Opinions, both my own and others'—piled
Confusedly in heaps: from these I try
A stately and consistent dome to build—
A palace of the brain.

Life's waves oft whelm our hope, but ebbing soon,
Behold it gleams again in flickering lines
Like the blurred image of the ocean moon
In the wet sands.

But Time before us mows in our own field,
And what Time cuts, Oblivion stacks away,
Reaping what men have sown and tended night and
day.

Our hours are postboys who throughout the day
Have loitered listlessly against our will,
But as they near their goal, and shadows gray
Gather, dash onward through the chill.
Or should I say that hopes and loves are still
The foaming steeds which drag our lagging wain
To the bright top of life's most stubborn hill?
But there they are unharnessed all by Pain:
The car runs down alone, and ever speed doth gain.

There are some blemishes which surprise us in a style so uniformly simple and pure. On the very first page we have "hath strove" for "striven"—a more than poetical license. We do not know where Mr. Logan found the word "scoon," nor what he means by it. But there are very few of these, or of the inversions and obscurities which generally mark the first steps of an unpracticed pen. The spring may not be very deep, but it is fresh and clear. The impression is almost invariably soothing and agreeable, and the poet always strikes a sympathetic chord in human nature who sings—

Something to feel before the heart grows hard;
Something to think with which no doubting strives;
Something to sing ne'er sung by mortal bard;
Something to see which perfect fullness gives,
And wakes no longing which the spirit rives,
As do the ocean, star, cloud, sunset, bird;
Something to love incarnate, which yet lives
All undefiled by thought, or touch, or word.

Books Received.

A Century After: Picturesque Glimpses of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. By Edward Strahan. Philadelphia: Allen, Lane & Scott and J. W. Lauderbach.

The Mountain of the Lovers, with Poems of Nature and Tradition. By Paul Hayne. New York: E. J. Hale & Son.

Storms: Their Nature, Classification and Laws; with the Means of Predicting them. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

Constantinople. From the French of Théophile Gautier by Robert Howe Gould, M. A. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

On the Heights. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Simon Adler Stern. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Morals of Abou ben Adhem. Edited by D. R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby). Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Socialistic, Communistic, Mutualistic and Financial Fragments. By W. B. Green. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Philosophy of Trinitarian Doctrine. By Rev. A. G. Pease. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Ocean-born; or, The Cruise of the Clubs. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Statistics of the World. By Alexander J. Schem. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A Norseman's Pilgrimage. By H. H. Boyesen. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Wyncote. By Mrs. Thomas Erskine. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Essays: Aesthetic. By George Calvert. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

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